THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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George Pattullo—Frank Condon—Kenneth L. Roberts—Samuel G. Blythe

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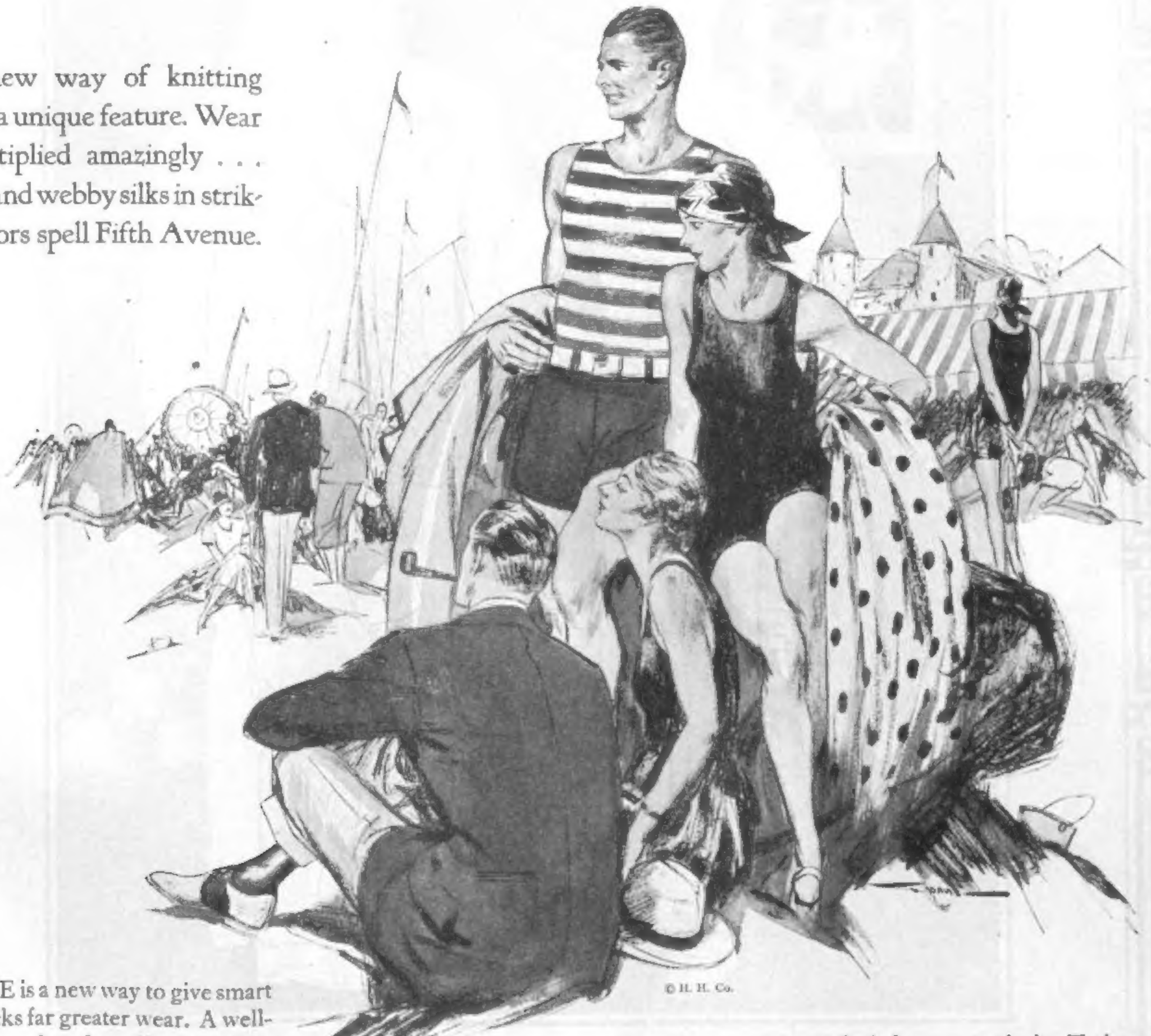

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THE GIRL FROM RECTOR'S

Ah, She Was Piquant, Petite and Fair to Gaze Upon, Was the Girl From Rector's

By George Rector

ILLUSTRATED BY HARLEY ENNIS STIVERS

FOR a lady who never existed, the Girl from Rector's was very real. She was the creation of Paul Potter, the playwright, who was struggling with the translation of a French farce for Al Woods. Paul had progressed nicely in the work with the exception that the piece lacked an appropriate American title. I do not remember the exact date, but it was just about the high-bicycle age, when two bags of laundry and a Babylonian garden on the horizon would later prove to be a lady with leg-o'-mutton sleeves under a picture hat. That is what the well-dressed woman thought that dressing well was. If the time is still hazy in your mind, I will enlighten you with the information that rubber plants were still legal within the city limits and pug dogs snapped at book agents with almost human intuition.

Like all the other writers of that day who had problems to figure out, Paul turned his steps toward Rector's, meanwhile mulling the title over in his mind. A slight drizzle set in, and as he reached our restaurant a hansom cab drove up and a very pretty girl stepped out. Her skirts were raised a trifle higher than schoolgirls wore them then and a trifle lower than grandmothers wear them now. She made a beautiful picture, and in a flash the observant Potter had his title for his farce. It was The Girl From Rector's.

Ah, she was piquant, petite and fair to gaze upon, was the Girl from Rector's. She raised our establishment to the highest peak of prosperity and popularity. But like all fickle prima donnas, her smile spelled ruination, and she was to tumble us into the dust at the end. Even before the advent of prohibition and its chain of padlocked stores across the nation, the doom of Rector's was sealed, betrayed by the Girl from Rector's. How did she do it?

Well, my father and myself had made a million in our restaurant business and had built a magnificent hotel, also named Rector's. Both of our projects were going along very nicely until the Girl stepped out of the cab in the rain. For the Girl from Rector's was the first of the naughty Parisian plays and she acquired nation-wide fame; so much so that when an out-of-town buyer wrote home to his wife on Hotel Rector stationery, no sooner was that loving epistle opened and the contents duly noted than the long-distance telephone wires grew heliotrope with congested wifely indignation and Mr. Out-of-Town-Buyer got marital instruction to move lock, stock and barrel out of that terrible hotel where the Girl from Rector's made her habitat. The result was a crash which carried the restaurant with it when we were unable to meet our notes; and I vividly

It Was the National Museum of Habits, the Bourse of Gossip and the Clearing House of Rumors

remember my father, in another rainstorm, standing in front of a poster on which the Girl from Rector's was smiling capriciously. She held a glass of champagne and seemed to beckon to us as drops of moisture, which may have been rain, trickled down my father's cheeks.

The Girl had a short life, but she saw many things. Rector's may not have been the center of population in the late 90's and the early 1900's, but it was the center of all the population worth knowing. Still, if you are not to blame it all on Broadway, then I am frankly unable to blame it all on the Girl. I, myself, must shoulder the majority of the blame. For I was the man who changed Broadway.

The man who changed Broadway. Whether this be a citation or an indictment, nevertheless it is so. I found Broadway a quiet little lane of ham and eggs in 1899, and I left it a full-blown avenue of lobsters, champagne and morning-afters. I brought Paris to New York and improved it by the transplanting. When Broadway grew jaded and lost its appetite I pampered it with the provender of the gods, simmering in the sauces of Olympus. When Broadway sat down to eat I prodded it to its feet with irresistible music. And when Broadway sought to sleep I turned day into night and night into daze.

For almost a quarter of a century Rector's was the supreme court of triviality, where who's who went to learn what's what. It was the cathedral of froth, where New York chased the rainbow, and the butterfly netted the entomologist. It was the national museum of habits, the bourse of gossip and the clearing house of rumors. No personal triumph was complete unless validated by an evening at Rector's, in much the same way that the conqueror exhibited the conquered in a procession through the arches of ancient and imperial Rome.

Please Step Into My Parlor

CHAMPIONS, challengers, opera stars, explorers, captains of industry and lieutenants of sloth; gamblers, authors and adventurers—all celebrated their temporary successes with a night at Rector's, and I know that Broadway did not really believe that Peary had discovered the Pole or Dewey defeated the Spanish fleet until it saw them both in my restaurant. My clientele numbered the best and the greatest in the land, and was the incubator which hatched that man without a country, the head waiter.

But what an institution! There, hidden behind the palms and listening to the strains of a Russian symphony, one could forget—and two could be forgotten.

When I say that I am the man who changed Broadway, I am challenging a street many miles long. I changed only a section of it, known as the Roaring Forties, located between the Aspirin Belt and the Petrified Forest of Lamp-posts. But I certainly changed that section where the electric-light sign rises at twilight and sets at dawn. And there must be many an aged sufferer from gout and kindred accomplishments of old age whose expert chauffeuring of a wheel chair in crowded traffic is due to the kindly hand and menu of Rector's.

Wining and dining in the old days was more or less a major operation. And it was Rector's that introduced dancing with meals. If you hate lobster do not point the finger of anger at the ocean, for I must also balance that blame on my devoted head. I introduced the hard-boiled crustacean to the avenue of tinsel. If somewhere in your prewar memory there is a throbbing recollection of champagne and lobster fighting the internal struggle of indigestion, once again it was Rector's that blazed the way on the tungsten frontier when the wine agent roved the prairies in countless herds.

I take no great pride in my achievements. Lobster, champagne and supper dances are surely the trinity of uselessness. The champagne has gone long since, even though the labels will not down. The lobster and the supper dances still remain, much to the annoyance of the average individual who can eat a lobster but doesn't relish it as a partner in a dance. But I do take exceptional pride in the fact that Rector's was the center of the web spun by the benevolent spider of Manhattan in its efforts to snare the genius and ability of America.

Truly, New York is hated by some in much the same way that London must be hated by the rest of England, and Paris envied by rural France. For these capitals drain their native lands of the artist, the singer and the writer, who all must come to dispose of their unique wares. And I catered to them all for many years.

When the wick of reminiscence is burning brightly in the oil of memory, I see O. Henry, Stephen Crane, Lillian Russell, the Whitneys, Oscar Hammerstein, Rex Beach, Montgomery and Stone, Eugene Field, Paul Armstrong, Tad, Diamond Jim Brady, David Graham Phillips, Stanford White—it seems that I see Stanford White again as he sat that last evening in Rector's, enjoying life to the fullest, unaware that the upper half of the hourglass contained but a few sands of life. It was a Wednesday evening and the finish was to come in a few days, but in a different establishment, thank heaven. But even had White known, I do not think it would have made any difference to him, as he was a peculiar compound of genius and iconoclast who asked nothing of the finger of Fate except that it be well manicured. Had the event occurred in Rector's, then it would have been the first and only scandal in the history of a family of caterers whose business life dated back to 1825.

Change Partners

TRUE, the Girl from Rector's was not a Quaker maiden, and very often divorcee bowed to divorcee and wondered who was the new sultan's favorite. I once had the unique honor of escorting three married couples to the same table, and, believe it or not, every one of the three men had been married at one time in his career to every one of the three ladies in the party! They spent a pleasant evening together, although I imagine family histories were not the topic of the conversation. Yet there were no battles in my place, although there was no doubt that many of the diners brought along their war maps to lay out future campaigns and skirmishes.

It was very difficult to keep track of the different couples from year to year, as appendicitis and divorces were just becoming popular, in the order named. The romances withered, flourished and withered again, just as romances do today. It was extremely foolish to try to keep tabs on a man like Nat Goodwin, as he himself was never sure which one of the beautiful ladies dining and dancing was his present wife.

I think the situation was described best by Wilson Mizner after spending several years in the Klondike during the gold rush. He was a wit whose bons mots could not always be published and whose biting sarcasm made Voltaire's bitterest efforts feeble by contrast. When Mizner

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One Thousand and One Night Stands—By Otis Skinner

THAT vague region of theatrical activity which was termed The Road is no more. For the great and small, the successful play and the semisuccessful, the established star and the one struggling for recognition, the elaborate three-car production and the simple one-set comedy, that road of adventure is dead—dead as Marley's ghost. Until two seasons ago this lane had many turnings that led from town to town, from theater to theater, but now a play famine covers the country from coast to coast.

Many of the towns we knew as one-night stands have grown into cities of importance. Residents point with civic pride to their new railway stations, their skyscrapers, their museums, but their theaters have fallen in the path of real-estate demolition or they have been converted into moving-picture houses. Play lovers of these communities must live on the memories of other days or else journey to the half-dozen cities where there is still such amusement to be had, unless they belong to the privileged class who can visit New York several times a season to satisfy their cravings.

A matter of eighteen shows in twelve days is not an unusual record, and then a return home with an acute attack of theatrical indigestion which will require several months to recover from, to say nothing of a bank account much disabled from assaults of robber barons at the ticket agencies. It is not so much a matter of quality as quantity that these country visitors usually seek. It is a marvel that in their respectable lives they could learn so quickly of the salacious lure and arrive with a preferred list of things to see that sometimes must shock even the ticket broker. The attitude of these amusement seekers was that of the respectable American tourist to Paris twenty years ago, when no time was lost in getting to the Moulin Rouge or the Bal Bullier.

Competition

BUT if The Road is no more, if recollections of performances in one-night stands are growing faint in the minds of their inhabitants, there are thousands of episodes connected with them that remain fresh to many of us who buffeted the varying tides of fortune when towns strung along steel rails as beads are strung on a cord made the gypsy trail of adventure that Stevenson sang of:

"Let the blow fall soon or late,
Let what will be o'er me;
Give the face of earth around
And the road before me."

There were long railroad jumps and short ones; journeys on trains de luxe and on accommodation trains that had no accommodations whatever; special Pullman cars, special coaches attached to freights, rides on trolleys and in luxurious private cars. Accidents, delays, missed dates and belated performances. Storms, fires, floods, wrecks. Warm welcomes of appreciative audiences, and frosty receptions from audiences shivering in refrigerated theaters. I never see a map but it speaks to me; traffic lines have tongues and railway folders become picture galleries.

In the beginning of my own management so important was the theatrical business of a railroad that agents were appointed on various lines to attend exclusively to that department. Competing lines vied with each other in offering reduced rates to traveling companies. The route between large cities was governed by the special rates offered by these agents. Later the Interstate Commerce Law did away with this competition, and then later the institution of the Theatrical Syndicate took over the bookings, and all companies were scheduled from a New York office. In the old days a company knew on September first the season's itinerary—a route list was given to each member; but with the syndicate method a company has been moved about like pawns on a chessboard.

A country-wide tour was regarded quite as significant as a New York engagement. After the metropolitan run plays set out upon the road with their original casts, or for the lesser towns there were Number Two or Number Three companies. Stars have filled out an engagement of ten or twelve weeks in New York, carried their plays, or repertoire, to the chief cities and towns, or reversed the procedure and wended Manhattanward for a later opening.

Companies frequently met on railway platforms, exchanged greetings at transfer junctions, and often, after a long Sunday journey, arrived in a city where the coming and going actors could fraternize, dine comfortably and swap experiences.

The Village in the Baggage Car

IN MY early starring days I found myself one morning up New York State. Three companies met on the platform of a junction—a big musical-comedy company playing The Billionaire, Tom Jefferson's in his father's famous Rip Van Winkle, and my own. The music show required two long baggage cars for the scenery, for my more modest demands a single car sufficed, while Tom was getting along with an economical production that he could check through as regular baggage. Jerome Sykes, the star of the music show, Tom and I were swapping salutations when a truck was wheeled along the platform heaped with canvas sets that shrieked with red, yellow and arsenic-green paint in the glaring daylight.

"My production," said Tom Jefferson. "The village of Falling Water going into the baggage car."

"Why not put a special-delivery stamp on it, Tom," asked Sykes, "and save yourself a lot of trouble?"

Occasionally, at some small station a little repertory company, weary and uncommunicative, would board the train, ride for an hour or so and descend at a discouraged looking hamlet with the manner of professional mourners who had been rather overworked in an epidemic of funerals.

Cities are more or less alike in generalities. To the traveling actor they are pretty much a matter of the hotel and the theater. There are clubs, of course, to which the more favored have the courtesy of a guest card; but to the rank and file, day begins about noon and ends at midnight. Therefore, with only a half day, and two of

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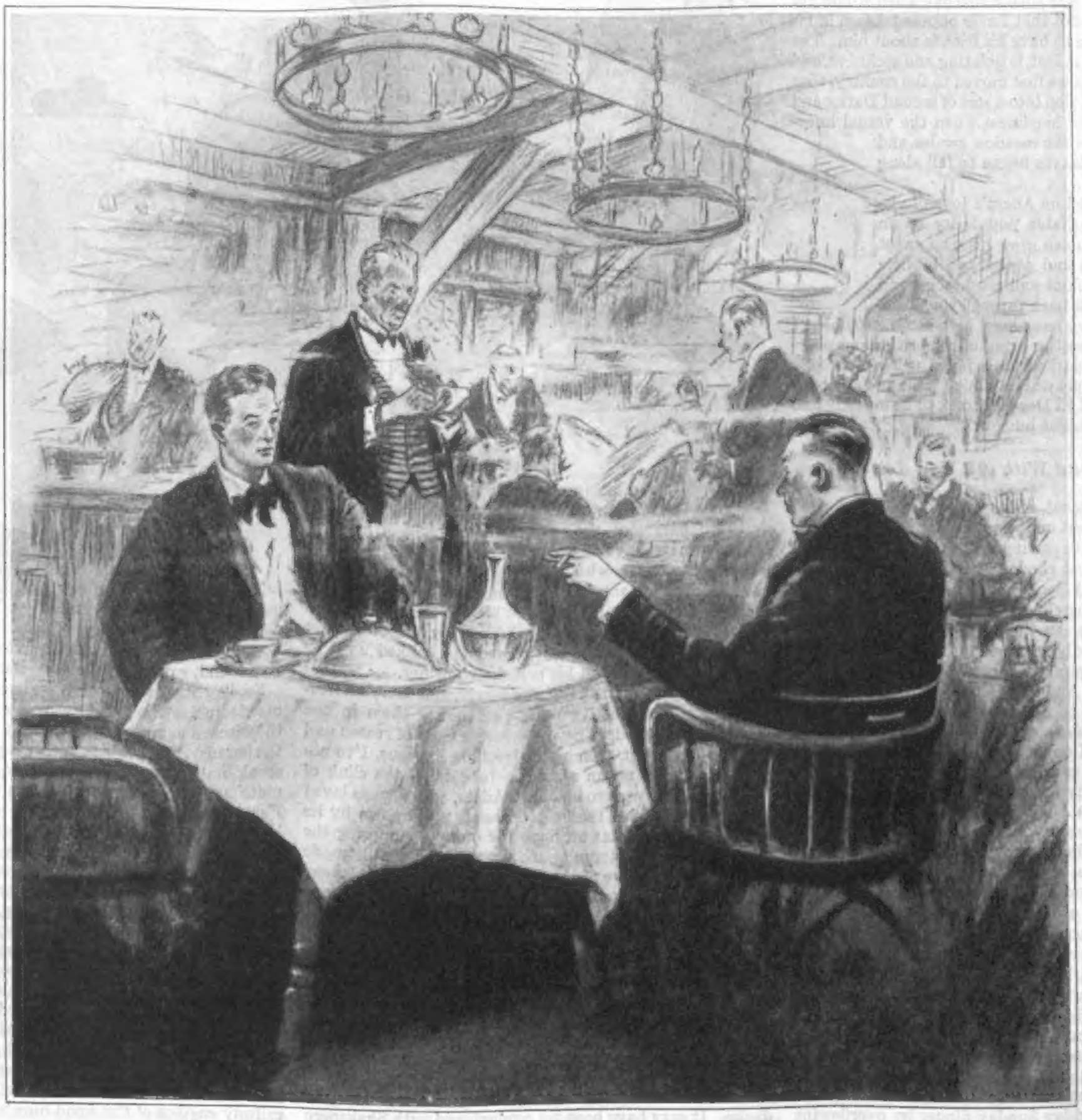

Recollections of One-Night Stands are Growing Faint, But There are Thousands of Episodes Connected With Them That Remain Fresh to Many of Us

PEGASUS IN THE PANTRY

Being the Further Confessions of an Author's Wife

ADAM, like most authors, was not without his taint of exhibitionism. For every creative artist is, in some form or another, the tiniest bit of a show-off. Thus when this muddle-headed husband of mine was an impecunious penny-a-liner in Greenwich Village, with life giving him so little that he couldn't have been greatly interested in it as a going concern, he squared himself with a tottering *amour propre* by posing as an anarchist and talking a good deal about the iniquities of a social order that was consistently declining to yield him a stake in its successes.

But when he left the not-haves for even the almost-haves and moved out to the great open spaces and acquired a dilapidated yet authentic country place of his own and a county-squire coat of tan, I noticed a sea change overtake that turbulent spirit which was once so intent on scrapping civilization, about the same as you'd scrap a worn-out car.

For Adam, having taken root in the soil, played true to form and became a conservative. He slowly but surely turned into one of the landed gentry, with a weakness for no-trespassing signs along his trout stream and a most unlooked-for pride of possession overgrowing his earlier easy-going improvidence. He became feudal minded and manorial, and liked to be snapshotted surrounded by dogs, and put peacock chairs out on the garden terraces, and was so baronial in his sudden release of a hospitality complex that I more than once tasted the truth of the old proverb that a wee house could have a wide throat.

Not that our house was such a wee one when Adam got through with it. And not that I ever opposed Adam in his human enough craving to have his friends about him. The work of most authors, in fact, is isolating and seclusive, and I nursed the fear, when we first moved to the country, that Adam and I would develop into a sort of second Darby and Joan and almost die of loneliness when the vernal knee-deeps began to pipe in the meadow swales and the autumnal poplar leaves began to fall along the garden drives.

But I hadn't counted on Adam's love of visitors and the unquenchable popularity of an open-handed host who can grow his own sweet corn and strawberries and cream and broilers and green peas and melons and mushrooms and peaches. For as I look back through the pleasantly crowded years we have been here at Gray Gables, I seem to envision a ceaseless army of celebrities and near-celebrities who have parked their jaded urban appetites about my war-scarred old walnut dining table and accepted my ice box as a second El Dorado Creek to be investigated with the picks of midnight hunger.

DECORATION BY WYNCIE KING

Breaking Bread With All and Sundry

THEY did more than eat, of course, while under my roof; but from the present scribe's personal standpoint, the eating always seemed to occupy a primary position in the orders of the day. And though I've tried, following the injunction of the Good Book, not to be forgetful to entertain strangers, since thereby some have entertained angels unaware, I have also, as the harried custodian of the pantry, been repeatedly reminded of the old German aphorism that the fingers of a housewife can often do more than a yoke of oxen. And if it is true, as has been maintained, that the way to a man's heart lies through his stomach, I ought to have a consoling balance in the ledger of earthly affection. I ought to be the idol of an army of singularly inarticulate cavaliers whose waistlines have been visibly amplified by my industry.

But a true artist, as Adam is in the habit of observing, never counts up the house. And heaven knows, I can get fun enough out of feeding a hungry poet. I love to feed 'em. The lives of the saints, of course, would persuade us that a *déjeuner* of locusts and wild honey is a potent inspirer of the spiritual life, but a dinner of three vegetables and a roast topped off with homemade ice cream, I've found, can lift up the soul of a modern deep thinker as surely as helium can lift up a dirigible.

Yet our most disturbing guests, I can truthfully say, have not been the knights of the pen. I have merely to recall one moon-sick couple of young newly-weds who were forever leaving the gates open by day and forever falling over my beehives by night; and the theatrical couple who slept until three in the afternoon and further dampened our presumptively midday Sunday dinner by overflowing the bathtub and diluting the soup they were not down to eat; and the Napoleonic moving-picture magnate who gave us a private showing of Adam's story and calmly cut a hole in the wall to run through his projector wires; and the Canadian animal artist who sternly refused to let Sappho—one of our Guernsey cows—be milked until he had completely finished his pen sketch of her.

But artists are artists the world over, and there's a freemasonry of the creative mind that unites them in one erratic brotherhood. They may love a feast of reason and a flow of soul, but even a star-treading Pegasus, I've noticed, can prick up an ear when he catches the clink of dishes from the next room. And Adam, who always loved his kind, contended that a good home was known by its guests. It's true that an impostor or two, glimpsing the perennial gypsy patteran on the gatepost, eventually made us more appreciative of the fifteenth chapter of Matthew. But it's equally true that one knoweth no man until one breaketh bread with him.

When we first set up our lares and penates at Gray Gables, we started off with a guest book, in which each visitor was supposed to write his name as meticulously as you inscribe yourself in a hotel register. Certain of the artistic ilk even embellished its pages with intimate pen-and-ink drawings, and more than one poet broke into verse that looked suspiciously like a bread-and-butter note tied with the momentary pink ribbon of rhapsody.

But for some reason or other the guest book fell into disuse. It may have been we remembered with Shakspere that he is poor, indeed, who can count his riches. Or it may have been that time, the king of jesters, took the luster away from too many of our earlier entries, tending to perpetuate the diminished glory of one Sunday editor who was unexpectedly yet officially committed to Sing Sing two years later, and holding too constant a reminder, perhaps, of the dubiously appreciative lady novelist who souvenirized her outing by snitching six of my best towels.

Or it may have been that the guest book seemed too amateur and self-conscious a gesture, for Adam's new disease of hospitalititis was unmistakably progressive. He took to putties and Norfolk jackets, and passed on to church-warden pipes and hunting prints, and ended up with an instruction slate for the servants, since that darksome day had passed, mark you, when one lone handmaiden kept our house in order. We even boasted of an ambidextrous chore boy, during our first year at Gray Gables, who could both bed down the stable animals and later, donning a white linen coat, could serve dinner with only slightly fimetarious reminders of his earlier activity.

A Better Half in Every Pair

BUT the lord of the manor betrayed ever more and more delusive ambitions for a full retinue of servants. That absurd undertaking, of course, just naturally fried itself to death in its own juices, since in this century nothing short of a Crœsus can command trained servitors in number. And even a five-foot Nipponese butler, I've found, can occasionally be hard to live up to.

So, like other rural exiles, we began to run to couples, to married pairs who could sleep over the garage and balance the kitchen against the cows, as it were, the lawn against the laundry, and the disk harrow against the dishpan, so to speak, until I was forced into the eventual conclusion that matrimony, in such cases, always flies on one lame wing. For, if the wife proved herself an honest worker, the husband was invariably a bibulous loafer; and if the husband proved an intelligent gardener, his spouse, ten to one, was accepting her garage home as a rest cure for the anæmic.

But at one period during our gradual approach to the more institutional manner of living, Adam—having passed through the dressing-for-dinner stage and emerged from the dogs-in-the-living-room madness, and even surviving a luckless and abortive effort at keeping a couple of riding horses that ate up a novel and a half, to say nothing of two-thirds of my perennials—conceived the idea of a luncheon bell and a dressing bell and a rising bell. He bought a corroded old bronze monstrosity that was supposed to be a Spanish mission bell, though I always nursed a secret suspicion it came off one of the earlier New York Central railway engines of the wood-burning régime.

Nobody, I found, openly opposed either the luncheon bell or the dressing bell. But to be a tired week-ender in the country and to be awakened by the brazen clamor of a cacophonous Big Ben at seven o'clock of a Sunday morning does not add conspicuously to either the hedonic coloring of life in general or the happiness of the startled liver in particular. And nobody hated this untimely rising bell as did Noel Akers, the indolent and irascible playwright, who grudgingly acknowledged that I was the only woman north of the Mason and Dixon Line whose chicken creole was worth sitting down to. One Saturday afternoon in fact, when I took the runabout over to the station to meet him—for charity may begin at home, as Adam puts it, but hospitality extends to the station—Noel both considerably surprised and materially inconvenienced me by bringing along with him not only the customary hand bag of the week-ender but also one of those good-sized steamer trunks usually indicative of a projected tour of Europe.

Distance Lends Enchantment to the Figure

ABOUT that trunk, since he was obviously to be with us only over Sunday, I remained discreetly silent. And Noel remained equally silent. But the trunk was duly bestowed in his room, and Monday morning it was duly brought down and loaded on the car and returned to the station and checked for the city whence it came. It went back, as uncommented on in its departure as it had been ostentatiously ignored on its arrival. And Noel was a weak-ender in a double sense of the word. For little did we dream, at the time, of the silent drama locked under its lid; a drama which I learned of a full year later, on a certain occasion when Noel's heart was unexpectedly mellowed by mistaking a bottle of my cherry bounce for raspberry vinegar.

But Noel, it seems, while brooding over the indignities of that unearthly rising bell of Adam's, had stumbled on an inebriate Broadway orchestra musician who was willing to exchange a good-as-new slide trombone for twelve dollars in cash. Noel, knowing Adam was looking for him that week-end, promptly bought the slide trombone. Having done so, he proceeded to purchase a steamer trunk in which to conceal it, to say nothing of an alarm clock, which late Saturday night he set for 6:30 in the morning.

When the alarm went off in the early quietness of a rural Sunday, the conspirator in question quietly but gleefully slipped out of bed, unearthed the trombone from its hiding place, stole on tiptoes down the full length of the hall, and, with determination in his eye and ribald joy in his heart, lifted the mouthpiece to his lips.

But at this precise point there was a hole in the picture, as the painters say. For Noel discovered, when he was about to fill that house of peace with his unseemly brayings, that he couldn't sound a note. Not a squeak could he get from that shimmering instrument of sound. There was a knack to it, he saw, which he had never mastered. So, stealing guiltily back to his room, he relocked the trombone in his steamer trunk, rechecked his trunk for the city, and was satisfied with Hamlet to let the rest be silence.

But a great many of my troubles as hostess and housewife seem to have been with the minor poets. Adam, having himself once drunk from the Pierian spring, was always as ready to take in a stray versifier as a medieval thane was ready to take in a wandering troubadour. It was not, let me hasten to add, that my liege lord was a tufthunter. It was more that he honestly wanted to be a home sharer.

And the one time that we had gone gunning for big names, when a certain well-known English poet had visited our shores and promised us a week-end, had not resulted in perfect happiness for his hosts. For the imported lion of my carefully organized afternoon tea, finding the room too hot about the time the first car rumbled up to the *porte-cochère*, deliberately and determinedly went for a walk in the cow pasture to cool off. We thought, really, that he was somewhere in the orchard, but we found him again, just before dinner, abstractedly trying to turn off the windmill that pumped the water from Cæsar's Spring into the lower-pasture cattle trough. And half a county still suspects that we lured them over our threshold under false pretenses. For Hamlet was performed that afternoon quite without the presence of the prince himself.

And while speaking of England, and acknowledging that many good things come out of that historic little island, our personal experiences with Anglican guests were rather clouded by an episode that hung a trifle heavier on Adam, all things considered, than it did on his consort. It had to do with a brilliant-minded English authoress—I hate that word "authoress," but where am I to find something better?—whom I'm afraid I must here protect under the pseudonym of Jane Story.

Adam, five or six years before, had fallen under the spell of one of Miss Story's earlier novels and had even sent across the Atlantic an impulsive note of appreciation. That was the beginning of a friendly and spirited though entirely Platonic correspondence that threatened, after Adam had interested an American publisher in Miss Story's lamentably overlooked genius, to take on the coloring of a Madame Hanska and Balzac long-distance comradeship. Adam even asked Jane to come to America. And Jane came. She came as our guest; and Adam, much more excited than he pretended to be, duly went in to New York to meet the steamer.

Now though Jane Story was a gay and lilting personality in her books, though grace and charm bubbled out of her written pages, and even her letters were animated with a light and airy wistfulness—the loveliness of the inward pearl is in no way dependent on the outward appearance of the oyster. Adam, I think, had in some way confused the producer with the thing produced, just as our addlepated schoolgirls mix their all-too-mortal matinée idols up with the rose-tinted romantic rôles through which they strut. At any rate, an oddly chastened and depressed Adam motored out to Gray Gables with an ample-bodied and ruddy-cheeked and honest-eyed maiden lady in spectacles, a lady who wore sensible shoes and hand-knitted woolen stockings, and what I believe are known as basques, with darts in them, and a lady, I must add, whose phrasing was much more attractive than her figure.

I have always contended, with Adam, that it was unmistakable evidence of the absence of a soul of the first magnitude that he should so frankly and so foolishly lose active interest in an authoress simply because she didn't turn out to be a Daphne in crêpe de chine. Adam's attitude, indeed, was a distinct disappointment to me, for it couldn't have been long before he was none too graciously secreting himself behind a cuttlefish cloud of desk work and transferring what was primarily his guest entirely over to my company.

Switching Off the Gibberish

BUT I grew to like Jane Story, with her pachydermous slow tread and her uncanny insight into human motives and her honest English eyes. I came to understand her and love her, for under those ample woolens she had a great soul and a great mind. And when she left us, to spend a fortnight in Ottawa before going on to Victoria, I was so sorry to see her depart that I had to wipe away a furtive tear or two, and my youngest ne'er-do-well bawled openly on the station platform. And now it's Jane and I who write to each other, about six times a year, with a remote look always in Adam's eye when I read her purple passages out loud to him.

But it isn't the big bugs, as a rule, who prompt me to stand off and study them with Chekhovian objectivity. It seems to be the noisier younger brood, the garrulous amateurs and halfway-up scramblers, who prove and have proved so much more of a social problem. One has to get used to them, the same as one gets used to the saltiness of Russian caviar or the urban roar of elevated railways. They carried about with them an aroma of ink that didn't seem to go with clover-blossom time in Connecticut. They had a language of their own and seemed to live in a world of their own.

Adam, it is true, could understand their arguments about iambic pentameter and their shindies about *vers libre*. He could still get excited about Amy Lowell and Edna St. Vincent Millay and Babette Deutsch and argue about Lindsay and Sandburg and Phelps. But to me a great deal of their talk, especially after midnight, seemed like so much gibberish. I even ingeniously terminated one debate which threatened to be endless by slipping down to the fruit cellar, where the new electric-light switch was installed, and throwing off the current. We went to bed by candlelight, but Aristotle once more reposed undisturbed in his grave and Adam got enough sleep to do the customary thousand words of his novel the next day.

Yet these poets were, as a rule, a very unworldly lot. One of them, I remember, was so preoccupied with things of the spirit that he stalked about with his trousers in what was, to me, a decidedly uncomfortable state of disrepair. So, while he was down at the lake beach economically taking a bath and a swim combined, I had Adam purloin the garment in question and surreptitiously but firmly applied a patch where it would do the most good. And the remarkable part of it all was that this dreamer, with his head in the clouds, never recognized any alteration in his apparel and never knew he was sitting thereafter on almost half a leg of Junior's old knickers.

Very different he was from Willie Fleming, the Nature writer, who had lived enough years in the North Woods to be uniquely sufficient unto himself. He would sit under

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The Intention of the Testator

"Look at Me, a Poor Country Lawyer, With Nothing to Offer You!"

By Beatrix Demarest Lloyd

ILLUSTRATED BY BARTOW V. V. MATTESON

PENELOPE VANE walked down the aisle, holding fast to her father's hand. She was wearing her best coat and hat, as one does to church—the dark blue velvet one with many narrow bands of beaver fur—and she was allowed to carry the hymnal, which slid one cover so confidingly into the binding of the prayer book. These things are calculated to elevate the spirits, but Penelope's heart was heavy with a dreadful apprehension.

The Episcopal congregation of Fair Meadows wended a slow way, like a sluggish river, out into the vestibule, its progress impeded by the pleasant custom of shaking hands with the rector. How he ever got there, Penny did not know. One saw him, with measured stride bringing up the rear of the long double line of singing choir boys, disappearing last into the vestry, and certainly he remained there long enough to pray that prayer one never heard, though one waited dutifully kneeling for the last chanted amen, so smothered away by the closed doors. It was painful to think of his snatching off his white dress in a hurry and running around outside to the front doors; yet there he was, cordially smiling and hand-shaking.

Penelope did not want to shake hands with him. She was not in the least a bashful child, and her first day in church—for heretofore she had gone only to the infant's class in Sunday school—had not abashed her. She was a demure little creature, with an odd delight in sonorous words and phrases, of which during the service she had heard a satisfying many. But in the midst of her listening delight had come that terrible pronouncement that had so struck her cold with fear and dread, from the lips of this very man whose hand she was now expected to take with her own!

Stephen Vane did not know that she was trembling, because she had slipped her hand from his to transfer the prayer book, leaving her little right mitten free for its engulfing in that Episcopal greeting.

It was a black moment. The lady in front of them passed on, and the rector's smile and voice carried over to her father: "My dear Vane, it's pleasant to see you. And Penelope!"

She put her hand into his and dropped her curtsy, her lower lip between her little white teeth. Oh, but it was good to drag father out into the sunshine, away from that presence!

Out on the great broad steps the congregation spread in moving groups, and already some of the motor cars had taken up their worshipers to bear them off to much too heavy Sunday dinners. There was a sharp nipping cold in the air, for this was Saint Andrew's Day, and Christmas not four weeks in the future.

Stephen Vane caught at his hat as the ribald wind plucked at the garments of the devout, and exchanged greetings with some friends. But everyone could see that his eyes were roving about, and everybody knew that he was looking for old Mrs. Proudfitt's automobile—not because of Mrs. Proudfitt.

Penelope saw them as soon as he did, and her heart contracted anew as they approached her friends. Old Mrs. Proudfitt was a particular crony of Penny's—why, nobody knew; and as for Anne, only the generations of the family and Penelope had ever bracketed them together. They were both Proudfitts and Penny loved them, and these were their sole points of resemblance.

Mrs. Proudfitt was old, shapelessly fat, withered even in her plump cheeks; Anne, her grandniece, was young, molded slenderly on the lines of the Hadrian Diana, and everybody knows that dimples are not wrinkles. Much as Penelope loved them, she could scarcely bear to look at their smiling faces today, for were they not under a fearsome doom, they and her beloved father? Had they not heard? How could they all seem so carefree?

Stephen Vane had been waiting all morning for that glimpse into Anne's eyes; yet now that he saw her, his pesky sense of right-doing made him hurry away. They all four exchanged a few words, in the main lamentable contributions to anything like conversation, and then there was that conscientious Stephen Vane politely declining a lift home, on the patently flimsy ground that he was walking a way with Mr. Pruyn. The motor car swallowed Anne far more easily than it had bolted Mrs. Proudfitt, and they were gone.

Penelope trudged home with her father, absent-mindedly listening to Mr. Pruyn's rotund periods and storing away an occasional new word that caught her fancy. "Legislature" was one of these, and "politics" and "lobbying." She thought lobbying sounded as if it might be fun.

Mr. Pruyn was worth listening to today, but her father said quite positively he wasn't going to do it. No less than four times he protested that he was just a small-town lawyer, and each time he said it Penelope glanced behind them in an agony of apprehension.

When they reached the little wooden gate of her little wooden home she left them still refusing to listen to each other, and went in to have her best hat and coat put away by June Pepper. There might be found critics of beauty who would consider Miss Pepper a poor substitute for a pretty mother, but the pretty mother had run away from Penelope years ago and Miss Pepper hadn't, and handsome is as handsome does. Penelope did not so contrast them; she did not know she had ever had a mother. It had not been brought to her attention that this fairly universal equipment had not been, in her case, lacking.

June Pepper—Vane always called her by her full name, feeling it could not be improved upon—was getting luncheon in the kitchen. Mr. Vane did not change his regimen one day a week, and dinner on Sunday arrived at the same hour that it did on week days—which Fair Meadows thought so like him! A fresh gingham apron covered the flat front of Miss Pepper, and she had a pot lifter in one hand and a big fork in the other when she appeared in the dining-room doorway. But she abandoned these impedimenta immediately to make for her darling.

It may have been the gentle touch of roughened but loving hands, or it may simply have been that half an hour is a long time for even a brave baby to struggle against tears, but Penny almost gave in when June Pepper's arm went around her. It cost her a notable effort to keep from crying.

Luncheon! Father came in, half laughing, half annoyed. He was at once pleased and bothered, and must have listened at any rate to some things Mr. Pruyn had said, for he seven times said "Politics!" to his cold turkey.

Penny's Eyes Went Wide. Wasn't Anne Too Big a Girl for Tears?

Finely cut-up white meat and a baked potato with lots of butter soothed the ache in Penny's throat. The terror of the morning became a little vague as she noted that her father continued in his usual ways, unmolested.

"What," she said after a time of studying him—"what makes your hair two colors—brown all over and white where your ears come out?"

"Chocolate and vanilla," said he. "Those white hairs, Miss Vane, are counters. I put in a new one every time you fall down and hurt yourself."

Miss Vane chuckled, which blew a bubble into her glass of milk. After a silent moment came Question Number Two: "What are polly ticks?"

"The dictionary, I believe, gives it a standing as a science and an art. But scientists and artists are conspicuously absent from its ranks. So I cannot be certain."

"Does Mr. Pruyn know?"

"Ah, dear me, yes. I should say he did!"

"Why wouldn't you listen to him?"

"What? Do you want your father to be gubernatorial timber?"

"O-oh, no!"

It sounded awful, but he was still smiling, so she did too. She could continue to smile almost all day, but after the early twilight darkened to night, the goblins got her. Stephen Vane came in from a long tramp over frozen roads, to find her sobbing, face down in the pillows of the couch, June Pepper sabbatically absent at afternoon service.

"My lamb!" cried Stephen, picking her up, pillow and all. She clung to his rough cold overcoat and wept. It was more comfortable to cry on a father, as she found when he sat down on the sofa and held her tenderly, soothing her little silky head and murmuring cheery things. He thought she had been lonely.

"I went past Mrs. Proudfitt's and she wants to know if you are going over tomorrow for luncheon. Won't that be nice?"

"But—but," hiccuped Penny, "will they hang her?"

"Hang her? What's this?" said Stephen Vane softly.

"And you? And Anne?"

He realized that this was serious. "No, certainly not Only very, very wicked people are ever hanged. And you know Anne and her Aunt Fanny and I aren't wicked. Come now, don't you?"

"But Doctor Graeme said so!" wailed Penny. "He said so in the Piscalopian church. I heard him. He said the Lord commanded to hang all the lawyers and Proudfitts!"

Stephen Vane strangled the shout of laughter that filled him, so ruthlessly that only a silent heave of his waistcoat gave evidence of the disturbance. After a moment he was sure enough of his voice to answer her. And, indeed, the thought that she had been all day enduring this torture of terror could almost banish a desire to laugh. Who ever knew in what unaccountable misunderstanding the bewildered child minds were struggling with the appalling universe? In his sensibly lucid way he showed her the very passage in the prayer book, explained it to her, and let her read it for herself; because Penelope Vane could read, and write a very round large script, which, if you ruled the lines, would forbear to toboggan off the farther side of the page.

In pursuance of this accomplishment it had become a custom for old Mrs. Prophet—Stephen Vane never afterward called her anything else and marveled that he was but reproducing Fair Meadows' customary pronunciation—and Penelope to spend an hour every day or so in the old lady's bedroom, toiling at the improvement of her penmanship. Penny would sit at the old Winthrop desk, head and shoulders spread out on its brass-clamped blotter, and the ink would slowly crawl up the penholder and seep over her little fingers. Mrs. Proudfitt would sit in her wing chair in the window and suggest words to be written. She would never spell them for Penny, and when Anne would be called to look at the day's achievement, she sometimes found that Penny's phonetics left her in the dark as to her intentions.

"But, Penny dear, you don't spell niece n-e-a-s-e! Or was it knees? Look, Auntie Fan, why don't you tell the child how to spell?" And she would add, quite comprehensibly, "Lemon juice and pumice."

"Well, you correct her book, Anne. My eyes bother me," Mrs. Proudfitt would say. And Anne would do so, and then bear Penelope off to as difficult a cleansing as Lady Macbeth's.

It was perhaps a curious thing that nobody guessed old Mrs. Proudfitt's secret. Not even when Penelope saw her looking at her newly penned exercise, held upside down, did it occur to her that this argued less a profound and original system of criticism than an utter inability to read. The old lady was sharply shrewd about concealment. Her own lawyer and banker, the Mr. Pruyn who saw such an exalted future for Stephen Vane, had not the remotest suspicion. He set down her tacit refusal to read a document to herself as merely her autocratic attitude that age must be served—age and great wealth.

In the course of her long widowhood Mrs. Proudfitt had had many papers to sign, though at present Pruyn's power of attorney slightly lifted that curse from her, and a most remarkable job she made of it. It was in fact a fairly famous signature, probably unforgeable, a careful, curious reproduction of the words "Fanny Proudfitt," rather like a child's drawing of incomprehensible hieroglyphics. But then, think of the old lady's rheumatism! And two strokes!

It Had Become a Custom for Old Mrs. Prophet and Penelope to Spend an Hour Every Day or So Toiling at the Improvement of Her Penmanship

This wealth that needed so often her sign manual on tedious papers had been dug out of Virginia City many years ago. Probably her husband would have lost it had he lived long enough to plunge on another lode. But there was no such adventurousness in his wife. Born and bred—yes, and married—in a miner's cabin, she had a desire only for security in a permanent settlement, and she had found it for her old age in Fair Meadows.

It was this same wealth that so stiffened the neck of Stephen Vane. There was Anne, heiress of goodness knew how much money—no, he couldn't and wouldn't do it. Anne would be a rich woman, wanting and having a big house, and many servants, and motors, and trips to Europe. He could not see himself, a poor devil, lifted into this luxurious nest by a woman's hand. In a phrase he sometimes used to Penelope, the thought set his teeth on edge, though she could not see that this phenomenon altered his appearance. So far as her observation went, such was mankind's normal dentition.

There was no other barrier to Vane's desires except this distaste for being the poor husband of a wealthy woman The pretty little lost woman who had so briefly borne his name had met death in a motor accident as heedlessly as she had lived. There had not even been time for the preliminary steps toward his giving her the right to that freedom she had seized upon. She had gone out of all life in the same week that she had gone from his, and only her name, forgivingly carved in the granite that bore his father's and mother's, remained in deference to Penny's mother. Except for that and the golden gift of the child, it was as if she had never been.

Penelope, relieved of fears for the summary execution of her nearest and dearest, duly kept her appointment to lunch with Mrs. Prophet. Anne called for her in the little roadster she drove herself, and bundled her up in brown squirrel fur rugs against the cold. Anne's cheeks were bright pink with the flick of it, and Penny thought she looked as lovely as the lady on June Pepper's kitchen calendar. Probably Stephen Vane would have felt that even this did not do her justice; but he was, of course, far away downtown in his office, and so missed this particular chance of feeling his heart turn slowly over in his breast.

The Proudfitts lived in a mansion. That was what Fair Meadows called it, and Penelope thought the word as solidly impressive as the house itself. It was perhaps as grave an architectural blunder as had ever been made, even in 1875; but the ivy that had compassionately drawn a veiling green over its brick walls during the passing years, and the shrubbery that had sprung up loyally to conceal as much of its ugliness as possible, did at certain seasons of the year soften the blow of its grim appearance.

It was set on a rise above the street, beyond an iron fence and a sloping lawn; it was three full stories high, with a flat roof edged with a metal cornice painted to imitate brownstone; its central core jutted forward to emphasize a narrow entrance; its windows were high and constricted and as evenly spaced as those of a prison; and only the curving white marble steps with gleaming brass handrails redeemed it from utter repulsiveness. Doubtless Mrs. Proudfitt liked it. The early mining camps of the West had not been of the soil to nourish very intelligent conceptions of domestic architecture. Anne thought it the most awful achievement of the hand of man; yet she loved it, too, in a way, as the shell of her youth. But Penny quite naturally accepted it as a mansion.

Within, Anne's personality had been a little more operative. One couldn't do much with brick walls; but S-shaped sofas, and mantels with more little shelves and odd-cut mirrors than a busy man could count, and silk-rope portières, and chenille-fringed chairs could be and were done away with. Mrs. Proudfitt had given in to the lure of English chintz, and even had come to see that a long bookcase could still be satisfying to the eye without supporting a row of painted bric-a-brac.

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Letters of a Self-Made Diplomat to His President

By WILL ROGERS

CARTOONS BY HERBERT JOHNSON

"No, Sir, I Can't Drive it for You: I am on Strike"

LONDON, May 17, '26.

MY DEAR PRESIDENT: I was going to write you sooner, but after being here a week or more I commence to get just like the British. You must always say British. If you just say English, why, Ireland, Wales, Scotland and the dominion provinces won't like it. So it's always The British.

By the way, that reminds me, I heard a fellow during the heated debate in the House of Commons get up and just say, "England will do her duty." And about two-thirds of them pounced on him and hollered, "What about London?" "What about Glaskie?' I think he meant Glasgow. So he had to take his words back and take in more territory. So in any of our conversations back and forth you and I must always speak of it as the British.

I dident see anybody in England excited or doing anything, so I am just getting that way myself. Then not hearing from you dident speed things up any. I just thought, well, if after me stopping the strike the least I was expecting was a note of just a little congratulation. But the Postman may bring one with the next Post—they call it Post, not mail. And I will be there to get it if it comes, because I wouldent miss the Postman's visit, for they wear the funniest Hats or Caps. It's like the old-time soldiers used to wear in one of our wars with them. In fact I think it's the same hats, as that was all they got out of that particular encounter. Well, they look funny nowadays, and I always stay up just to get a laugh out of his hat.

Of course it's all over now and is not a lot of news to you to read about the strike. But of course I will have to tell you all about it, because it may be of some use to you in case something comes up over home. A Man in your position has to be just like a Soldier, and study the different wars, especially the winning ones, and he is supposed to profit by their experience. So of course what I am over here for is to observe and report.

The only trouble with you about handling a situation is that you do it so different from what it has ever been handled before that History don't do you much good. You and Mussolini have broken every law of precedent, and still you get away with it. So I doubt if my little detailed report will be of much use to you after all. Mind you, in all this whole business where the country and the people acted so calmly, people lose sight of the fact that England wasent dealing with strikers; they were just dealing with what looked to me like a bunch of men that quit work to go out and assist the government to get someone to take their place.

It was carried on something like this: Some government man would approach a man and ask, "Could I get you to drive a Tram for us? We are really in great distress at not being able to perambulate."

"No, sir, I can't drive it for you; I am on strike. I am a Tram driver by profession. However, I should be very glad to assist you if it's not presuming too much on your short acquaintance. I will see who I can find that is not on strike and send them around to you."

"Well, that's very nice of you, old chap. It's deucedly awkward to have to approach a strange man and ask him to assist you, without at least a previous introduction. But on learning that you were a striker I knew that you would be in sympathy with my position and do all you can to assist me in this awfully embarrassing position of having to ask a perfect stranger for aid. Here is my Card. I don't like to hasten you, but I should be very much obliged if you would get me the man as quickly as he is procurable. Beastly old Tram and everything; looks awfully unsightly just standing there not doing anything."

"I shall have a man there in 'alf a mo', gove'nor, I shall even tell him 'ow to run the blooming thing if he 'appens to be a college man and don't know anything, sir."

So you see, Mr. President, that is why I think that I should tell you about it. It was a very unusual strike from many angles. They sent armored Cars out on the roads, and the Strikers, who had used these same Tanks and Cars during the war would explain to the young Soldiers just how to use them in case another war ever come up, and they got along wonderfully. It was really excellent training for the younger men to have the advice of these experts.

The whole thing from both sides was handled like a well-organized Funeral, by an old well-established Undertaker. There wasent a hitch. The Undertaker, in the guise of the Government, just slipped on the old white gloves and strolled casually through the entire procession. The Strikers, in the guise of the corpse, dident make a kick or a holler. He was just there to furnish the cause; he wasent there to change British procedure even in strikes.

The thing got on my nerves so that, although I am not a man that particularly craves excitement, I wished they would drop the Corpse, or that he would suddenly come to life and kick out the top of the glass or something—anything for a change. But He dident and they dident. Everything went just as scheduled.

The Pallbearers says, "It may take us a little longer to reach the Cemetery than is usual, but we will eventually get him there. We don't know on what day or what month, but it's all the same; he must be buried in the end."

I just thought as I watched this day after day, Oh, if two dogs would only fight! And mind you, Mr. President, I am not a man that likes Dog fights. I love dogs and I hate to see 'em fight each other. But if a man had put on a Dog fight and charged admission, he would have had every American in London there, including the entire Humane Society, just for one teeny speck of excitement. I wish I could have mustered up a little more nerve. I would have busted somebody in the jaw just to see what would have happened. Not that I had it in for anybody or either side, but you can only stand so much.

I just thought here is seven million people in this one town, and there is five million on what they call a strike in the entire England; And there hasent been a shot fired, a fight, an argument, or even a Bootlegger arrested. I thought I wish I was able to pay all of you peoples' fares over to Herrin, Illinois, on one of their Days De Fiesta and let you see something that in the true definition of the word is a strike.

Now I played West Frankfort, right near Herrin, and was over there and met a lot of their people, and they are as fine and law-abiding as any you will find anywhere over home. But I will give them credit. When they start out to do anything they put it on right. If it's a Strike, they show you a strike. Now I am not criticizing England for not doing anything exciting. But don't call a thing a strike unless it is a strike. That, of course, is the one thing where our temperments will never agree. They think a substitute is just as good. But if you are going to do a strike over

home you either do it or don't do it; don't advertise it and then not go through with it. If you Bill anything as such in the papers over there you got to put it on. So all I blame England for was the Billing. It should have been called A Temporary Cessession of Employment without Monetary Consideration for an Indefinite Period, Without Animosity or Hostile Design.

Now with that kind of advertising no one would have had a speck of complaint. That would have covered the case thoroughly. But a Strike! My Lord, it wasent even in three feet of the Plate. Not even a Cockeyed American League Umpire could have called that a strike. I saw a crowd assembled and I rushed over to see what the excitement was all about, and it was two Strikers helping a Strikebreaker fix a puncture on a Bus.

The only excitement caused was by a young fellow who had volunteered to run a train as Engineer. He got it out to a Station and couldent get it started again. Finally, as all the passengers were in their seats waiting, he come back along the coaches and hollered out, "Is there anybody here knows anything about an Engine?" Boy, he emptied that train right then when they found he was the one running it.

You see, the hard thing in this whole strike, from an American standpoint, is to look at an Englishman and judge from the way he is working whether he is on Strike or not. Now you take Tea time, for instance. There is not an American that wouldent say England is on strike. But they wouldent be at all; it would only be Tea time. That is why the strike looked so small. There was only five million out on it, but at Tea time there is 51,683,423 on strike. You see, that is why it is so hard to excite people that are used to that much leisure every day, anyway, whether there is a Strike or not.

But they done mighty nobly. Both sides distinguished themselves as True Britons. I want to tell you confidentially, Mr. President, that being in the House of Commons, as I was every day, and hearing everything that went on, I was always listening in your favor. I want to tell you that the whole thing was due practically to one man and that was Premier Baldwin. There is a fellow that might be of use to us over there some time. He just turned out to be the ablest man that they have over here.

You see, he is an Ex-Workingman himself, and he carried the confidence of both sides. The Strikers felt that he would give them a square deal and so did the Government, and I heard him come into that Commons and talk to them when the thing was at its height, and they give him every attention, both sides. And the funny part of it was that he seemed to please both sides.

Then I heard him when he come in there and announced that they had come to a settlement. He was as calm; no Conquering hero stuff. He dident come in as the Victor, although he had really done it; he was very modest and quiet. You know, you told me too look out for someone over here kinder on the quiet. Well, this Baldwin looks like about the best bet they have in England. I think we can get him later on, because for doing this work so well for them they will perhaps make him a Lord, and that will make him practically useless for any service over here. So if we can get him before that Calamity befalls him, he would be mighty cheap for us. I don't think he gets a lot where he is.

You see, the beauty about him over home would be that he could replace about the biggest part of the Senate. You see, that is eventually what we will have to come to in America some day in Governmental affairs. It will be ability instead of numbers. The law won't just say elect so many men each time. It will say hunt till you find a few good men and let the others go.

Don't let the law state how many men are to rule our Country. Leave the number optional, but bear down on the amount of ability. You see, sometimes you can find some man that knows just as much as a hundred others put together. Well, take him and get rid of the hundred. It will take us time to get this into effect over there, I know. But I also know from what talks I have had with you that to let several go around there would be in accord with your desires. We can always do those little things under the heading of Economy. But the real reason will be to get 'em out of there.

Now I think that about covers the field along the Strike and economic lines. As far as America learning anything from England's great strike, they haven't learned anything, because England hasent had a strike yet.

And by the way, Mr. President, who owns Coal mines anyway? There is always trouble in the coal mines, both over home and here, and nobody knows who the Coal Mine Owners are. In any other Industry we all know who owns it and we know that he will go out and deal with his men. For instance, the Automobile. If there was a strike in that whole Industry, we would know that Henry Ford and Irskine and Willys and all of them would go to the workers and lay their cards on the Table and show them just what they were making and what they were able to pay, and it would never get any further. They could settle it, and we would look to them to settle it, and blame them if they dident.

But the Coal owners—nobody knows who they are, and why they can't go and deal with the men that work for them, and fix them so they will have confidence in the owners like other lines of work have in the men they work

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Nothing Disrupts a Well-Organized Dinner Outside America as Much as to Have Some Bonehead Ask for a Glass of Water

THE COMEBACK

By Robert S. Winsmore

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. BRINKERHOFF

And Duffus Said It Didn't Crimp Him None to Buy It 'Cause He Took It Out of the Stock Market Last Week

IT'S all over now, and I got the bank roll repaired, so maybe it was funny. Maybe I will get a laugh out of it along about the time we get rid of prohibition. But anyway, I am off this Wall Street. I don't want to sit in no game where the only chance you got for an even break is doin' somethin' that looks like you was cuckoo.

At that, I should of known better. I seen a lot of birds go after a piece of this sugar they think J. P. Morgan and Jesse Livermore is overlookin' down in the stock market, and I also seen what these birds always comes back without. So I should of known better. But the wife got to talkin' about lucky numbers, and opportunity havin' wings, and tellin' me how she might of had a mink coat now only I ducked a piece of Florida a bozo tried to hook me with once, so I fell for this Wall Street. And don't think I was the only one. They was needin' traffic lights and more Subways around the Stock Exchange about that time.

Last fall, see, a guy come along that thinks our shack out in Flushing is worth four-five thousand more than I know it is. So I hit him with it, and me and the wife moved into a swell new bird cage up in the Bronx. It was a great little place, and "little" is right. They was five rooms, and if you had breathed natural in any one of them you would of frosted the anteek on the walls that Emma got them to put on special, us payin' half. At that, it was classy.

You probably know the kind — janitors and yellow boys in nifty uniforms and who was always wearin' white gloves so as in case the lights went out you could still see where to shove what they was expectin'.

"If I Had Your Luck I Would Jump Off of the Woolworth Buildin' Every Day for a Pastime"

Well, we hadn't lived in our new city residence no more than a week or two when the wife gets awful pally with a skinny dame named Mrs. Duffus that lives in the same kind of five rooms, only two floors lower down. This dame's husband is a big husk by the name of Frank Duffus, and he works in Wall Street. Or you might say he works out of Wall Street, 'cause that was the kind of work he done.

Pretty soon the wife springs that her and this Pauline Duffus has made it up for their husbands to be chums, too, and they are comin' to call that night, so I better get cleaned up and see what kind of refreshments I will offer him. So the Duffus outfit come up, and after we all got thawed out, me and him got friendly. He was one of these hearty-laughin' boys, with teeth like a horse and a fine indoor sunburn, and he had a lot of new ones that was pretty good.

Everythin' was runnin' all right till the Duffus woman give a squeal and said she nearly forgot to show us her beautiful new emerald that her dear Frank just give her. So she stuck out her finger for me and Emma to look at her ring. It had a square piece of green ice that didn't look much to me, but right away Emma said she could tell it was exquisite, and such a perfect color, and what a liberal husband Pauline had to give her such expensive jewelry.

Pauline asked him, "Shall we tell them about it, honey?" And Duffus said it didn't crimp him none to buy it 'cause he took it out of the stock market last week. It seemed a couple of big bankers was intimate friends of his and they called him up and put him wise to somethin' that was comin' off in American Can stock. The same day he cleaned up a wad on that one, a big jeweler that was another intimate friend of his come along with this green emerald that once was part of the private prewar stock of the Czar of Russia. So Duffus said he bought it for his little girl with part of what he made on the American Can stock, and now he was all set to get her a string of real Czar of Russia pearls out of another deal this couple of big bankers was goin' to tell him about in a day or two.

The Pauline woman said, "It is perfectly wonderful how many good friends Frank has got among them big men in Wall Street, and what wonderful information they give him about which stocks is goin' up."

"Well," I said, "I should think you would kind of feel too far away from them bankers, livin' up here in a Bronx tenement. Why don't you rent a whole house down on Fifth Avenue right next door to them so as they can run in and give you this information any hour of the night?"

Emma said they shouldn't mind my low comedy, and she told Frank Duffus she thought it was mean he got to know all them things about the stock market when other people would like to make money and buy jewelry too.

"Oh," says Pauline, "Frank is always told confidential and he cannot tell anybody but his own customers." And the big husk says, "Yes, my customers makes a great deal more money out of these things than I do. Why, I have got one man that has made over a million in the last four months, and all on what information I give him." Then he says to me, "Do you ever do anythin' in the market?"

"Not lately," I told him, "'cause Otto Kahn or Judge Gary ain't been callin' me up regular, and anyway I been too busy in real estate."

"Of course, Mr. Duffus," says Emma, "if Sam had you to tell him what stocks to make money in, he would be glad to buy them off of you."

I thought I could sidetrack the subject by sayin' I needed all my loose cash in my business, but Emma opened up that we had plenty in the bank from the sale of our country property, and Duffus says: "I am always glad to do a good turn for friends of mine and Pauline's, and this one that is comin' off in a day or two is sure to be a whale. So you might as well pick a string of pearls out of it for your wife too. Come down to my office tomorrow and we will go out to lunch and talk it over."

"By Numberology, You Shouldn't of Done Nothin' at All, Only Wait for a Day That is One of Your Numbers"

I started to tell him it was my busy season and I couldn't get out to lunch for another two-three weeks, but Emma cut in and says, "Sam, you have got to go tomorrow, 'cause I can see it is fate. Tomorrow is the twenty-first, and two and one makes three, and accordin' to numberology, three is your day, 'cause you was born on the fifteenth and fifteen adds up to six."

"I will give you A in arithmetic without waitin' for the addin' machine," I said, "but what has three got to do with six? Unless they have changed the layout, one is red and odd and the other is black and even."

"Accordin' to numberology, you are a three-six-niner," says Emma, "and you have got to go tomorrow, 'cause I could wear real pearls as well as the next."

So you can see by that how I come to fall for this Wall Street. It wasn't so much I fell as I was tripped.

It turns out this Frank Duffus is what they call a customers' man, workin' for a firm on the Stock Exchange by the name of Elphick & Meyer. Only, he claims he ain't just a common customers' man like the other four or five boys that has desks in the same room with him, all of them bein' cheap dumb-bells. Frank was different, he said, and he was always havin' trouble to keep Elphick & Meyer from makin' him a partner in the firm. He said they wanted him bad to be a partner, 'cause if he left them they practically wouldn't do no more business; and the partners, bein' half-wits, wouldn't know how to run things if he wasn't there to show them. But he wouldn't tie himself up with them, 'cause he was nearly ready to make up a much better firm of his own in another month or two and leave this Elphick & Meyer flat.

Duffus give me this earful while we was havin' lunch, and he must of had me groggy, tellin' about how he was like that with all the big shooters in Wall Street and was always told which way they was steerin' the market. Or maybe it bein' the twenty-first had somethin' to do with it. Anyway, we went back to Elphick & Meyer's and I give them a check for twenty-five hundred so as to open up an account and be all ready for the good one the couple of important bankers was goin' to pull in a day or two. Frank said maybe I would like him to make it what they call a discretionary account, and then he would use extra discretion in makin' money for me. So I signed a paper to make it that way.

When I got home Emma was waitin' to know how much we had made already. Bein' a woman, she couldn't see why I give them the money without gettin' stocks or somethin' for it, and she got mad when I said anyway nothin' had could ever happen to what a three-six-niner done on a twenty-first. At that, she had me a little nervous, and I didn't sleep so good that night till I made up my mind to get the twenty-five hundred back and keep it till they needed it.

But this Duffus didn't give me the chance. Next mornin' he calls me up and says the special good thing ain't quite ready to start yet, but another big banker has told him Southern Railway stock is goin' up, so he has bought two hundred shares of that one for me for a price of 112.

"And it is a good thing I acted prompt and bought it," says Frank, "'cause now it is up to 112½ and you already have made one hundred dollars, less commissions and taxes. Ain't you glad I acted quick?"

I asked him how much the commissions and taxes would come to, and he said fifty dollars for buyin' and another fifty dollars when I come to sell out, and eight dollars for taxes.

"Well," I said, "if it costs me a hundred and eight dollars to win a hundred when you act quick, how much do you figure them pearls will cost when Emma gets them?"

But Frank said Southern Railway stock was certain to go higher yet, and he was right on that. He sold out the two hundred shares the same afternoon so as I made over three hundred dollars on it after payin' everythin'.

"Now you see what kind of information I get," he says. "I will have plenty of good things like that for you right along."

Emma was so tickled she thought we ought to take Frank and Pauline out to dinner and a show the next night; but the next night she didn't think so, 'cause then she wasn't so tickled. That day Frank had acted quick again and bought two hundred shares of Crucible Steel stock for me on account of bein' told by the Waldorf crowd that they was goin' to give it a boom. He paid 72 for it, and he couldn't of paid no more, 'cause that was the highest it went to. But he could of paid less, 'cause in the afternoon paper it said the last price was 70, and I figured up with Emma we already was out about five hundred on it, countin' in the commissions and taxes again.

Emma said I should of known not to let Duffus buy it that day, 'cause it was the twenty-third, which was a five and wasn't no day for a three-six-niner like me to do anythin'. But I said the Waldorf crowd probably hadn't learned numberology yet, and anyway the next day would be the twenty-fourth, which I could count up on my fingers was a six, and then I would be lucky.

Only I wasn't. Frank phoned me the next mornin' how he found out the Waldorf crowd had a private meetin' and changed their mind about givin' Crucible Steel stock a boom just now. So he said the thing to do was sell it out with only a small loss that he would make up in no time in Independent Oil stock, 'cause he knew the Durant people was goin' to move that one up right away. I wanted to wait and see how my luck was this Number Six day, but he said he already sold the Crucible stock for 69½, where I lose nearly six hundred, and had bought two hundred shares of the oil for 31. When I got the afternoon paper I seen where Crucible Steel went up again to 72 and Independent Oil's last price was 29¾. So that was another night we didn't take Frank and Pauline out to dinner and a show.

"Why Wouldn't I Tell Her?" I Asked Him. "I Had to Give Some Excuse for Not Buyin' Them Pearls Off of the Czar of Russia Yet"

The next thing I heard from Duffus was a couple of days later. He said Independent Oil was down to 28, but I shouldn't worry over what it was doin' for a day or two, 'cause the Durant people had let him know they was just droppin' it down on purpose so as to pick up some cheap stock.

"That is the way these big pools always works," he says. "They knock their stocks down and then pick up a lot of them as cheap as they can before they give the price a boost. I know all about it from bein' in so many big deals myself."

"How come you forgot the system when you bought for me?" I asked him. "Couldn't you of done my pickin' up as cheap as them?"

"You don't understand about these things," he says. "When a man like you is followin' reliable information like mine, he has got to get his position first so as to have his stock when the move starts. If you wasn't there already you might miss it. But, anyway, leave this to me and you will see what you will make."

I left it to him till about two hours afterward. Then the phone rung and it was Duffus again. "Sam," he says, "these Pennsylvania crude people has just pulled a raw one on us. Without sayin' a word to anybody, they cut the price twenty-five

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"Listen," I Said. "I Have Found Out It is About as Lucky to be a Customer of Frank's as it is to be a Three-Six-Niner by the Name of Rolf"

FINDINGS KEEPINGS

"Instruct Your Client to Turn Over Those Bonds. I am the Owner of the Land Where They Were Found"

TREASURE-TROVE: Gold or silver, in coin, plate, or bullion, found concealed in the earth or in a house or other private place, but not merely lost or lying on the ground, the owner of the treasure being unknown. —*The Common Law.*

By Arthur Train

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

MURDERS have been committed under less provocation. Had Len Crandall slain Squire Hezekiah Mason the evening he drove up to the Crandall homestead and ordered Len, his wife and three children off the premises, it would not have worried anybody in Somerset County in the least—not even Sheriff Moses Higgins, in whose presence the crime would have been committed, or the unfortunate relatives of the said Mason—the adjective "unfortunate" being here made use of with reference to their relationship and not to the event.

The difference between the two men was simply that while Len was honest the squire was unscrupulous, although rejoicing—at least up to the time of the famous trial of Skinny the Tramp for the murder of Wilbur Drake, otherwise known as the Hermit of Turkey Hollow—in the complimentary or Pickwickian title of honorable—honor being the least of his virtues. The Hermit case had been Squire Mason's Waterloo, for in it old Ephraim Tutt, summoned from New York by the Sacred Camels of King Menelek to defend James Hawkins, alias Skinny, their erstwhile brother, had exposed Prosecutor Mason as the crookedest sort of rascal—to wit, one who had sought to send to his death in the electric chair an innocent client, whose trustee he was, in the hope of profiting by his demise, all of which may be found faithfully reported in The People versus Skinny the Tramp, 3 Tutt and Mr. Tutt, 131; The Hermit of Turkey Hollow, 15 Train, 1-342; Famous Modern Trials, pp. 61-128; and THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, 1921.

This was the villain who, having foreclosed a mortgage for twelve hundred dollars upon the Crandall farm and bid it in at the sheriff's sale, now drove up, accompanied by that unwilling officer of the state, to where Len was sitting smoking on the threshold of the farmhouse.

"Well," he said without preliminary, "now you're sold out, you've got to get off."

Len lowered at him without removing his pipe. "Is that the law, Mose?" he inquired of the sheriff.

"I'm afeard it is," answered Higgins, who hated Mason as much as he liked the ramshackle Len.

"How about my crops? My hay is worth a couple of hundred dollars—and my potatoes ——"

"Part o' the soil—goes with it."

Len arose and walked to where Mason was sitting in the sheriff's flivver.

"This is the second time you've robbed me," he said. "First you stole all the money I had in the world and now you take my farm—the farm my father and grandfather lived on before me. I've nowhere to take my kids except the poor farm, and I don't want to go there. You might at least let us stay until you find another tenant. I could work out my rent."

The squire cleared his throat. "It don't suit my plans. I'm thinkin' of moving in myself." He bit the words off short.

Len shook his fist under Mason's nose. "Some day I'll get even with you, you dirty dog!"

The squire's smoothly shaven cheeks were the color of an underdone ham. "Sheriff Higgins," he snapped, "if they ain't off by noon, day after tomorrow, take possession and put 'em off!"

"You son of a gun!" cried Crandall. "I've a good mind ——"

The face of Carrie, his wife, appeared at the window.

"Easy, Len!" she called. "Don't get us into more trouble!"

The sheriff let in his clutch. "Sorry, Len," he remarked. "But the squire's got the law on ye. Too bad about the crops. . . . How are you getting on down to the smithy?"

"All right. I'll have the chimney down tomorrow morning. After noon I'll have to go and look for somewhere to take my wife and family."

"If you can't find nowheres else, you kin bring 'em over to our house for a while," said the sheriff. "Mebbe Squire Mason will have a change of heart and let ye stay on a few days." He looked sideways at his companion.

"Not much I won't!" snorted the squire. "Off they go, bag and baggage! I've had enough of that feller! Get along, sheriff!"

Crandall entered the house. Supper was over and the children were already in bed. His wife, a sickly woman not yet thirty, left her work and sat down beside him.

"Don't be discouraged, Len. Everything'll come out right somehow. Providence will look out for us."

"How can you go on talking about Providence when He lets a man like Mason get away with murder? You're just whistling to keep your courage up. If Providence was halfway on His job He'd strike Mason dead with a bolt of lightnin'."

"Don't be sacrilegious, Len! The Lord will act in His own way, in His own time."

"And meanwhile—what? Will He keep the children from starving? If you can get any comfort out of that Providence stuff, go ahead. I've been a sucker long enough."

"Don't you believe in the Bible, Len? Don't you remember what it says: 'I have been young, and now am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread.'"

"That old man will have another look coming to him day after tomorrow. . . . See here, Carrie, what's the use deceiving yourself? Didn't we work ten years to save that twelve hundred dollars to pay off the mortgage? If there had been any such thing as Providence would He have let your brother Tom turn over the money to Mason without a receipt and trust the old crook to file the satisfaction piece? Would He have let Tom be run down and killed by a racing car that very afternoon? Would He have let the judge on the foreclosure proceedings keep me from testifying to what Tom told us before he died—how he'd given Mason the money and all—on the ground that it was hearsay? And would He have let Mason go on the stand and swear he never received one cent from Tom, so that now, after we've really paid off the mortgage once, he is going to kick us out? Providence? Providence, Rhode Island!"

Carrie patted his brown hairy hand. "Buck up, Len! We're not in the street yet. Tomorrow you'll feel different."

II

THE Crandall farm lay three miles west of Pottsville, just beyond the crossroads where, until it had recently been destroyed by fire, had stood a smithy, upon which, as upon the major portion of the real estate in Somerset County, Squire Mason had also held a mortgage. The actual title to the land had belonged to Toggery Bill Gookin, Pottsville's leading dry-goods merchant, but had

been under lease at the time of the fire to Sam Bellows, the sheriff's deputy, who carried on his trade of blacksmith as a side line.

The crossroads smithy had stood there as long as anyone could remember. Gookin had bought it ten years before from a man named Truslow, who had gone out West and had not since been heard from. It had always been a sort of general meeting place for the countryside, and there were few farmers who drove into town who had not made a practice of stopping for a chat with the blacksmith or his patrons. Actual patrons, however, had been few, for the day of the horse was over, and Sam had lost money steadily for the past three years; so that when the fire came he had no incentive to carry on the business, and by mutual consent between Gookin as landlord, Mason as mortgagee and himself as tenant, the property had gone to friendly foreclosure the month before and judgment had been entered by a referee, the sale to take place the coming week.

Mason's plan was to take the insurance money, which had already been paid over to him as mortgagee, and build a filling station there, for which the crossroads would be an ideal place. This had also been Len Crandall's dream—until poor Tom, his dead brother-in-law, had so unwisely fallen for the wily lawyer's suggestion that he relieve him of the trouble of filing the satisfaction piece on the Crandall mortgage. With the mortgage paid off on the homestead, Len could have built a filling station a hundred yards farther up the road, right in front of his own house, and by making a short cut-off to the other road he could have got all the trade. But now that dream was never to be fulfilled, for Tom was dead, Mason had not filed the satisfaction piece and had denied everything that Tom had sworn to be true with his dying breath. Yea, the wicked were flourishing like the green bay tree.

Mason, chiefly for reasons of policy, had let the contract for building the new garage and filling station to Sheriff Higgins, who, knowing Crandall to be in need of ready cash, had hired him to tear down what was left of the burned smithy, clean up the ground generally and excavate for the foundations. Thus the five chief characters in this story are Toggery Bill Gookin, owner of the smithy against whose land judgment in foreclosure has been entered, although the sale has not taken place; Sam Bellows, ex-blacksmith, lessee of the property, still entitled to possession, if he chooses, until title has passed to the new owner after the sale; Squire Mason, the hard-fisted lawyer, who has just foreclosed; Sheriff Moses Higgins, who has figured throughout the legal proceedings as a public officer and now has the contract for the new filling station; Len Crandall, his employe, who is engaged in removing the débris of the burned building. Five? I should have said ~~six~~ and Mr. Tutt.

III

LEN had been hard at work since seven o'clock, pulling down the ruin of the stack. He had hoped to finish the job by noon; but the lower the chimney got, the thicker became the courses of brick and the harder the mortar. The sheriff, for whom he was working, had instructed him to remove everything for a foot or two below the surface and level off the ground. Now, after a short rest and smoke, he took up his mattock and attacked the foundations once more. Having loosened the ground on three sides of the chimney, he had just started to do the same upon the fourth, when his pick came in contact with an old tin can which had either been purposely buried behind the stack or, if dropped there unintentionally or laid down casually and forgotten, had in time become covered with earth. Len was no believer in fairies, and he was on the point of chucking the can out of the way when its weight led him to examine it more carefully. The tin was about a foot in length, four inches square and thickly covered with rust—an oil can possibly.

Len put his foot on it and struck off the cover with his mattock, revealing a wad of paper yellow with age. This he pulled out. Beneath was a package wrapped in oilcloth.

Len rested his mattock against the chimney and sat down, the better to examine his find, unmindful of the fact that another person had come upon the scene and was watching the proceedings with an interest fully equal to if not greater than his own. Inside the oilcloth was a heavy manila envelope tied with pink tape, which, in conjunction with the waterproof cover, had perfectly protected the contents—a bundle of engraved sheets, each bearing at the top the picture of an express train hurtling through a beautiful landscape full of standing grain, where flocks and herds raised their innocent heads from a willow-bordered stream to gaze in wonder upon the evidence of man's inventive genius. Attached to each sheet was another sheet made up of a great number of little tickets each marked $25.

Len had never seen any corporate securities, but even his untutored mind had no difficulty in grasping the fact that these were railroad bonds—five of them, each bearing undetached coupons from 1913 to date. He was vaguely wondering who the owner could be when a shadow fell across his vision and he heard Squire Mason's harsh voice

"What have you got there, Crandall?"

That Mason should have the effrontery to accost him made Len angry. "I don't see what business it is of yours!" he retorted.

"It's a whole lot my business," rejoined the squire, "seeing this is my property."

"I thought it was Bill Gookin's."

"I foreclosed on it three weeks ago. Anyhow that's neither here nor there. Give me a look at those papers." And Mason, stooping, extended a horny hand. Crandall held the bonds out of his reach and scrambled to his feet, but not before the squire had read the inscriptions and gained a general impression of the number of bonds.

"Beech Creek and Mohawk, eh? How many of 'em?"

Crandall replaced them in the envelope, which he stuffed into his pocket. "It's nothin' to you how many there are," he said. "They're not yours, are they?"

"We'll see whether they are or not!" snarled the squire. "They're mine in law, all right. If you don't give me those bonds I'll swear out a warrant for your arrest. I guess you'll sing a different tune when the sheriff gets after you!"

Crandall regarded him with contempt. "It would take more than a threat from a thief like you to make me give 'em up," he replied. "You stole twelve hundred dollars from me. . . . Go ahead and get your warrant! I'll get one for you at the same time."

"Have it your own way," answered Mason. "Either you give up those bonds to me or I go right down to the sheriff's office.

And he turned on his heel, walked to where his car was parked by the side of the smithy and climbed in.

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Carrie Patted His Brown Hand. "Buck Up, Len! We're Not in the Street Yet. Tomorrow You'll Feel Different"

CALIFORNIA CHANGE

By Kenneth L. Roberts

THERE was a time, not many years ago speaking geologically — when the sovereign and golden state of California was heavily peppered with a large assortment of excessively active volcanoes that were in a constant state of passionate eruption.

In those days almost any excuse was sufficient to start a few volcanoes on the rampage. Too much rain would cause many of them to erupt furiously. Too little rain would cause many more to bombard the surrounding countryside with hot bowlders and ashes. Perfectly normal weather would result in the rest of them disgorging unsightly torrents of molten lava in every direction.

With the passage of the years, however, the volcanoes of California acquired poise and discretion, and gradually lapsed into a dignified silence. They were, as the saying goes, left cold by conditions and occurrences that once would have caused a hundred volcanoes to blow their heads off. They became as hard-boiled and unresponsive as a genuine New Englander of the old school who has breakfasted daily on pie for half a century.

The Mulholland Drive, Looking Off to the Pacific Across the Los Angeles Plain

Out of all the obstreperous California volcanoes that once went into action for next to no reason at all, only one came out of the silences and voiced a lava-trimmed roar of excitement and distress at the outbreak of the European War, that one being Mount Lassen.

The inhabitants of California show certain signs of following in the footsteps of the volcanoes.

Windbags Nearing Extinction

NOT long ago a word of criticism or disapproval directed against anything in or connected with California was thought, in some parts of the state, to be sufficient cause for hanging, life imprisonment or deportation.

The fiend in human shape who declared, as he sometimes did, that the climate of the most richly climated sections of California was occasionally sufficiently chilly to bring a bluish tinge to a beautiful woman's nose, caused untold thousands of Californians to develop fits of rage that threatened to burst minor blood vessels in all of them.

A friendship of many years' standing might be terminated in a moment's time if one of the parties to the friendship chanced to be so low and unimaginative as to persist in referring publicly to earthquakes or other natural phenomena that tend to keep a few timid tourists hived up in the disagreeable winter chill of their Iowa, Indiana Pennsylvania or Maine homes, when they might be spending the winter and their bank rolls in the golden West.

Never a day went by without an eruption of hot air from native sons that, provided it could have been concentrated in one spot, would have had more effect than the last three eruptions of Mount Vesuvius.

Nowadays, however, the more violent California eruptors have mellowed with the passage of the years. They have not, like the volcanoes, become extinct; and there is no immediate need of the Government taking steps to set apart a national park for the safeguarding of the last California booster, as has been done in the case of the last volcano. Eruptions, nevertheless, are less frequent, and visitors to California may express their personal opinions, if any, concerning California's scenery, art, water supply, architecture, agriculture, real-estate booms, climate, antique shops, railway service, earthquakes and what not, without fear of having to stand up against an all-California blast of indignation sufficiently warm and powerful to singe the fuzz from all the Scotch tweed in the world.

The Coast at Pebble Beach, California

Uniquity

THE Californian still wants certain things understood of course. He wants it known that California is the greatest state in the Union; that it is the healthiest place in the world in which to live; that the actinic rays or some other climatic peculiarity in California enables residents of the state to eat more, play more, work more, create more, drink more and talk more than people in any other part of the world; that anybody who lives in any state other than California is guilty of one of the worst pieces of judgment since Eve ate the apple; and that if the Pilgrim Fathers had settled in California, instead of in New England, in 1620, nobody would have lived outside of California except under protest.

The Californian does not go so far as to say that the rest of the United States would probably have been settled by deportees from California; but he clearly conveys the thought that nobody would have dreamed of living anywhere outside of California unless he had been forced out by main strength.

If all these things are clearly understood and stated, the present-day Californian seems almost indifferent, not to say calloused, as to what is said about California. He is even willing to say some harsh things about California himself. Many and many a Californian frequently admits that the climate is not exactly what it ought to be at the moment, and that it is a pity that the person with whom he is speaking cannot remain another week or two, when the weather will doubtless be not quite so cold—or hot or dry or rainy or dusty, as the case may be.

This unexpected subsidence of the tumultuous pro-California eruptions of earlier days has been credited by some to the epidemic of good taste that has been spreading through the state in the past few years; by others, to the natural wisdom that comes with increasing years, and by very reckless and hardy souls to the great Florida migration of 1924 and 1925—a migration that awakened California to the electrifying and chastening effect of

competition on her seeming monopoly of the winter-tourist trade, or industry.

Whatever the reason, California is less hectic than it was in the old days of frenzied boosters, just as it is less hectic than it was in the days when volcanoes were spraying the scenery with molten lava.

The visitor is no longer obliged to be constantly on his guard for fear that a keen-eyed real-estate salesman will crawl out from under the dinner table or emerge suddenly from the fireplace and force him to become a resident of California.

He can wander idly and at peace from the ankle-straining hills of rebuilt San Francisco, down through Monterey and Santa Barbara and Los Angeles, through some of the most beautiful and fertile valleys in the world, and through a succession of potato belts, apricot belts, walnut belts, prune belts, raisin belts, beet belts, polo belts, chicken belts, oil belts, rabbit belts, bean belts, artichoke belts, movie belts, orange belts, lettuce belts, cantaloupe belts and various other sorts of belts—to the ancient ocean bed of the Imperial Valley and the multiple climates of San Diego.

The Acre-and-Independence Myth

HERE and there, in sparsely settled districts, the beauty of the landscape may be more or less embellished by signboards promulgating the doctrine that independence may be achieved by the person who purchases one acre of land there or thereabouts—An Acre and Independence, they read.

In other sections, broad stretches of walnut groves and fruit orchards may have been divided into meager slices by gaudy flags; and poisonously colored signs may urge the passer-by to acquire health, wealth and happiness by investing in a two, three or five acre chicken ranch, walnut ranch, flower ranch, bee ranch, police-dog ranch, or just plain ranch.

For the most part, however, California real estate is no longer rammed down the throats of visitors. Those who wish to acquire real estate, generally speaking have to make their wants known to the proper persons, just as they would in Ohio, Pennsylvania or Maine, where the real-estate business is a regular business and not a form of hysteria, as it became in California for a considerable period of time—possibly due to the invigorating effect of the California climate. It should be remarked in passing, nevertheless, that the visitor who lets it be known that he is in a receptive mood is seldom, if ever, permitted to leave California without becoming the owner of a piece of California land.

The hearty impatience with which the slogan, An Acre and Independence, is greeted in various sections of California is an indication of the peculiar change that has swept over Californians in recent years. In bygone days, any method that resulted in bringing residents to the state was regarded in many quarters as an ultimate benefit to everyone concerned. There was nothing essentially wrong in luring Easterners to California and inducing them to purchase real estate by assuring them that there was oil under every lot. Probably there was—two miles under it or 200 miles under it or 2000 miles under it. Consequently anybody who ventured to protest that too many bank rolls were being lost and too many finger nails broken by those who were attempting to reach the oil was petulantly urged to hire a hall.

When a California Valley Blooms She Blooms All Over. The Santa Clara Erupts Into Prune Blossoms

Orchards at Banning, California, With Mt. San Gorgonio as a Background. Banning is 2318 Feet Above Sea Level, and From It the Road Drops Into the Desert and the Reclaimed Imperial Valley, 108 Feet Below Sea Level

A Walnut Grove in Los Angeles County

Pandora's Box

HE WAS venomously asked what was biting him, and was harshly told that even though the newcomers lost their money, their finger nails and their shirts, they still had the benefit of the incomparable California climate, which would enable them to live longer than the people of other states, laugh louder, eat more—or less, as the occasion demanded—drink more of anything they happened to be drinking at the moment, and all the rest of the old familiar argument. If his protests continued, he was frequently ostracized socially with such vigor that he was even barred from attending the annual picnic for residents of his home state, which is about the limit of social ostracism in the state of California.

There was a time when anyone who objected to the intimation that one could gain independence on an acre of California land would probably have been denied entrance to all moving-picture theaters by universal consent. But things are different today.

In many parts of California farm-colonization developments are springing up; and some of them send the joyous tidings concerning An Acre and Independence as far away from home as Georgia, Carolina and Florida. Combined with this glad news is the highly important information disseminated by many semiofficial agencies to the effect that the climate of California is as good as, if not better than, that which is popularly supposed to exist on the other side of the pearly gates; and that anything whatever can be raised from its fertile soil with the kind assistance of its superclimate.

Consequently it is becoming a fairly common occurrence for dreamy-eyed garage helpers, or bookkeepers, or teachers

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THE UNSPANKED THIRD

Old Jake Grinned. "You Talk Too Much, Sid," He Said Affectionately

AUTHOR'S NOTE—The character, Mr. Raines, is drawn from life by permission of his widow. The family with which I have endowed him is entirely fictitious, invented for the purposes of this story. —G. P.

By George Pattullo

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

OLD Jake had his offices on the third floor of the Raines Building—a suite consisting of a large anteroom, an adjoining office where the secretary worked, and his own sanctum beyond. When Sid Bassett entered, there was the usual bunch of borrowers awaiting their turn in the anteroom, but he brushed past them with the assurance of a privileged character.

"The boss in?" he inquired.

"Sure. Go right in, Mr. Bassett," replied the secretary. "Those lumber guys've just left."

As the cowman opened the door a heavy voice boomed, "Hello, Sid. Come on in."

Which Bassett did, grinning as he pulled up a chair, for Mr. Raines was making some entries in a small notebook with an indelible pencil, and paid no attention to him for several minutes; but at last he sat back and inquired, "Well, what's on your mind?"

"Nothing much, Mr. Raines. But I been wondering what I ought to do."

"Making some medicine?"

"No-o, not exactly. What's worrying me is whether I ought to buy some more cattle or sell some I've got."

"You get around a good deal among the cattlemen, Sid. What do they say?"

"Well, they all say now's the time to buy, Mr. Raines."

"Then you sell, Sid."

The secretary knocked and opened the door. "Mr. Preston would like to speak to you on the phone, Mr. Raines."

"Tell him I'll call him back in five minutes."

On hearing the name of the trust-company president, Bassett rose to go, remarking, "Well, I see they elected you chairman of the board again."

"Yes, they couldn't find anybody else willing to take it," replied Mr. Raines, with a certain complacence.

"How's the rheumatism?"

"Oh, it's been bad lately. Keeps me awake nights."

"Doing anything for it?"

"I got some liniment that helps some. Say, guess what that cook of ours tried to put over on me!"

"I reckon she only tried though, hey?" observed Bassett.

"She gave me some liniment and swore it cost her two dollars a bottle. It cost her fifty cents—that's what it cost her. And when I handed her half a dollar next night, she couldn't say a word."

"You went down to that nigger doctor to find out?"

"Sure I did. Why not?"

His friend laughed. The old man had probably spent an hour going to see that nigger, but it was just like him. He'd take the same trouble to be right about two dollars as about half a million.

"Well, I must be drifting. See you next week."

"When're you going out to inspect that land?"

"Tomorrow."

"He wants a loan of eighty thousand on it. I don't believe it will carry that, Sid."

"That's right good land. And he owns thirty thousand acres in one piece. But I'll let you know Wednesday."

"All right. Tell Dabney to send the next one in."

And so it went throughout the day. At noon Mr. Raines ate an apple, and at five o'clock a couple of his cronies dropped in. He had been at work since eight in the morning and was tired.

"Hello, Jimmy. Hello, Judge."

"How about a little drink?" suggested Jimmy affably.

"Well, there's a lot of flu around—that's a fact."

They had a little drink and then the three sat smoking comfortably and discussing local happenings. Mr. Raines leaned back in his swivel chair behind the big glass-topped table and relaxed—a broad man of heavy build, radiating force.

"Say, boss," said Jimmy, "can't a man pull the leg off a Dominicker rooster?"

"I don't know. What would he want to pull it off for?"

"Then you didn't hear about Joe Clark?"

Jake suddenly grew alert. He had no use for Joe Clark. "I'd know that fellow's hide anywhere in a tan yard," he was accustomed to say.

"Well, it seems," Jimmy continued, "that Joe hooked Tud Nesbitt on that Braybrook Addition deal, and Tud was waiting for a chance to get even. So the other night they were having a few drinks and Joe began to brag about how strong he was. You know how he brags." The boss nodded. "So Tud up and offered to bet him a thousand dollars he couldn't pull the leg off a Dominicker rooster."

"Did he take it?"

"Sure. They had a coupla more drinks and put the money up with Bob Laprelle. The bet was to come off last night, but Joe never showed up."

"Forfeited the thousand, hey?"

"Yep."

"That's queer. I wonder," mused Mr. Raines, "whether a man can pull the leg off a Dominicker rooster." Then he added, "Shucks, what a fool way to throw money around! That sort of business is too loose for me."

Half an hour later he descended to the street to go home. The instant he set foot on the sidewalk, a newsboy on the corner ran up with the evening papers.

"Well, boy," said Mr. Raines, as he bought one, "how's business?"

"Fair to middlin'."

"Say, how much can you make at this job a day?"

"You the income-tax man?" queried the boy.

It tickled Jake, whose blood pressure was wont to shoot up at every mention of income taxes.

"Say, kid, how do you happen to get this corner every evening?"

"Why, we own it."

"Who's we?"

"The guy I work for. He pays two hundred and fifty a year for this corner."

"He does, does he? Who gets that money?"

The boy named the firm which rented the lower floor of the Raines Building.

"Well, well, well," remarked Jake, fishing out his notebook, "we'll have to see about this."

Then his driver appeared, and Mr. Raines followed him to where the car was parked.

"Bright boy, that," he muttered as he got in, and glanced back approvingly

His house was in the older residential section of the city. The fashionable districts were now far out in the suburbs, but the Raines place still held its head up proudly in the midst of apartment and boarding houses. A great brick structure set far back from the street, the grounds covered an entire block.

On arrival home, Jake's first care was to inspect the gasoline gauge. Then he started on a round of the place. First, he had to see how the garden had been plowed. He knew it—he ought to have come home to stand over that fellow. Of course he hadn't plowed deep enough.

"Sam!" he bellowed.

"Sir?" responded Sam.

"Why didn't you spread that fertilizer?"

Sam had five good reasons and some more in reserve, and Mr. Raines demolished them all. When he had got this out of his system, he moved along to the stable and garage; from there to the chicken yard, where he found a gap in the wire fence. Then he took a look at the cow and at an ancient buggy horse he maintained. Sam trailed along behind, fearful of the worst

"This saddle needs oiling," the boss remarked.

"Well, I thought you never used it any more, Mr. Raines. Why, you ain't used that there saddle in five years, Mr. Raines."

"Is that any reason to let it rot?" cried Jake. "Just like a nigger! You oil that saddle regular, understand? It don't matter if I never throw it over a horse again—I want it ready"

It was a relief to Sam when the old man went into the house. He had worked for him ten years and bragged continually of the fact, but he just couldn't feel at ease with Mr. Raines home—no, sir, sort of couldn't let down and be comfortable a-tall. Oo-wee, how that man did love to find work to do!

"Mamma!" shouted Jake from the foot of the stairs.

"Well?" replied Mrs. Raines, looking over the banisters.

"How soon'll supper be ready?"

"At half-past six"

"But I'm hungry."

"If you'd only eat some lunch, you wouldn't be half starved every night. Besides, the children are coming."

"Then that means seven," retorted Mr. Raines, and went into the living room, where he settled down to read the paper. First he turned to the market page to see the cattle and sheep prices; then scanned the quotations for government bonds, and did some figuring on an envelope; after that, he read through half a column on the state of the lumber industry and grunted. What did that fellow know about lumber anyhow? As he read, his lips soundlessly formed the words. So far as everyday news was concerned, Mr. Raines contented himself with an indifferent glance at the headlines.

He was half famished and fuming by the time the family began to dribble in. First came his eldest son, Clay, and his wife. He was strikingly like his father in appearance. Clay kissed his mother affectionately and said, "Hello, papa."

"Where're the children?" demanded his sire.

"O., they'll be along in a minute, I reckon."

"Why can't they get here on time? I suppose we'll have to wait supper for them too. We didn't pay such attention to kids in my day."

They knew his stomach was talking and nobody replied Then Jake Jr. arrived, accompanied by Mrs. Jake and a nineteen-year-old daughter. Mr. Raines rumbled good evening and twisted fierily in his chair.

"Where's Ida?" he demanded

"She said she might be a few minutes late," answered his wife in her gentle voice, and the old gentleman blew up. Fine state of things this country was coming to, he opined, snapping his big chime watch open and shut People nowadays seemed to think time meant nothing; within half an hour was punctual for people nowadays. Well, he wanted to tell them time was money; time was the most valuable thing in life. They had only a certain amount of it to use, and yet people nowadays thought nothing of wasting it, like they had all eternity to spend.

"If those kids didn't have their own cars," he fumed, "they'd have to come when you do. How d'you expect to control 'em, hey? Why, in my day a kid was lucky if they'd let him hitch up the horse on Sunday night to take his girl for a ride. Yes, sir, he was; but nowadays every brat of a boy has to have his own car. And money? A quarter on July Fourth was a fortune to me, but a twelve-year-old brat nowadays carries a roll that would choke a cow. Say, do you know what I saw yesterday? Why, a girl was tearing along the Elmwood Road at fifty miles an hour, and if she was a day over fourteen, I miss my bet. If we hadn't turned out, she'd have run clean over us."

It was after seven o'clock when the last of the children straggled in, and that last one was Jake's own namesake, Clay's eldest son, who was home from college at the urgent request of the entire faculty. Jake 3d arrived with long, cheerful blasts of his siren, parked his roadster so that nobody could get in or out of the driveway without first moving it, and then entered through the kitchen in order to

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"You be Sure to Get Home by Eleven o'Clock, Girls," Called Their Mother. They Shouted Back, "All Right. Don't Sit Up for Us Though"

LITTLE MARY MAE

By Frank Condon

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. BRINKERHOFF

"Do You Officers Blame My Affianced Husband for Rushing Forward to Defend Me?" She Asked the Law. "Have You Not a Beloved Wife of Your Own?"

IT IS a very funny thing to me to think that now, after all the tumult and the shouting, I am going to be married to Addie, when I did not expect to be married and had given her up forever. I was a completely rejected suitor for six months and some days, trying to win the lady with flowers, mottoes, Christmas cards and valentines in wild profusion, and holding down a job at the Arcade.

She maintained a consistently negative attitude without weakening once until the afternoon of Thursday, June the sixteenth, at fifteen minutes of six o'clock, or maybe a little later. It undoubtedly was a strange thing the way it came around, because the same afternoon, shortly before three o'clock, I was fired off my job at the Arcade and personally would have said nothing about matrimony to any woman, least of all to Addie Belle; because what right has a man to be thinking of a lovely bride and bird's-eye furniture when he has just been fired off his job at the Arcade and has no savings account?

"You can write a song," Addie said brightly. "I guess you can write a song, can't you?"

"Yes," I said, taking hold of her hand with a reassuring gesture; "and not only that but it will be a knock-out, because I am one of America's leading song writers."

I would not have talked in that flamboyant fashion prior to the sixteenth of June, which only goes to prove that a man needs a good woman at his side to inflame him with the right confidence.

Up to the sixteenth of June, which was the day everything began to look different, I was the old Lee Peppers, plugging along down at the Arcade for a miserable pittance, and just scratching by from day to day, laundry every two weeks. It was John's Restaurant on Sixth Avenue, under the Elevated station, that proved to be the turning point in my career and made me what I am going to be, and I certainly feel grateful toward John Bezzo, the restaurant man, although I should have knocked his head off several times for worrying Addie Belle with his semi-amorous outbursts, of which I knew nothing.

It was in the previous October that I accepted the job at the Arcade Theater, twenty-five a week, playing the first and only violin, and it was better than starving in the streets of New York; because, after all, I was able to see the new movies for nothing, the Arcade being a first-run house, decorated with gold leaf and Egyptian pillars and smelling strongly of perfume toward the end of the week. It was half a block off Sixth Avenue. Mrs. Soames rented me a small room at seven a week—try to get in the bathroom mornings. The neighborhood was new to me, and at six o'clock on the first evening of the Arcade job I strolled out, looking for a place to eat. My footsteps led to John's Restaurant, with six live lobsters in the window, crawling their last crawls over cracked ice, the head of a pig daintily decorated, and four raw steaks, very appetizing to look at, to say nothing of shrimps, oysters, shad roe and the leg of a lamb.

I stood there debating about food in general, and somebody stirred inside, and for the first time I noticed Addie Belle, a perfect stranger to me. There was nothing to do but to walk in, glancing at her closely as I passed the cashier's cage.

"You are making no mistake," I said to myself; and walking leisurely to a table with a good view, I ordered a dish of spaghetti à la John, as it stated on the menu, which meant with mushrooms. It was elegant spaghetti, costing a quarter. I ate heartily, taking plenty of time and studying the blooming young female, who was a blonde and still is.

At the end of the meal I walked up to where you pay, laid down the money and gave the lady another close look through the iron grille. Her hair was a light yellow and curly, and I saw that she was larger than I first thought. She wore blue beads and had brown, expressive eyes, or maybe gray. In John's Restaurant there is no necessity for conversation when paying unless the customer happens to say something, and I yearned to know if her voice was pleasant and kept up with the rest of her.

"Good evening," I said, taking away sixty-five cents change and noticing that she managed to keep her hands white and her finger nails pink.

"Good evening."

She said it about like it looks printed, with no accent, no feeling and a faint suggestion of chill.

"It's nice weather," I said.

"It is."

That made four words altogether from the lady, but it was enough to satisfy me about her voice. It certainly was a nice, refined voice, very musical and full of modulations.

I thought of a few other things to say, and would have volunteered something that no lady could answer in two words; but a large bearded ironworker in a hurry walked up and shouldered me aside, and rather than have trouble so early in our acquaintance, I went back to the Arcade and fiddled until 9:30. Passing John's by mere accident about ten o'clock, I saw that it was closed and the cashier gone.

"That is a nice girl," I said to myself, "and probably has the right disposition." And the next night I was back at 6:15, buried in spaghetti and thinking up things to say on my way out.

Nothing happened the first two and a half weeks except light weather talk and impersonal topics, such as "You must see a good many funny people here," and "I do," looking at me. But the time was not wasted, because I was eating, which was necessary, and thinking it out. I have fooled around with girls the same as any fellow, and I now could see where my time had come, and it was up to me to take a serious view of the future and be somebody.

The blonde was in my mind constantly. "Do you want to marry her?" I asked myself. "Or do you want to just fool around like you always did?"

"Fool around a while," I answered, "and get acquainted with her right, and then marry her later on, because this girl is the goods."

By closely watching, I could see that none of John's customers got very far with the flip persiflage that is usually dealt out to helpless lady cashiers. She laughed courteously at window dressers making wise cracks, but she had a habit of looking away that brought conversations to a quick close.

I contemplated half a dozen methods of beginning the courtship, and being a song writer anyhow, my thoughts naturally drifted to poetry, so I wrote out a delicate sentiment on the back of my check one night and handed it in, sentimental side up.

"Very nice poetry," she admitted, not smiling. "Are you a poet?"

"No," I said; "I am the fiddle player at the Arcade. My name is Lee Peppers and I am an unmarried man, twenty-seven years old, with no entanglements."

"You play the violin?" she asked. "Is that a good job?"

"It is a quiet job," I said, "but not good. . . . Would you care to take a short walk with me some night when you get through work?"

"No," she said. "Why should I?"

"I am the Fiddle Player at the Arcade. My Name is Lee Peppers and I am an Unmarried Man, Twenty-Seven Years Old, With No Entanglements"

"Because"—and I said it seriously—"I'm thinking about getting married to some nice young girl, and I would like to know you better."

Well, that's the way I began the courtship with Addie Belle, though I did not know her full name at the time. It was about two and a half weeks after this talk before she would take a walk with me, and it was merely a short walk on Sixth Avenue, going north and looking into the windows of drug, hardware, bird and department stores.

By stopping and getting Addie to examine a lawn mower, I had a chance to study her close up and see that she was taller than I had thought, very blond and what I would call spectacularly beautiful for a mere restaurant cashier.

We walked up Sixth Avenue and turned into Seventeenth Street, where she lived with her mother and two sisters, both working in a department-store basement.

"This is where I live," she said. "Good night, Mr. Peppers."

I was on the point of getting a little personal at this juncture, with the idea of making her more interested in me than she seemed to be, but decided that the time was not ripe. She was still treating me like a customer and nothing more, though I felt sure this would change when she found out I was not just fooling around.

As I walked back to my room I could feel myself coming to the big decision.

"This is undoubtedly the right girl," I told myself. "If you marry this sterling young creature you will make no mistake, and be very lucky."

"Yes," I said, "but are you in love with her, or is it some more of the old foolishness?"

"I am strictly in love with her," I said, passing into the house and bowing to Mrs. Soames, who was getting her rent regularly.

Once having reached the decision, I went at the job seriously and systematically, bringing her a bunch of violets the following night, fifty cents at the flower store, and handing them in with my check. She smiled with pleasure, and I began working out the system of valentines, mottoes, personal poetry and assorted gifts that mean nothing much to a man, but are everything in the early life of a woman.

I am a great fellow for unique gifts if I like a girl, and I have an original streak about it, which probably comes from being a song writer and a poet in a small way. Some of the gifts which I subsequently handed to Addie Belle, not all at once, but at different times, are as follows, the cost not being mentioned:

One woolly cat, arms and legs movable, eyes likewise; one snow storm in a glass bottle, storm being made by shaking same; one tin soldier, his head being a powder puff and playing music with head removed; seven ivory elephants, getting smaller, and hanging to one another's tails; three monkeys, covering their eyes, ears and mouths with their paws, meaning see, hear and say no evil, which I had to explain to Addie; one wooden dog with joints so he could be set in any known position; an imitation gold locket, which was not a gold locket at all, but a combination looking-glass, lipstick and bottle of perfume; a pearl-handled hatchet containing a thermometer and the engraved sentiment Your True Friend; ten small swans, made into a bowl to hold flowers; an imitation parrot on a trapeze; an Indian chief made of dried apples, the whole cunningly fashioned into a pincushion; a pansy made of an elephant's tusk; and a camel that would lean over and drink if wound up.

As the time passed, I could see that progress was being made and there was nothing to be discouraged about, for it came to where I walked home with Addie about three nights a week, the fiddling job at the Arcade closing at nine, when the organ came on. I learned her full name, which was Addie Belle Ronk, a name that any girl could leave behind with no regrets. She was drawing sixteen a week and two meals, and having plenty of trouble with John Bezzo, who leaned toward romance about once a week, usually after a meal with native wine.

"He tried to kiss me tonight," she told me on a certain evening. I noticed she was a trifle flustered.

"I'll soon stop that," I said. "You want me to go in and knock his head off?"

She laughed at this offer and said not to do it. "I can take care of myself," she stated.

"I'll be taking care of you some day," I said boldly.

"No, you won't," she replied. "I am afraid you are not my ideal."

"Ideal for what?" I asked.

"Ideal for a husband. There is something about you that a girl doesn't like."

"Just what do you mean by that crack?" I asked her, and it led to a long conversation.

I knew what Addie meant, but pretended not to. We sat down on the cold stone steps in front of her house and went over a number of things.

"I've been looking at men a long time," Addie stated. "I like to study them as they pass my window, and there is something the matter with all of them, if a girl is thinking of getting married."

"Are you thinking of it?"

"Certainly I am. Any girl my age is. Do you think I want to work in John's Restaurant from now on?"

"Do you want to marry me?"

"No, Mr. Peppers, I do not."

"Why?"

"You are not the right man. I look closely at every customer who hands me a check, not to consider them as possible husbands, but just to think about it. Long ago your case came up and I settled it."

"What's the matter with me?"

"A lot of things," said Addie. "You are too stout. You don't exercise and you eat too much and you have no ambition and are satisfied with a poor job in a movie house; and, worst of all, you are that which any girl detests—a very timid fellow."

"Timid?" I said. "Timid?"

"Maybe you can't help it," she continued. "I judge by what I see, Mr. Peppers. Mind, I like you, or I wouldn't walk with you; but walking with a man is different from marrying him."

"You mean the night that drunken truck driver ——"

"That and other things."

The incident of the truck driver was a mere trifle, and I was surprised to see that anyone had noticed it. I had been eating spaghetti quietly at my usual table and an intoxicated truckman entered and sat down beside me. In his blundering state, he knocked over my cup of tea, and when I remonstrated in a gentlemanly way, he offered to punch me in the jaw and arose unsteadily with the immediate intention of doing so. I asked Olaf, the Swede waiter, to move my meal to a different table, which he did, and I finished eating in peace, the truckman glaring at me malevolently, but doing nothing physical.

This was the incident. Did the girl wish me to conduct a prize fight in a public dining room? Should I have plunged into a vulgar brawl, leading to my arrest and possibly the loss of my job at the Arcade? I asked her these questions after she had finished, standing up because of the stone steps.

"I can't bear a frightened man," she said decidedly. "Good night, Mr. Peppers. Men should be strong, chivalrous and brave if they want to make a hit with a girl. . . . Thanks for the candy." I returned to my room, wondering more than ever about the strange quirks in the female mind and surprised that Addie Belle should think me a poltroon merely because

(Continued on Page 106)

In the Next Half Hour Musical History Was Made in America, for I Then and There Dashed Off Love Is a Dream

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PHILADELPHIA, JULY 24, 1926

British Discipline Under the Strike

ONE gets the impression, reviewing the various social upheavals that have taken place in different countries of Europe since the war, that, with the possible exception of Italy, the war has undermined the discipline of the public. But the behavior of the inhabitants of Great Britain during the recent general strike leads us to the observation that one public has profited in discipline through the war. In certain definite ways the civilians of Great Britain had more exposure to war than the civilians of any other belligerent country. The isolation represented a menace to the food supply. The operations of the submarine, the daily occurrence of air raids, the exposure of the fishing fleet and the high incidence of military service, among other things, contributed to the discipline of the civilian population. The farmers of England practiced little illicit trading in produce. There was almost no profiteering by tradesmen. The public houses obeyed the restrictions. There was little hoarding of foodstuffs or other necessaries. The public eating places followed the instructions of the food controller. Fuel was conserved according to regulations. Right down the line, the British stood the gaff and played the game of war as well as civilians have ever played it.

The strike lasted twelve days. The government was prepared. An emergency was declared by Royal Proclamation—something less than martial law, but carrying the maximum powers of the state in the event of refractory conduct by the populace. This proclamation was in reality a challenge to the reason of the public. The strikers had offered to facilitate the movement of foodstuffs. The Board of Trade had prepared an emergency service, of which the organization and control were perfected with truly marvelous rapidity and certainty. The machinery of the War Ministry of Food was revived. Prices and allocations were under the direction of the Board of Trade. The wholesale and retail trades were under instructions, and these were carried out to the letter. There was no hoarding, no grafting, no profiteering, no skyrocketing of prices. The distribution was effectively decentralized and no shortages developed, even of perishables. Volunteer labor worked on the docks and terminals. Armored cars and military escorts were detailed for protection, but no disorder developed. Not a shot was fired, not an arrest made for violation of regulations, not a pound of foodstuffs was commandeered. The emergency food distribution worked just as it worked in the war; the people seemed just naturally to take it up where they had left off eight years ago. The same success attended the emergency control of the other public utilities.

This background of discipline, this residuum of the spirit of war control, this adaptation to privation, was what the strike leaders had overlooked. The people of Great Britain had learned too well the lesson of war for a general strike to succeed during this generation. It was not merely that the people disbelieved in the strike; they had the technic of self-service in an emergency.

European Sugar Bounties

SUGAR bounties developed in Europe in the middle of the last century as the result of the endeavors of governments to establish and enlarge the production of beet sugar. These bounties became the occasion of international controversy. Great Britain was the center of controversy, because she was a heavy importer of sugar, and, at the same time, had trade relations with India and with her sugar-producing colonies to protect, as well as the investments of British nationals in cane-sugar industries in colonial and foreign countries. The system of sugar bounties was abolished by international agreement, but its abolition was a very difficult thing to bring about. Between 1862 and 1901 the several countries of Europe held eight sugar conventions. Bounties were suppressed, in effect, in 1903, with Russia not participating; in 1907, however, Russia undertook a partial adherence to the resolution of suppression.

Two years ago a state subsidy was granted to beet sugar in Great Britain. The bounty is to last for ten years, on a sliding scale downward. The subsidy is now about $130 a ton, and the cost to the country for the current year will be close to fifteen million dollars. That is a lot of money to be dragged out of the already heavily tax-burdened pocket of the subjects of King George. It is also a large feeding for what Winston Churchill called a growing child. The professed purpose of the subsidy is to afford relief to agriculture by providing a profitable diversifying crop.

The introduction of bounty-fed sugar brings about a conflict between sugar-beet growers and sugar refiners. During the war the refiners enlarged their plants, because refined sugar from the Continent was shut off. Now, with this refining capacity only partially employed, the industry faces competition with state-aided beet sugar. Conflict arises also with cane sugar produced in distant parts of the Empire. At the same time, Cuba has passed a law to reduce the production of cane sugar.

In the light of past experience, it is to be expected that the countries in Continental Europe will reëstablish sugar bounties. After having been abolished as an unmitigated trade nuisance, the unwelcome device sneaks back into Europe through the back door of free-trade Great Britain. Is this the start of another half century of sugar politics? How many sugar-exporting countries will restrict production in order to elevate the export price? How many sugar-importing countries will put up bounties to domestic producers in order to expand production and elevate the import price? The memory of the politician is short, indeed, as a French diplomat once averred, because of his assumption that the memory of the public is still shorter.

More Stockholders

THE enlistment of an ever mightier army of citizens as stockholding owners in the country's foremost industries proceeds apace. This past spring three of the Standard Oil companies completed a five-year employe stock-purchase plan, actual ownership passing at last to scores of thousands of men and women in every walk of life.

Their savings, together with dividends and contributions made by the companies, brought their total share of acknowledged ownership acquired in this way up to nearly $100,000,000 par value.

A street railway system in Philadelphia recently sold $10,000,000 of stock, largely to its patrons, in the space of a few weeks, half the amount being paid in in three weeks' time. The average subscription was between $200 and $300. At about the same time a gas and electric company in California conducted a brief stock-selling campaign during which 4000 subscriptions were received.

These are but typical instances of the process of steady absorption by the people of the industries which serve them. Most of the purchases, it is true, are made by the more thrifty elements of the population. Customer and employe ownership does not mean the immediate or early control of the corporations by the lower grades of manual workers. It is not a Plumb Plan, or a soviet device, or any other chimerical scheme of radical change.

On the other hand, purchases of stock are not being made solely by capitalists, in the old-fashioned sense of the word. In fact, the older conception of what a capitalist was, or is, requires a revision. It is conveniently simple to classify all investors as either capitalists or workers; indeed, such is a nice, pat way to divide all people. But modern conditions of prosperity in this country render obsolete such an easy disposition of the question.

Millions of men and women are both capitalists and working-class people. Enormous numbers cannot be dumped promiscuously into one group or the other. In a recent sale of 50,000 shares of preferred stock of a power company, one-tenth of the total was taken by day workers.

Modern society requires the services of incredibly large numbers of men and women who do not fit into threadbare doctrinaire groupings. They can hardly be said to belong to the "vested" or "predatory" interests, and they do not know what all the shooting is about when referred to as the proletariat.

Just how are we to classify draftsmen, artists, chemists, policemen, firemen, clerks, engineers, farmers, inspectors, letter carriers, mechanics, building-trades men, nurses, optometrists, photographers, printers, teachers, railway employes, salesmen, musicians, social workers, surveyors and tailors? Yet persons giving occupations such as these recently took nearly two-fifths of a large stock offering.

It is not necessary to be related to Mr. Rockefeller or to own a seat on the stock exchange to have a stake in the country. Capitalist and worker—these two words need to be shot through with new meaning. The millennial point has not been reached, where every wage earner is a capitalist. But the opportunity is constantly extending, and a greater variety of wage earners is seizing it.

Government Day by Day

THE United States, all things considered, has the best newspapers and more of them than any other country in the world. And yet there is one field of important news which is so hard to cover with anything like completeness that even the most enterprising and soundly managed metropolitan journals attempt to do little more than touch the high spots. We refer to the daily doings of the United States Government in all its branches.

The latest and one of the most interesting ventures in American journalism is the establishment of a daily newspaper published for the sole purpose of printing the news of official Washington without bias, without editorial comment or any interpretative matter whatever.

As far as we are aware, this is a unique endeavor to report official Washington news in such a manner as to tell each day the complete story of the preceding day's doings of Government. Judging by the early issues, it is a well-considered and skillfully carried out attempt to perform a difficult and useful service that has never before existed. It seems almost certain to succeed and to become an established national institution; for though its appeal will necessarily be limited, readers who need it at all will find it indispensable as a periodical of reference.

Mr. David Lawrence, Washington correspondent of broad experience and deep background, and long a valued contributor to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, is the editor and chief founder of The United States Daily. We wish him and his publication the full measure of success they appear to deserve.

LEMON-SQUASHING ROUND THE WORLD—By Samuel G. Blythe

WHALES swim around the world, but that cannot be very interesting. Too much sameness of scenery, it would seem. I went around once by the Siberian route in wartime, but I cannot recommend that either. It took some thirty days to get from Harbin to Petrograd, and we lived mostly on caviar and black bread. Caviar may be a great delicacy, served discreetly as an hors d'œuvre with its usual concomitants, but it is deplorable as the main item of the menu for any considerable length of time. I haven't tasted it from then to now, and whenever I see the word "sturgeon" in print I shudder like an aspen shaken in the wind.

PHOTO BY PUBLISHERS PHOTO SERVICE, N. Y. C.

The Beach at Mount Lavinia, Ceylon. On the Hill May be Seen a Part of the Famous Mount Lavinia Hotel Where the White Colony Comes in the Afternoon for Tea and to View the Sunset

Then there are excursions in the great ships which are like going around in a big hotel with all the comforts, conveniences and luxuries appertaining; cotton-wooled and silver-flossed affairs, with the travelers coddled in every way, and excellent for the old, the rich and the nonadventurous. They even do your thinking for you, which is a great help to many tourists—a requisite, indeed, if any thinking is to be done. And there is the trip all scheduled in advance for you by the tourist agencies, with a man to meet you at every port and a typewritten list handed to you before you start, showing just what you will be doing at two P.M. fifty-one days from the date of departure, and at every other hour of every other day from start to finish.

With or Without Guides

OR YOU can walk down to a pier on some convenient day, get on a boat and go. The Atlantic and the Pacific oceans are large and accessible bodies of water, and ships go scooting across them and up and down them in every direction. Also, these two well-known oceans verge on and merge into other oceans, seas, straits, et cetera, making a large number of countries, islands, ports and several continents available for purposes of investigation; and if you keep going long enough and change ships judiciously, you will eventually get back to your starting point, thereby girdling the globe, as the advertisements say.

Of course it must be conceded that a trip around the world is an intensely personal matter. Nearly every normal person who can contrive the time and the money entertains the idea at one time or another. Even in these ticketed and scheduled days there is a spice of romance and adventure in it—strange lands, strange peoples, languorous tropics, sunset seas, older civilizations, exotic scenes, historical reminders and other alluring what nots; and money can buy the inspection of them, luxuriously if you like, modestly if you feel that way about it, chaperoned or not, as you prefer, with guides and guardians or without. And very nice it is to go the easy, the expedited and the elegant way about it. Comfortable, cozy and convenient.

An After-Dinner Dancer at Batavia

Still, there is another method that has its points, and that is the method whereby you fling yourself upon the face of the waters and let Nature, your inclinations, your shifting fancies, your elaborate lunacies, your expedient necessities, your knowledge acquired as you go along, your adventurous opportunities, your accidental fortunes, your casual circumstances take their course and dictate your progress; and this, in my opinion, is the better method. In any event, it is heaps more fun, especially for those who prefer to move about on their own.

Wanderlust

IT REALLY isn't necessary to know exactly what time you are going to leave any particular port of call, or where you are going from there. Why not wait until you get there, and then, if you feel like it, go somewhere else? Almost every port has ships going out of it in every direction, or in some of the directions, at any rate, and it is much more interesting to take a ship at Singapore and go to Sarawak than it is to keep to the schedule and continue on stodgily to Penang, or to go off at right angles from any point from which the projected departure took you straight ahead. Also, on an expedition like this you can stay longer in pleasant places if you desire, and can get out of unpleasant places before the hour appointed on the time-table if you wish.

It really is simpler than it seems. For example, there isn't a principal port in the world that you cannot get out of, on ships that have good passenger accommodations, at least once a week; and unless you are too finicky to be on anything but a scheduled tour, why worry before you start over arrivals and departures? How do you know, weeks ahead, unless you are one of those fixed-purpose persons, after you get to Singapore, say, whether you will want to go to Batavia, to Medan, to Australia, back to Indo-China, to Borneo, to India, straight ahead to Ceylon, or take the train for Siam?

The unhappiest traveler I ever saw was a Long Island millionaire who had spent a year dickering with a tourist agency for the very best accommodations on the very largest ships. When he got to Kobe he wanted to stay a month in Japan, or more, instead of his rigidly time-tabled two weeks, and if he stayed

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SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Those Dear Animals

BIG HORN, a ram of the Cimmaron strain,
The bravest that ever was made,
Had whipped all the sheep in his mountain domain
And was monarch of all he surveyed.

A hunter came hunting with murderous mind
The ram and his lady companion;
But Big Horn came gallantly up from behind
And bunted him into the canyon.

Ursus, an amiable cinnamon bear,
The biggest that ever was born,
Was modestly clothed in a garment of hair;
His diet was honey and corn.

A person—concerned with a circus, I think—
Abducted his cublings, the bounder!
But Ursus was after him quick as a wink
And hugged him as flat as a flounder.

Speaking of flounders reminds me to tell
Of Freckles, the trout of the pool;
He swam and he dived and he leaped pretty well,
His home was delightfully cool.

This trout while pursuing what looked like a newt
Was hooked by an angler, confound him!
But Freckles maneuvered the treacherous brute
Right into the water and drowned him.

If stories like these are your favorite dish,
Full many are built to the plan:
The hero's a bird or a beast or a fish,
The villain is frequently Man.

Magnanimous writer whose budget is full
Of these super-zoophilous pieces,
Why don't you enlist as a bear or a bull,
Or why don't you stand up for your species?

—*Arthur Guiterman.*

DRAWN BY MARGE

"Fessir, a Camping Trip in the Wilds Has its Edfucational Value; Roughing It Like This Brings Right Home to Us the Hardships That Guys Like Daniel Boone Had to Suffer!"

Well Trained

EXAMINER: Have you had any medical experience?
HOPEFUL CANDIDATE: Well, I was the head interne at a doll hospital for two years.

The Big Story

THE telephone buzzed at the elbow of the city editor of The Daily Wallow, and he picked up the receiver.

"Boss," came the quivering voice of a district reporter, "a man just bit a dog at Tenth Street and Columbia Boulevard!"

The city editor's years of training enabled him to remain outwardly calm, but his eyes blazed with excitement.

"Go after it hard," he ordered grimly. "I'll send the boys out to help you right away. Get everything you can until they come. Now give me a line on it." He jotted down the essentials, hung up the receiver, and for a moment thought deeply. Then he swung into action, calling members of his staff and giving them assignments.

"Bellows," he said to the star reporter, "you go down there and get the lead story on the assault. It's too big for the district man to handle. Put the pepper in it! Depravity, Bellows, depravity! O'Gough, go down to the jail and interview the man. Find out exactly how he explains his sordid impulse. No doubt he had a violent quarrel with his wife or sweetheart, or both, this morning. It's a triangle case, I think you'll find. Get a picture of the man behind the bars.

"Klinnick, you interview the psychiatrists and get the story on the man's complexes and how his repressed desire burst loose at last. Swift, you get his history and any baby pictures you can. Interview his parents, if any, his wife or sweetheart, or both, and the neighbors, and ask 'em just how he got that way. Find out if a dog ever bit him or if he ever talks about dogs biting him in his sleep. Don't forget the other woman! Get pictures of everybody.

"Miss Hazard, you interview the dog, and his owner, and his kiddie playmates. Slathers of sob stuff, Miss Hazard. Get a picture of the dog with a couple of Red Cross nurses dressing the wound. I think you can find that the dog saved a little girl's life once. Everybody loves the brute, of course—a neighborhood pet. Get pictures of everybody concerned. Puffle, you see the mayor, and the chief of police, and the district attorney, and the S. P. C. A. and find out what they're going to do to make this town safe for dogs. Better see Senator Willingly, too, and

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Rescuer: "Brother, What I Like About You is, You Ain't Got No Sex Appeal"

"Just Fancy, My Dear, Calling These Daubs Art"

Appetites brighten when it is served!

Right from the vines where the warm sun has ripened them through and through!

The pride of Jersey's finest fields—grown just for soup-making—developed on Campbell's own farms to yield the richest juices, the most luscious tomato "meat".

No wonder your appetite responds to this tonic, invigorating soup! Golden country butter adds its wholesomeness and nourishment. Parsley, fresh from our farms every day, dainty herbs and delicate seasoning all blended with the finished skill of the French chef. .What delicious flavor!

Tomato Sauce!

Housewives use Campbell's Tomato Soup for a great variety of their dishes to give extra zest and flavor. Try it as a sauce for meats, fish, sausage and salads and for added tastiness in spaghetti, rice, eggs or vegetables. Delicious mixed with roast beef gravy. Of course, it makes the most tempting Cream of Tomato Soup!

21 kinds

12 cents a can

How to Collect Our Foreign Loans

By Wallace Irwin

CARTOONS BY HERBERT JOHNSON

CAST OF CHARACTERS

AN HONEST SHOPKEEPER.
HANS *or* ANTONIO *or* CHARLES, *his assistant*
ANY AMERICAN
HIS WIFE.
SWEETHEART, *his daughter.*
YOUNG-MAN SWEETHEART MET-ON THE-BOAT
A PHILOSOPHER
AN ANNOYING NUMBER OF SIMPLE PEASANTS.

SCENE: *Any Foreign Port or Town or Collection of Houses.*

TIME: *This summer. The* HONEST SHOPKEEPER *is changing rapidly into his national costume while* HANS *or* ANTONIO *or* CHARLES *nails up the sign "English Spoken Here."*

SCENE I

CHORUS OF PEASANTRY.

Tra-la, la-la, la, la. Tra-la, la-la, la.
Tra-la, la-la, la, la. Tra-la, la-la, la.
Tra-la, la-la, la, la. Tra-la, la-la, la.

HONEST SHOPKEEPER.

WELL spoken, well spoken, merry, merry villagers!
Now, my little pillagers,
On with our work.
My English is the purest, my method the surest—
Here comes a tourist—
Hey! Call in my clerk!

(Enter HANS *or* ANTONIO *or* CHARLES*)*

Open a crate of antiques by Cellini,
And autograph letters by B. Mussolini.
Byzantine vases,
Nottingham laces,
Pictures in mixtures
With old palace fixtures
Covered with rust and antiquity's traces.

(HANS *or* ANTONIO *or* CHARLES *opens a crate labeled "Made in Japan.")*

And now, merry villagers, look picturesque!
What will we do to 'em?

PEASANTRY.

Reely, dun't esk!

HONEST SHOPKEEPER:

Oh. . . .
It's gorgeous to meet an American,
His pores are just oozing with gold;
His mind is so weak that he nary can
Cling to his wad when he's sold.
His spectacle case is of platinum,
His buttons are sapphires and zinc;
His daughters eat pearls just to fatten 'em
And his wife pours champagne in the sink.

Oh. . . .
In Pittsburgh they say that the janitors
Are multi-mult-mult-millionaires.
In Chicago the simple state senators
Smoke hasheesh in gold-mounted chairs.
In Boston they always use bank notes
To swab off the streets when it rains.
The nourishment's gone from the franc notes—
So forward, my men! Use yer brains.

PEASANTRY:

Hist, hist! Here comes an easy one,
Yankee-doodle breezy one.

Quick, quick!
He's dressed up slick,
But he's nothing but a hick,
But a hick, hick, hick!

[*An ocean liner or a superpowered car or an interurban bus comes to dock in front of the shop.* ANY AMERICAN, HIS WIFE, SWEETHEART *and the* YOUNG-MAN-SWEETHEART-MET-ON-THE-BOAT *spring forth eagerly to greet the* HONEST SHOPKEEPER.

SWEETHEART:

Look, pa! Isn't it dear!
Everything here so quaint and so queer.

ANY AMERICAN:

Hum. Hum. It's certainly queer.
And I'll bet that it's dear.

THE WIFE:

Those sweet old shoes with cast-iron buckles,
That reliquary full of knuckles—
That statuette we ought to get
To put beside our radio set.

HONEST SHOPKEEPER *(sadly):*

So cheap, so cheap!
It breaks my heart.
I cannot sleep
Since I must part
With all the objects rudely shoved
From that dear home which once I loved.

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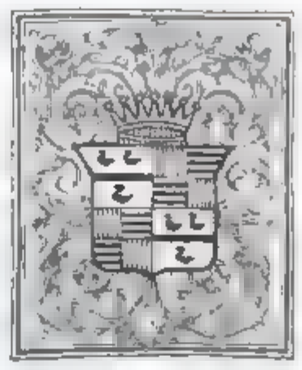
Sneer Not Upon Our Poverty From Your Exalted State: You Made Us What We are Because You Went to War Too Late

NEW 90 DEGREE 8 CYLINDER  CADILLAC

CADILLAC *has periodically for a quarter century, inaugurated developments epochal in the progress of the entire motor industry. This year, universal interest attaches to Cadillac's plans because of the unprecedented success of the new, 90 degree, eight-cylinder Cadillac. ∾ In these pages next week, Cadillac will present a message of extraordinary import to all buyers of fine cars.*

L. P. Fisher

President

CADILLAC

DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

IMMORTAL LONGINGS

In the Sandy Road She Let the Child Walk on Her Other Side, Herself Between It and Overlook. He Spoke Once or Twice, But Found Her Silent

By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LIEPSE

VII

THE day was drawing on; the sun, across the valley behind him, was fallen so low that its rays, darting through the foliage above his head, came almost horizontal through the wood. If he were to get to the village and back before dark, he must walk, and he must go swiftly. But Overlook seemed in no hurry; his first irritation at the mishap had passed like the flare of a match which explodes into flame when it is drawn across the box, hissing and sputtering venomously, and then quiets into a steady even burning, and so slowly dies. And with a motion not unlike the lazy contortion of the match when it is burned, Overlook sat down upon a bowlder across the ditch and relaxed there, looking disapprovingly at this great car of his.

"You're a big thing," he said in faint derision. "Very proud and haughty in your time, pretending to be so swift and scornful. But give you a little patch of mud under your tires and you lie down and pant like a fat hog."

This reminded him that the engine was still running, and he rose and switched off the ignition and sat down again, and he took a pipe from his pocket and filled it. The car, sprawling drunkenly aslant the road, one wheel like a broken leg dragging in the ditch, seemed to have something sheepish in its bearing; the headlights looked at him askance, like the eyes of a dog when it is scolded. And Overlook found himself enjoying the situation, amused at the apparent chagrin of this beautiful car of his.

"You're all right when they build nice roads for you," he said disapprovingly. "But when you have to stand on your own feet you're no good at all."

And he wondered if what was true of the car was also true of him, and he looked up the steep road through the wood. It had been, he remembered, a long walk from his house to the school at the Corner. Sometimes the snow was deep and drifted, the road not broken out; and he used to go on snowshoes, and Pot Riddle would join him when he passed the farm this side of the bridge; and they fought their way over the drifts and hummocks of the snow.

"I'd not like tackling that climb in the snow today," he thought. "It must be two or three miles to the Corner." And he laughed, a little grimly. "You're as useless as this car of yours," he told himself, "when you're on your own."

It occurred to him that he ought to be doing something, bestirring himself. But there were half a dozen thrushes singing in the hardwoods now, and the dusk was very still and utterly serene; and the last of the sun, striking through an opening among the boughs, warmed him pleasantly. He was a man who lived in haste, his minutes all engaged; but there was, save for the matter of eventual victuals, no haste here. The car could not be moved tonight; there would hardly be, he thought, any appropriate equipment within miles. It must lie here for the present, even though it blocked the road.

"No one likely to want to get by," he decided.

And then he heard someone coming up the road toward him; heard the murmur of a rolling pebble and the grate of a stone under a man's boot, and Pot Riddle appeared at the foot of the little grade.

Overlook knew Pot at once—knew him with a faint sensation of surprise that Pot looked exactly as he always had. And a moment later he saw that this was not true at all; that Pot had changed. The man had shrunk. Pot had been a stocky boy, a stout boy and of decent stature, full as tall as Overlook himself. But now, even while the other approached and before they stood eye to eye, Overlook saw that Pot was three or four inches shorter than himself, and the suggestion of chubbiness which as a boy he had worn was gone. He was still a square fashion of a man, but that was all. His softness was gone; he was contracted and concentrated, and someone had lopped three inches off his height. Overlook, keenly appraising him, decided that this only appeared to be so; that the appearance resulted from Pot's slight stoop. He had risen as the other approached, taken a swift step to meet this boy with whom once he had disported, and he extended his hand and spoke in that friendly wise which was his custom.

"Pot, old man," he cried, "I'm glad to see you."

Pot nodded. His handclasp was strong, but his accent was mild and quite without emphasis. "How do, Walter," he returned. "June said you was back."

"I was going through Augusta," Overlook explained, a little hurriedly. June had married Pot—married this stooped, chunky little man! He forced loyalty into his voice. "Couldn't go by without stopping over. First vacation I've had in fifteen years, Pot."

Pot eyed the great car. "Stuck, ain't you?" he inquired dispassionately.

Overlook laughed. "Well, what would you say?"

"Pile of cars get stuck here, take it all through the summer," Pot explained resignedly. "Looks like they'd learn. They come down the hill, come fishing, and you'd think they'd see what it's like and know enough to go around."

"I came in the other way," Overlook explained defensively. "The road wasn't quite so bad last time I was over it. I was going to the Corner for some supplies."

Pot eyed him. "Figured to stay a spell, did you?"

"Thought I'd stay overnight," Overlook assented. "I hadn't planned to; but—it's a long time since I was here; maybe a long time till I come again. I might as well look around." He nodded toward the car. "Now I'll have to stay till I get that fixed up. Cracked the differential."

"Might as well come down to my place and eat," Pot suggested. "June'd like having you. We heard you stop here—kind of figured you'd probably got stuck. She sent me up to see."

Overlook held his lips steady, but his heart lifted its beat. "We'll have to jack the car up," he remarked; "get it out of the road."

"Won't be anybody by here tonight," Pot assured him. "Unless it might be a team, and they can get around. I can bring up the old horse and drag you out of there, down the hill if you want though."

Overlook glanced at the western sky. "Looks like good weather," he commented. "Won't hurt the car to sit there overnight as long as it doesn't rain."

"June was dishing up supper when I left the house," Pot suggested, and Overlook smiled and turned down the hill.

"Right," he agreed. "And she won't like waiting." He had a momentary fear that Pot was going to speak about June, spoke quickly to shut off the other's word. "You've kept up my place pretty well, Pot," he declared.

"Figured to," Pot assented. And he added, "But it won't do any good to cut the hay in that meadow any more. Full of alder sprouts and briers and all, this year."

They emerged from the wood into the open road before Pot's domicile and turned into the wheel tracks toward the farmyard. The sun was just setting. Where they passed, the rise of ground was sufficiently great so that they could see the westward hills above the tops of the trees along the stream; and the hills now were cloaked with purple, and the sky was bright, and against this glowing vault of the sky three black crows winged with slow strokes, low over the hills, westward tending. Through the stillness, back and forth, the thrushes flung their song in a sweet antiphony; the call with its little swinging lilt as though the bird were balanced on a swaying bough. The cows were in the head of the lane by the barn and the murmur of their ruminations came to Overlook's ears. A sedate setter dog, with liver and black spots on his flanks and a black cloud about his right eye, rose from the kitchen porch and descended the steps and walked to meet them, questing with his nose at Overlook's hand. Overlook touched the beast's ear, with a friendly word, and the dog, satisfied, stood where he was. When they went on toward the house the creature swung his head and looked across the valley toward the west, still as stone, graven there.

Overlook said approvingly, "Nice-looking dog, Pot."

"He's ten years old," Pot replied.

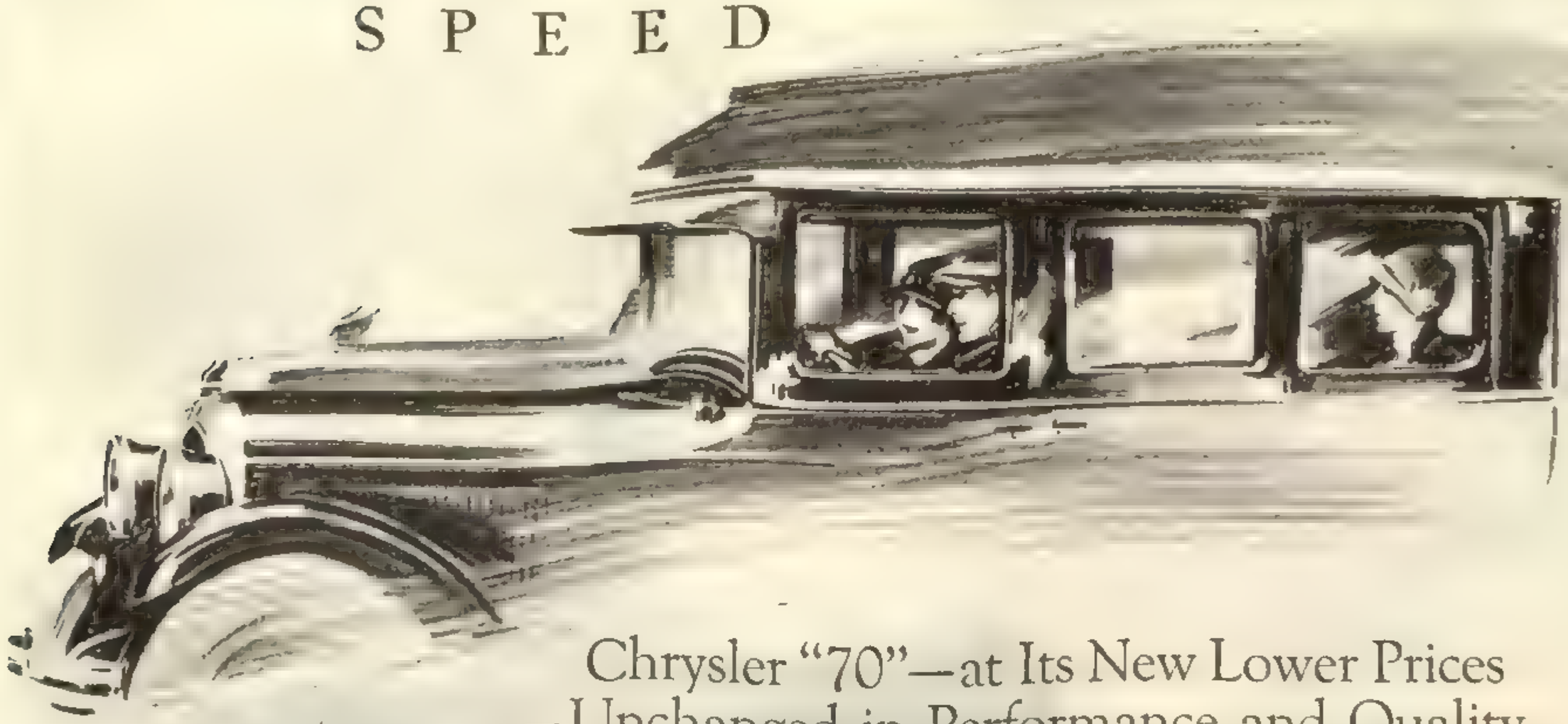
"Any good?"

"I don't git any time for gunning," the other explained.

Then they were on the porch, and Pot opened the door and went in, Overlook following him. The kitchen table

(Continued on Page 30)

S P E E D



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CHRYSLER SALES CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICH.
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CHRYSLER 70

(Continued from Page 28)

was set with three places, heavy blue plates and cutlery upon a red cloth

June was not there; but when she heard them she came to a door at one side and said to Overlook, "You'll have to take what we got." Her tone was friendly, not so ungracious as her words.

"I'm sorry to bother you," he explained.

"I'm getting Junie to bed," she told them. "I won't be but a minute. You set up." She withdrew again.

Pot, it appeared, was already washed; when he took off his hat Overlook saw that the other's hair had been wet and combed.

"May I wash my hands?" he suggested; and Pot showed him the basin in the sink, the pail half full of water at one side, the dipper hanging from its nail. Before he was done June brought him a clean towel.

"This one's all right for me," he protested, nodding toward the used towel on its roller behind the door. But without argument she removed it from the roller and took it away, and he was forced to use the one she had brought for the purpose. He did so, smiling to himself. She set upon the table a steaming dish, bade Pot fetch fresh water from the pump, told Overlook to sit down in the chair facing the westward windows. He obeyed her, and he smiled a little at his own thoughts—at a picture that came, as though from immeasurable distance, to remain for a moment before his eye.

He saw a small, beautiful room. There was a log burning on the hearth below the carved stone mantel; and the little flames, dancing, were reflected in the sheen of the walnut-paneled walls. In the midst of the room a round table was set with exquisite linen, heavy and fine; four candles in tall silver sticks, dimly illumining the room, revealed the texture and the life in a painting hung above the mantel. The table was rich with silver and fine porcelain and choice glass.

The table was set for one, and Overlook saw himself in the heavy, high-backed chair. At his elbow, Harkness, his perfect butler, bent in respectful service, removing one plate, replacing it with another upon which was set a little covered dish in a silver holder. The room was very still; it was full of a careful leisure. Harkness did not seem to move about his business; he simply appeared and disappeared. While Overlook was busy with spoon or with knife and fork, the man withdrew into the background, lost himself in the shadows there, was forgotten. But when Overlook laid down his fork Harkness was at his elbow. Dishes came and went, and at length coffee in a tiny cup set in a silver web, and a cigarette, with a spirit lamp upon the tray; and a tiny glass, no larger than a thimble, in which something like amber glowed.

He sought to remember the names of the dishes upon which he dined; his chef was an artist, but his works were sometimes as obscure as they were delightful. The soup was clear; there was a morsel of some white-fleshed fish, vaguely flavored with the delicate aroma of fine wine; there was a meat so perfectly tender that it had no texture that was perceptible, and mushrooms, and potatoes like snow, and peas; four stalks of endive; a bit of pastry; a crumbling triangle of white cheese pitted with blue mold.

"Let me help you to some beans," said Pot, and Overlook roused himself and extended his plate. "Like pork?" Pot inquired.

"Yes, indeed," Overlook assured him.

June came to his elbow. "You want tea?" she asked. "Or I can make coffee, if you'd rather."

"Tea, please," he assured her; and she decanted into his cup a stream of black and scalding liquid. Pot had filled his plate with beans swimming in their own richness; and June came back to sit down at his left, at the end of the table.

"Pass your plate," Pot directed, and she did so. After the first heaping spoonful—"Plenty," she said; received her plate back again at Overlook's hands, and met his eyes. He smiled.

"Have some of the pickle," she suggested, and passed it to him. Then the hot soda biscuits. Then the butter. "There's pie," she explained.

"What kind?" Overlook asked, and she said, "Blueberry." His enthusiasm won from her a faint smile.

He found himself astonishingly hungry, the beans astonishingly good. When he passed his plate a second time he said, "I'd forgotten beans could be like this."

Pot also served himself again, and Overlook remarked that the other sprinkled sugar on his beans, and then added vinegar. And he said in amusement, "Hullo! Sugar and vinegar! That's a new one to me."

"Best way to fix beans, I always say," Pot declared.

"I'll try it," Overlook decided; and June warned him: "You better try a little in a dish first."

"I'll risk it," he said, and laughed. There was something about the resulting flavor so frank and unashamed that he laughed again, amused at himself. But he cleaned his plate, and then June brought the pie and they pushed their plates aside.

They had talked little while they ate; but when they were done and June was moving to and fro about the task of clearing away the dishes and preparing to wash them, the two men filled their pipes and fell to conversation, curiously stilted and restrained, coming to confidence by slow degrees. Overlook perceived in Pot an aching curiosity; so he spoke about himself, told them in some small measure what his life had been, and his activities. Pot found them a little difficult to understand.

"Borrowing money?" he asked, in faint bewilderment.

Overlook laughed. "Financing, it's called," he explained. "You look around till you see a chance to make money in some business, some enterprise; then you find the money, get men together to go into it." He offered an example. "Say you decided a sawmill would do well down in the valley here, and you got four or five men to put up the money to buy a mill and hire someone to run it."

"What would I get out of it?" Pot asked cautiously, and Overlook expounded the matter to him. The farmer listened respectfully enough; but he said at the end in a tone lacking all conviction, "Well, if you say it's so." He added, "Guess you've done pretty well at it."

"Pretty well," Overlook confessed.

"Car like that costs something," Pot hazarded. June was moving to and fro, giving them no apparent heed. But Overlook watched her uneasily.

"Why, yes."

"Guess you probably have someone to keep it shined up."

"Yes; yes, I have a chauffeur."

Pot digested this. "Live in New York, do you? Got a family, have you?"

Overlook laughed. "No; no, I never married. I live in an apartment." It amused him to add, "I have a man to look out for my clothes—sew the buttons on, and so on." June's complete inattention piqued him; he added defiantly, yet with a chuckle at himself, "And a Frenchman to do my cooking and a man to wait on my table."

"Takes four of 'em to take care of you, don't it?" Pot suggested, and Overlook had a curious sense of chagrin. He caught June in a faint smile; it seemed to him there was a twinkle even in Pot's dull eye; and he was discomfited, and rose, looking at his watch.

"I'll go along," he decided.

"You come over to breakfast," June invited; but he shook his head.

"If you'll let me have some eggs and milk and butter and bread, I'll get my own. I can cook if I have to," he

(Continued on Page 42)

"Want I Should Let You Have a Lantern?" Pot Asked, and Overlook Roused Himself. "No, No," He Said. "No. There's Light Enough. Good Night"

S W I F T

Orange Omelet with Broiled Bacon

Beat the whites and yolks of 4 eggs separately. To the egg yolks add 1 teaspoon grated orange rind, ½ teaspoon salt and the juice of one orange. Fold in the beaten egg whites and cook slowly in a buttered frying pan. Brown quickly in a hot oven. Cover one half the omelet with orange sections and fold the other half over. Serve with Swift's Premium Bacon

New warm weather dishes —*light and zestful*

On summer days, the distinctive flavor of Premium Bacon is especially delightful. To a wide variety of dishes it adds just the goodness that is needed to rouse languid appetites. What could be more light and zestful, for instance, than slices of Premium, broiled to a turn and served with orange omelet as shown on this page? Other tempting suggestions for the warm weather menu are given on the right.

It is not merely the savory taste of Premium Bacon that has won it a place of honor on so many tables. Even more praise is often given to its exceptional tenderness as well as to the uniform proportioning of its fat and lean. You can get this famous bacon either a whole piece at a time in the original parchment wrapper, or evenly sliced, free from all rind and ready to cook, in convenient pound and half pound cartons.

Swift & Company

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Cheese toast with bacon: Mix grated American cheese with thick white sauce. Serve on triangles of toast with stripe of broiled bacon over the top

Bacon with hot pop-overs: Serve piping hot pop-overs with orange marmalade and broiled bacon

Bacon with fresh corn pudding: Cut fresh corn from the cob and mix with three cups of milk, three eggs and one teaspoon of salt. Bake until set and serve with broiled bacon

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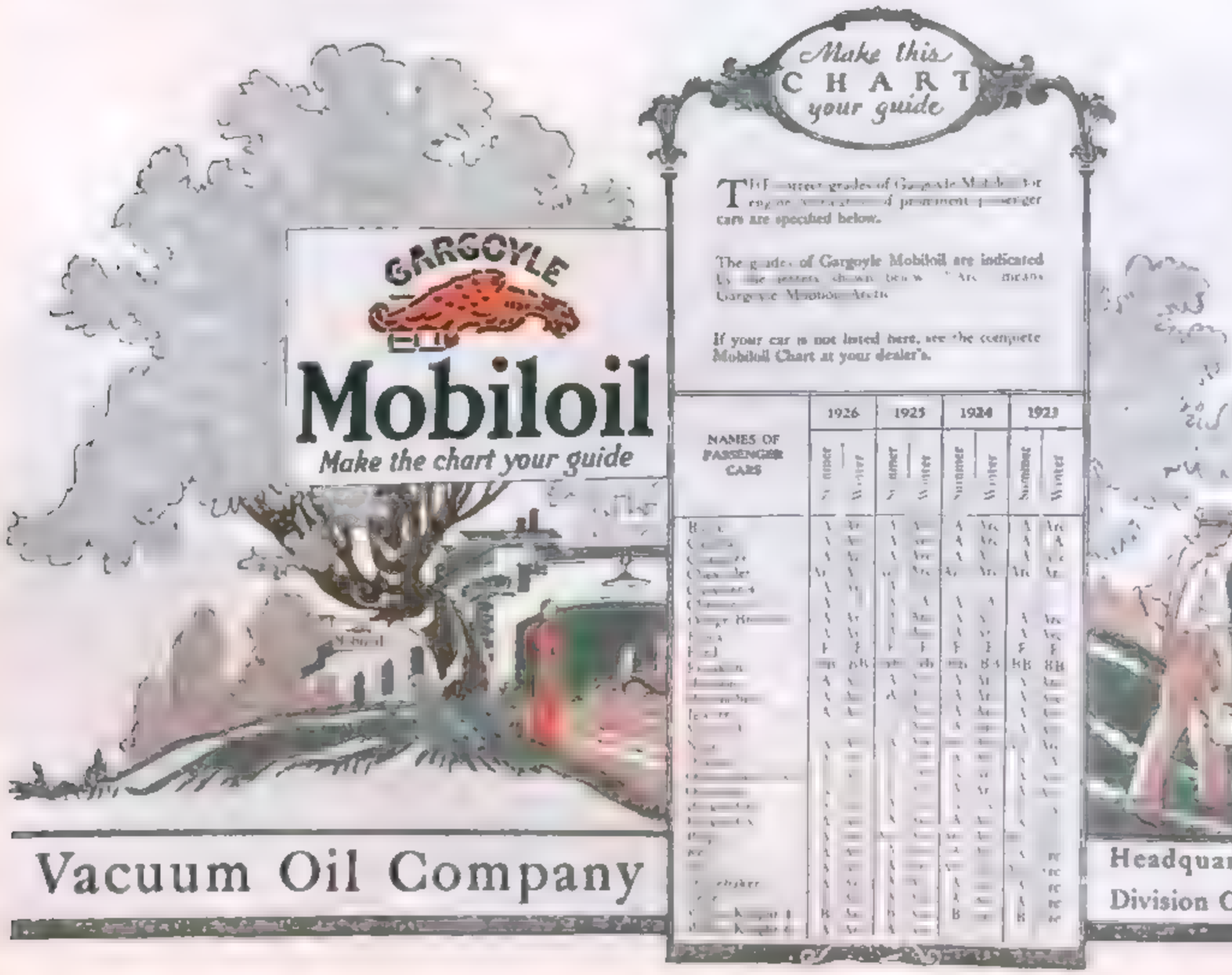

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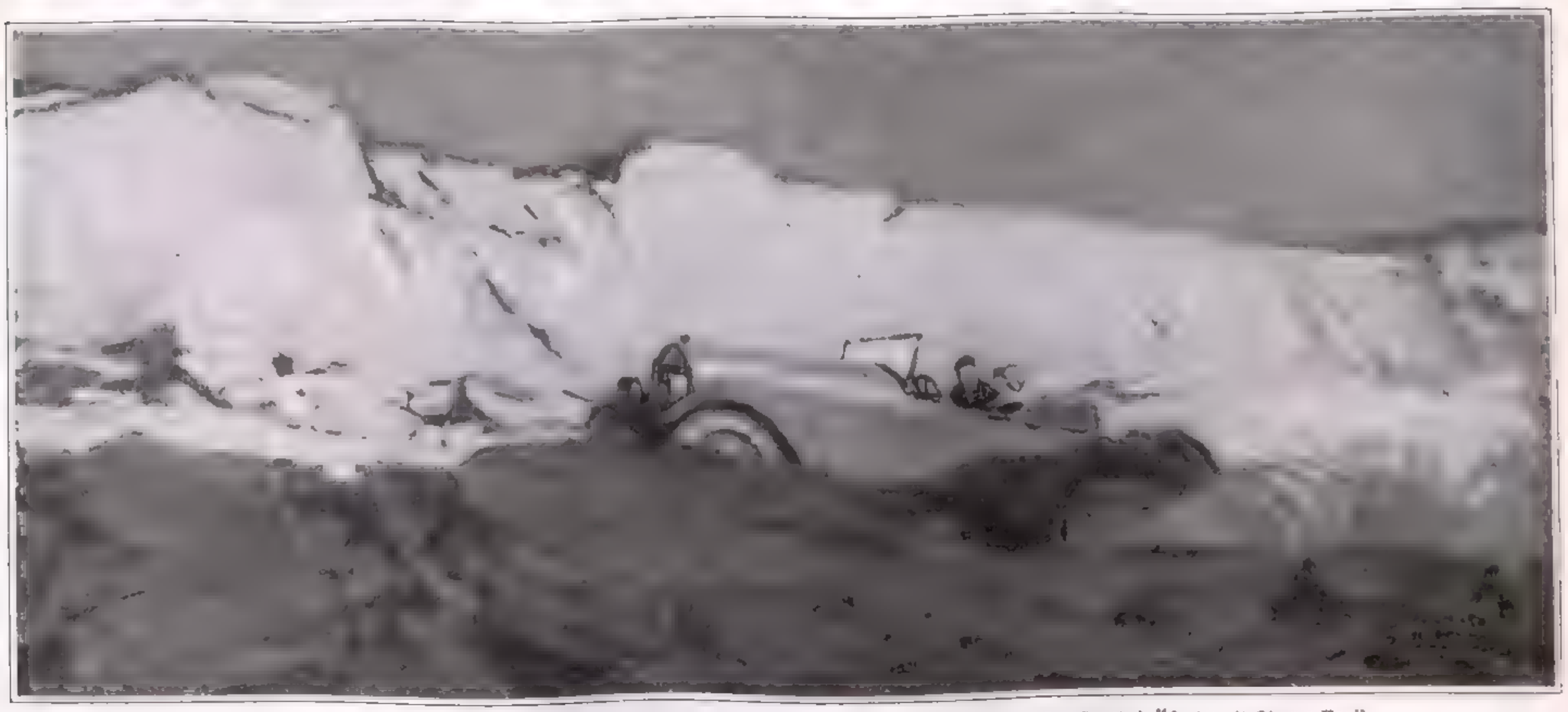

"Where Does the Big Mystery Stand Now?" Asked the Girl. "It Stands There Leering at Us," the Boy Replied, "Just as It Always Has"

By Earl Derr Biggers

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

XIV

AS SOON as he was fully awake the following morning, Bob Eden's active brain returned to the problem with which it had been concerned when he dropped off to sleep. Madden had killed a man. Cool, confident and self-possessed though he always seemed, the millionaire had lost his head for once. Ignoring the possible effect of such an act on his fame, his high position, he had with murderous intent pulled the trigger on the gun Bill Hart had given him. His plight must have been desperate indeed.

Whom had he killed? That was something yet to be discovered. Why had he done it? By his own confession, because he was afraid. Madden, whose very name struck terror to many and into whose presence lesser men came with awe and trembling, had himself known the emotion of fear. Ridiculous; but—"You were always afraid of him," Thorn had said.

Some hidden door in the millionaire's past must be found and opened. First of all, the identity of the man who had gone west last Wednesday night on this lonely ranch must be ascertained. Well, at least the mystery was beginning to clear; the long sequence of inexplicable, maddening events since they came to the desert was broken for a moment by a tangible bit of explanation. Here was a start, something into which they could get their teeth. From this they must push on to—what?

Chan was waiting in the patio when Bob Eden came out. His face was decorated with a broad grin.

"Breakfast reposes on table," he announced. "Consume it speedily. Before us stretches splendid day for investigation with no prying eyes."

"What's that?" asked Eden. "Nobody here? How about Gamble?" Chan led the way to the living room and held Bob Eden's chair. "Oh, cut that, Charlie," the boy said. "You're not Ah Kim today. Do you mean to say that Gamble also has left us?"

Chan nodded. "Gamble develops keen yearning to visit Pasadena," he replied. "On which journey he is welcome as one of his long-tailed rats."

Eden quaffed his orange juice. "Madden didn't want him, eh?"

"Not much," Chan answered. "I rise before day breaks and prepare breakfast, which are last night's orders. Madden and Thorn arrive, brushing persistent sleep out of eyes. Suddenly enters this Professor Gamble, plentifully awake and singing happy praise for desert sunrise.

"'You are up early,' says Madden, growling like dissatisfied dog.

"'Decided to take little journey to Pasadena along with you,' announces Gamble.

"Madden purples like distant hills when evening comes, but regards me and quenches his reply. When he and Thorn enter big car behold Mr. Gamble climbing into rear seat. If looks could assassinate, Madden would then and there have rendered him extinct; but such are not the case. Car rolls off onto sunny road with Professor Gamble smiling pleasantly in back. Welcome as long-tailed rat, but not going to worry about it, thank you."

Eden chuckled. "Well, it's a good thing from our standpoint, Charlie. I was wondering what we were going to do with Gamble nosing round. Big load off our shoulders right away."

"Very true," agreed Chan. "Alone here, we relax all over place and find what is to find. . . . How you like oatmeal, boy? Not so lumpy, if I may be permitted the immodesty."

"Charlie, the world lost a great chef when you became a policeman. But—— The devil! Who's that driving in?"

Chan went to the door. "No alarm necessary," he remarked. "Only Mr. Holley."

The editor appeared. "Here I am, up with the lark and ready for action," he announced. "Want to be in on the big hunt if you don't mind."

"Certainly don't," said Eden. "Glad to have you. We've had a bit of luck already." He then explained to Holley about Gamble's departure.

Holley nodded wisely. "Of course Gamble went to Pasadena," he remarked. "He's not going to let Madden out of his sight. You know, I've had some flashes of inspiration about this matter out here."

Martin Thorn

"Good for you," replied Eden. "For instance ——"

"Oh, just wait a while. I'll dazzle you with them at the proper moment. You see, I used to do a lot of police reporting. Little Bright Eyes, I was often called."

"Pretty name," laughed Eden.

"Little Bright Eyes is here to look about," Holley continued. "First of all, we ought to decide what we're looking for."

"I guess we know that, don't we?" Eden asked.

"Oh, in a general way, but let's be explicit. To go back and start at the beginning—that's the proper method, isn't it, Chan?"

Charlie shrugged. "Always done—in books," he said. "In real life, not so much so."

Holley smiled. "That's right, dampen my young enthusiasm. However, I am now going to recall a few facts. We needn't stress the side issues at present—the pearls, the activities of Shaky Phil in San Francisco, the murder of Louie, the disappearance of Madden's daughter—all these will be explained when we get the big answer. We are concerned today chiefly with the story of the old prospector."

"Who may have been lying, or mistaken," Eden suggested.

"Yes, his tale seems unbelievable, I admit. Without any evidence to back it up I wouldn't pay much attention to it. However, we have that evidence. Don't forget Tony's impassioned remarks and his subsequent taking off. More important still, there is Bill Hart's gun, with two empty chambers. Also the bullet hole in the wall. What more do you want?"

"Oh, it seems to be well substantiated," Eden agreed.

"It is. No doubt about it—somebody was shot at this place Wednesday night. We thought at first Thorn was the killer, now we switch to Madden. Madden lured somebody to Thorn's room, or cornered him there, and killed him. Why? Because he was afraid of him. We think hard about Wednesday night, and what do we want to know? We want to know who was the third man?"

"The third man?" Eden repeated.

"Precisely. Ignore the prospector. Who was at the ranch? Madden and Thorn—yes. And one other. A man who, seeing his life in danger, called loudly for help. A man who, a moment later, lay on the floor beyond the bed, and whose shoes alone were visible from where the prospector stood. Who was he? Where did he come from? When did he arrive? What was his business? Why was Madden afraid of him? These are the questions to which we must now seek answers. Am I right, Sergeant Chan?"

"Undubitably," Charlie replied. "And how shall we find those answers? By searching, perhaps. Humbly suggest we search."

"Every nook and corner of this ranch," agreed Holley. "We'll begin with Madden's desk. Some stray bit of correspondence may throw unexpected light. It's locked, of course. But I've brought along a pocketful of old keys—got them from a locksmith in town."

"You act like number-one detective," Chan remarked.

"Thanks," answered Holley. He went over to the big flat-topped desk belonging to the millionaire and began to experiment with various keys. In a few moments he found the proper one and all the drawers of the desk stood open.

"Splendid work," said Chan.

"Not much here, though," Holley declared. He removed the papers from the top left-hand drawer and laid them on

the blotting pad. Bob Eden lighted a cigarette and strolled away. Somehow this idea of inspecting Madden's mail did not appeal to him.

The representatives of the police and the press, however, were not so delicately minded. For more than half an hour Chan and the editor studied the contents of Madden's desk. They found nothing save harmless and understandable data of business deals, not a solitary scrap that could, by the widest stretch of the imagination, throw any light on the identity or meaning of the third man. Finally, perspiring and baffled, they gave up and the drawers were relocked.

"Well," said Holley, "not so good, eh? Mark the desk off our list and let's move on."

"With your permission," Chan remarked, "we divide the labors. For you gentlemen, the inside of the house. I myself have fondly feeling for outdoors." He disappeared.

One by one, Holley and Eden searched the rooms. In the bedroom occupied by the secretary they saw for themselves the bullet hole in the wall. An investigation of the bureau, however, revealed the fact that Bill Hart's pistol was no longer there. This was their sole discovery of any interest.

"We're up against it," admitted Holley, his cheerful manner waning. "Madden's a clever man, and he didn't leave a warm trail, of course. But somehow, somewhere ——"

They returned to the living room. Chan, hot and puffing, appeared suddenly at the door. He dropped into a chair.

"What luck, Charlie?" Eden inquired.

"None whatever," admitted Chan gloomily. "Heavy disappointment causes my heart to sag. No gambler myself, but would have offered huge wager something buried on this ranch. When Madden, having shot, remarked, 'Shut up and forget. I was afraid and I killed. Now think quick what we had better do,' I would expect first thought is burial. How else to dispose of dead? So just now I have examined every inch of ground, with highest hope. No good. If burial made, it was not here. I see by your faces you have similar bafflement to report."

"Haven't found a thing," Eden replied.

Chan sighed. "I drag the announcement forth in pain," he said. "But I now gaze solemnly at stone wall."

They sat in hopeless silence. "Well, let's not give up yet," Bob Eden remarked. He leaned back in his chair and blew a ring of smoke toward the paneled ceiling. "By the way, has it ever occurred to you that there must be some sort of attic above this room?"

Chan was instantly on his feet.

"Clever suggestion," he cried. "Attic, yes, but how to ascend?" He stood staring at the ceiling a moment, then went quickly to a large closet in the rear of the room. "Somewhat humiliated situation for me," he announced.

Crowding close beside him in the dim closet, the two others looked aloft at an unmistakable trapdoor.

Bob Eden was selected for the climb, and with the aid of a stepladder Chan brought from the barn, he managed it easily.

Holley and the detective waited below. For a moment Eden stood in the attic, his head bent low, cobwebs caressing his face, while he sought to accustom his eyes to the faint light.

"Nothing here, I'm afraid," he called. "Oh, yes, there is. Wait a minute."

They heard him walking gingerly above, and clouds of dust descended on their heads. Presently he was lowering a bulky object through the narrow trap—a battered old Gladstone bag.

"Seems to be something in it," Eden announced.

They took it with eager hands and set it on the desk in the sunny living room. Bob Eden joined them.

"By gad," the boy said, "not much dust on it, is there? Must have been put there recently. Holley, here's where your keys come in handy."

It proved a simple matter for Holley to master the lock. The three men crowded close.

Chan lifted out a cheap toilet case, with the usual articles—a comb and brush, razors, shaving cream, tooth paste. Then a few shirts, socks and handkerchiefs. He examined the laundry mark.

"D—34," he announced.

"Meaning nothing," Eden said.

Chan was lifting a brown suit of clothes from the bottom of the bag.

"Made to order by tailor in New York," he said, after an inspection of the inner coat pocket. "Name of purchaser, however, is blotted out by too much wearing." He took from the side pockets a box of matches and a half-empty packet of inexpensive cigarettes. "Finishing the coat," he added.

He turned his attention to the vest, and luck smiled upon him.

From the lower right-hand pocket he removed an old-fashioned watch, attached to a heavy chain. The timepiece was silent; evidently it had been unwound for some time. Quickly he pried open the back case and a little grunt of satisfaction escaped him. He passed the watch to Bob Eden.

"'Presented to Jerry Delaney by his Old Friend, Honest Jack McGuire,'" read Eden in a voice of triumph. "And the date—August 26, 1913."

"Jerry Delaney!" cried Holley. "By heaven, we're getting on now! The name of the third man was Jerry Delaney."

"Yet to be proved he was the third man," Chan cautioned. "This, however, may help."

He produced a soiled bit of colored paper—a passenger's receipt for a Pullman compartment. "'Compartment B, Car 198,'" he read. "'Chicago to Barstow,'" He turned it over. "Date when used, February eighth, present year."

Bob Eden turned to a calendar. "Great stuff!" he cried. "Jerry Delaney left Chicago on February eighth—a week ago Sunday night. That got him into Barstow last Wednesday morning, February eleventh. The morning of the day he was killed. Some detectives, we are."

Chan was still busy with the vest. He brought forth a key ring with a few keys, then a worn newspaper clipping. The latter he handed to Eden.

"Read it, please," he suggested.

Bob Eden read:

"'Theatergoers of Los Angeles will be delighted to know that in the cast of One Night in June, the musical comedy opening at the Mason next Monday night, will be Miss Norma Fitzgerald. She has the rôle of Marcia, which calls for a rich soprano voice, and her vast army of admirers hereabouts know in advance how well she will acquit herself in such a part. Miss Fitzgerald has been on the stage twenty years—she went on as a mere child—and has appeared in such productions as The Love Cure ——'" Eden paused. "There's a long list." He resumed reading: "'Matinées of One Night in June will be on Wednesdays and Saturdays, and for this engagement a special scale of prices has been inaugurated.'"

Eden put the clipping down on the table. "Well, that's one more fact about Jerry Delaney. He was interested in a soprano. So many men are; but still, it may lead somewhere."

"Poor Jerry," said Holley, looking down at the rather pitiful pile of the man's possessions. "He won't need a hairbrush or a razor or a gold watch where he's gone." He took up the watch and regarded it thoughtfully. "Honest Jack McGuire. I seem to have heard that name somewhere."

Chan was investigating the trousers pockets; he turned them out one by one, but found nothing.

"Search is complete. Humbly suggest we put all back as we found it. We have made delightful progress."

"I'll say we have!" cried Eden with enthusiasm. "More progress than I ever thought possible. Last night we knew only that Madden had killed a man. Today we know the name of the man." He paused. "I don't suppose there can be any doubt about it?" he inquired.

"Hardly," Holley replied. "A man doesn't part with such personal possessions as a hairbrush and a razor as long as he has further use for them. If he's through with them, he's through with life. Poor devil!"

"Let's go over it all again before we put these things away," said Eden. "We've learned that the man Madden feared, the man he killed, was Jerry Delaney. What do we know of Delaney? He was not in very affluent circumstances, though he did have his clothes made by a tailor. Not a smart tailor, judging by the address. He smoked Corsican cigarettes. Honest Jack McGuire, whoever he may be, was an old friend of his, and thought so highly of him he gave Jerry a watch. What else? Delaney was interested in an actress named Norma Fitzgerald. A week ago last Sunday he left Chicago at eight P.M.—the Limited—for Barstow, riding in Compartment B, Car 198. And that, I guess, about sums up what we know of Jerry Delaney."

(Continued on Page 36)

Madden Looked Anxiously About. "What Do You Know About Delaney?" He Asked in a Low Tone

Sit down to breakfast *with* famous bankers, lawyers, statesmen authors and heads of industry . . .

Successful men take their breakfasts seriously. They tell you so—and they tell you why—in their answers to a recent breakfast questionnaire.

2,300 celebrities, all listed in the pages of "Who's Who in America," described their usual morning meal, at the request of a scientific institute engaged in research on foods. *96% of them described the same sort of breakfast*—and said that it was deliberately chosen to increase efficiency!

This is the kind of food that "great men" choose for health and efficiency

SOME PEOPLE THINK that only cranks and faddists are interested in diet. But over 2,000 of this country's most efficient, hard-working and successful citizens have testified otherwise.

These men have discovered that daily diet has an important effect on daily efficiency. They have found that a heavy breakfast means a mind less alert during the first working hours of the day. On the other hand, they know that a scanty, ill-balanced meal results in physical and mental fatigue long before lunch time. Consequently, they "split the difference," as one man expresses it. They habitually eat a moderate amount of food—which contains a large amount of nourishment.

All this information is a matter of pretty general interest. Not that the right kind of breakfast—or lunch or dinner—can make an average man a genius! But certainly the experience of all these men proves that the *wrong* kind of meal can slow up the best of us.

The man who chooses, for efficiency's sake, a light or moderate breakfast, will find Grape-Nuts as valuable as it is delicious. Served with milk or cream it is an exceptionally well-balanced ration, contributing dextrins, maltose and other carbohydrates for heat and energy; iron for the blood; phosphorus for teeth and bones, protein for muscle and body-building; and the essential vitamin-B, a builder of the appetite.

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Because this one food can give you so many essential elements in such delicious form—try Grape-Nuts tomorrow morning. Your grocer has it—or you may wish to accept the following offer.

"A Book of Better Breakfasts"
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Mail the coupon below and we will send you two individual packages of Grape-Nuts, together with "A Book of Better Breakfasts," written by a famous physical director.

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(Continued from Page 34)

Charlie Chan smiled. "Very good," he said. "A splendid list, rich with promise. But one fact you have missed complete."

"What's that?" inquired Eden.

"One very easy fact," continued Chan. "Take this vest once on Jerry Delaney. Examine close—what do you discover?"

Carefully Eden looked over the vest, then with a puzzled air handed it to Holley, who did the same. Holley shook his head.

"Nothing?" asked Chan, laughing silently. "Can it be you are not such able detectives as I thought? Here, place hand in pocket."

Bod Eden thrust his fingers into the pocket indicated by Chan. "It's chamois lined," he said. "The watch pocket, that's all."

"True enough," answered Chan. "And on the left, I presume."

Eden looked foolish. "Oh," he admitted, "I get you. The watch pocket is on the right."

"And why?" persisted Charlie. "With coat buttoned, certain man cannot reach watch easily when it reposes at left. Therefore he instructs tailor, make pocket for watch on right, please." He began to fold up the clothes in order to return them to the bag. "One other fact we know about Jerry Delaney, and it may be used in tracing his movements the day he came to this ranch. Jerry Delaney had peculiarity to be left-handed."

"Great Scott!" cried Holley suddenly. They turned to him. He had picked up the watch again and was staring at it. "Honest Jack McGuire—I remember now."

"You know this McGuire?" inquired Chan quickly.

"I met him, long ago," Holley replied. "The first night I brought Mr. Eden out here to the ranch, he asked me if I'd ever seen P. J. Madden before. I said that twelve years ago I saw Madden in a gambling house on East Forty-fourth Street, New York, dolled up like a prince and betting his head off. Madden himself remembered the occasion when I spoke to him about it."

"But McGuire?" Chan wanted to know.

"I recall now that the name of the man who ran that gambling house was Jack McGuire. Honest Jack, he had the nerve to call himself. It was a queer joint—that was later proved. But Jack McGuire was Delaney's old friend—he gave Jerry a watch as a token of their friendship. Gentlemen, this is interesting. McGuire's gambling house on Forty-fourth Street comes back into the life of P. J. Madden."

XV

WHEN the bag was completely repacked and again securely locked Bob Eden climbed with it to the dusty attic. He reappeared; the trapdoor was closed and the stepladder removed. The three men faced one another, pleased with their morning's work.

"It's after twelve," said Holley. "I must hurry back to town."

"About to make heartfelt suggestion you remain at lunch," remarked Chan.

Holley shook his head. "That's kind of you, Charlie, but I wouldn't think of it. You must be about fed up on this cooking proposition, and I won't spoil your first chance for a little vacation. You take my advice and make Eden rustle his own grub today."

Chan nodded. "True enough that I was planning a modest repast," he returned. "Cooking business begins to get tiresome, like the company of a Japanese. However, fitting punishment for a postman who walks another man's beat. If Mr. Eden will pardon, I relax to the extent of sandwiches and tea this noon."

"Sure," said Eden. "We'll dig up something together. Holley, you'd better change your mind."

"No," replied Holley. "I'm going to town and make a few inquiries, just by way of substantiating what we found here today. If Jerry Delaney came out here last Wednesday he must have left some sort of trail through the town. Someone may have seen him. Was he alone? I'll speak to the boys at the gas station, the hotel proprietor and the chap ——"

"Humbly suggest utmost discretion," said Chan.

"Oh, I understand the need of that. But there's really no danger; Madden has no connection whatever with the life of the town. He won't hear of it. Just the same, I'll be discretion itself. Trust me. I'll come out here again later in the day."

When he had gone Chan and Eden ate a cold lunch in the cook house and resumed their search. Nothing of any moment rewarded their efforts however. At four that afternoon Holley drove into the yard. With him was a lean, sad-looking youth whom Eden recognized as the real-estate salesman of Date City. As they entered the room Chan withdrew, leaving Eden to greet them. Holley introduced the youth as Mr. DeLisle.

"I've met DeLisle," smiled Bob Eden. "He tried to sell me a corner lot on the desert."

"Yeah," said Mr. DeLisle. "And some day, when the big business concerns are fighting for that stuff, you'll kick yourself up and down every hill in San Francisco. However, that's your funeral."

"I brought Mr. DeLisle along," explained Holley, "because I want you to hear the story he's just told me—about last Wednesday night."

"Mr. DeLisle understands that this is confidential ——" began Eden.

"Oh, sure," said the young man. "Will's explained all that. You needn't worry. Madden and I ain't exactly pals—not after the way he talked to me."

"You saw him last Wednesday night?" Eden suggested.

"No, not that night. It was somebody else I saw then. I was out here at the development until after dark, waiting for a prospect—he never showed up, the lowlife. Anyhow, along about seven o'clock, just as I was closing up the office, a big sedan stopped out in front. I went out. There was a little guy driving and another man in the back seat.

"'Good evening,' said the little fellow. 'Can you tell me, please, if we're on the road to Madden's ranch?' I said sure, to keep right on straight. The man in the back spoke up. 'How far is it?' he wants to know. 'Shut up, Jerry,' says the little guy. 'I'll attend to this.' He shifted the gears, and then he got kind of literary. 'And an highway shall be there, and a way,' he says. 'Not any too clearly defined, Isaiah.' And he drove off. Now why do you suppose he called me Isaiah?"

Eden smiled. "Did you get a good look at him?"

"Pretty good, considering the dark. A thin, pale man with sort of grayish lips—no color in them at all. Talked kind of slow and precise—awful neat English, like he was a professor or something."

"And the man in the back seat?"

"Couldn't see him very well."

"Ah, yes. And when did you meet Madden?"

"I'll come to that. After I got home I began to think—Madden was out at the ranch, it seemed—and I got a big idea. Things ain't been going so well here lately. Florida's been nabbing all the easy—all the good prospects, and I said to myself, how about Madden? There's big money. Why not try to interest Madden in Date City—get him behind it? Worth a shot anyhow. So, bright and early Thursday morning, I came out to the ranch."

"About what time?"

"Oh, it must have been a little after eight. I'm full of pep at that hour of the day, and I knew I'd need it. I knocked at the front door, but nobody answered. I tried it; it was locked. I came around to the back and the place was deserted. Not a soul in sight."

"Nobody here," repeated Eden wonderingly.

"Not a living thing but the chickens and the turkeys, and the Chinese parrot, Tony. He was sitting on his perch. 'Hello, Tony,' I said. 'You're a crook,' he answers. Now I ask you, is that any way to greet a hard-working, honest real-estate man? Wait a minute—don't try to be funny."

"I won't," Eden laughed. "But Madden ——"

"Well, just then Madden drove into the yard with that secretary of his. I knew the old man right away, from his pictures. He looked tired and ugly, and he needed a shave. 'What are you doing here?' he wanted to know. 'Mr. Madden,' I said, 'have you ever stopped to consider the possibilities of this land round here?' And I waltzed right into my selling talk. But I didn't get far. He stopped me, and then he started. Say, the things he called me! I'm not used to that sort of thing—abuse by an expert, that's what it was. I saw his psychology was all wrong, so I walked out on him. That's the best way when the old psychology ain't working."

"And that's all?" Eden inquired.

"That's my story, and I'll stick to it," replied Mr. DeLisle.

"I'm very much obliged," Eden said. "Of course this is all between ourselves. And I may add that if I ever do decide to buy a lot on the desert ——"

"You'll look at my stuff, won't you?"

"I certainly will. Just at present, the desert doesn't look very good to me."

Mr. DeLisle leaned close. "Whisper it not in El Dorado," he said. "I sometimes wish I was back in good old Chi myself. If I ever hit the Loop again I'm going to nail myself down there."

"If you'll wait outside a few minutes, DeLisle ——" Holley began.

"I get you. I'll just mosey down to the development and see if the fountain's working. You can pick me up there."

The young man went out. Chan came quickly from behind a near-by door.

"Get all that, Charlie?" Eden inquired.

"Yes, indeed; most interesting."

"We move right on," said Holley. "Jerry Delaney came out to the ranch about seven o'clock Wednesday night, and he didn't come alone. For the first time a fourth man enters the picture. Who? Sounded to me very much like Professor Gamble."

"No doubt about that," replied Eden. "He's an old friend of the prophet Isaiah's—he admitted it here Monday after lunch."

"Fine!" commented Holley. "We begin to place little Mr. Gamble. Here's another thing—someone drove up to the doctor's Sunday night and carried Shaky Phil away. Couldn't that have been Gamble too? What do you say, Charlie?"

Chan nodded. "Possible. That person knew of Louie's return. If we could only discover ——"

"By George!" Eden cried. "Gamble was at the desk of the Oasis when Louie came in. You remember, Holley?"

The editor smiled. "All fits in very neatly. Gamble sped out here like some sinister version of Paul Revere with the news of Louie's arrival. He and Shaky Phil were at the gate when you drove up."

"But Thorn—that tear in Thorn's coat?"

"We must have been on the wrong trail there. This new theory sounds too good. What else have we learned from DeLisle? After the misadventure with Delaney, Madden and Thorn were out all night. Where?"

Chan sighed. "Not such good news, that. Body of Delaney was carried far from this spot."

"I'm afraid it was," admitted Holley. "We'll never find it without help from somebody who knows. There are a hundred lonely canyons round here where poor Delaney could have been tossed aside and nobody any the wiser. We'll have to go ahead and perfect our case without the vital bit of evidence—the body of Delaney. But there are a lot of people in on this, and before we get through somebody is going to squeal."

Chan was sitting at Madden's desk, idly toying with the big blotting pad that lay on top. Suddenly his eyes lighted and he began to separate the sheets of blotting paper.

"What is this?" he said.

They looked, and saw in the detective's pudgy hand a large sheet of paper, partially filled with writing. Chan perused the missive carefully and handed it to Eden. The letter was written in a man's strong hand.

"It's dated last Wednesday night," Eden remarked to Holley. He read:

"*Dear Evelyn:* I want you to know of certain developments here at the ranch. As I've told you before, Martin Thorn and I have been on very bad terms for the past year. This afternoon the big blow-off finally arrived, and I dismissed him from my service. Tomorrow morning I'm going with him to Pasadena, and when we get there we part for all time. Of course, he knows a lot of things I wish he didn't; otherwise I'd have scrapped him a year ago. He may make trouble, and I am warning you in case he shows up in Denver. I'm going to take this letter in town myself and mail it tonight, as I don't want Thorn to know anything about it ——"

The letter stopped abruptly at that point.

"Better and better," said Holley. "Another side light on what happened here last Wednesday night. We can picture the scene for ourselves. Madden is sitting at his desk, writing that letter to his daughter. The door opens, someone comes in. Say it's Delaney—Delaney, the man P. J.'s feared for years. Madden hastily slips the letter between the leaves of the blotter. He gets to his feet, knowing that he's in for it now. A quarrel ensues, and by the time it's over, they've got into Thorn's room somehow, and Delaney is dead on the floor. Then the problem of what to do with the body—not solved until morning. Madden comes back to the ranch tired and worn, realizing that he can't dismiss Thorn now. He must make his peace with the secretary. Thorn knows too much. How about it, Charlie?"

"It has plenty logic," Chan admitted.

"I said this morning I had some ideas on this affair out here," the editor continued, "and everything that has happened today has tended to confirm them. I'm ready to spring my theory now—that is, if you care to listen."

"Shoot," said Eden.

"To me it's all as clear as a desert sunrise," Holley went on. "Just let me go over it for you—reconstruct it, as the French do. To begin with, Madden is afraid of Delaney. Why? Why is a rich man afraid of anybody? Blackmail, of course. Delaney has something on him; maybe something that dates back to that gambling house in New York. Thorn can't be depended on; they've been rowing and he hates his employer. Perhaps he has even gone so far as to link up with Delaney and his friends. Madden buys the pearls, and the gang hears of it and decides

(Continued on Page 58)

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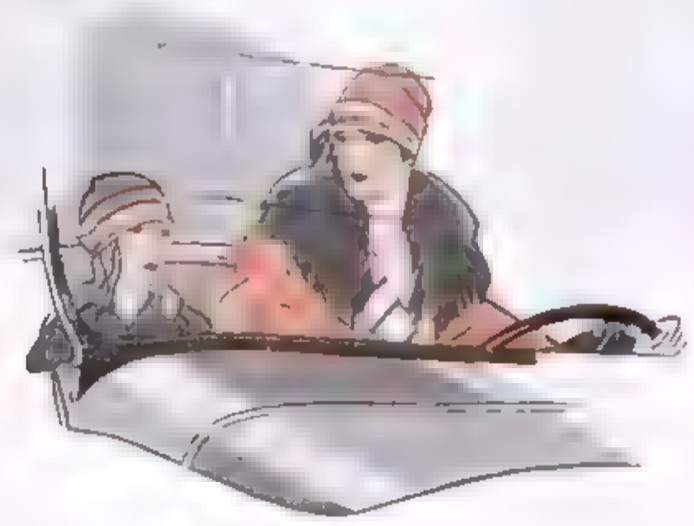

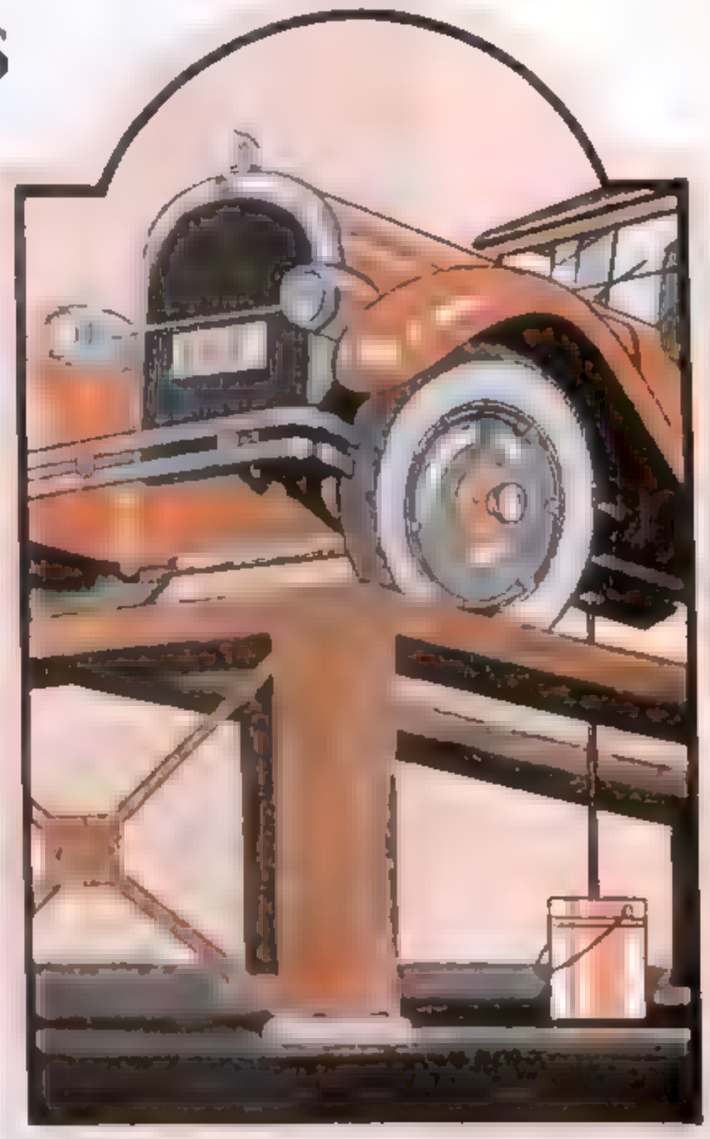

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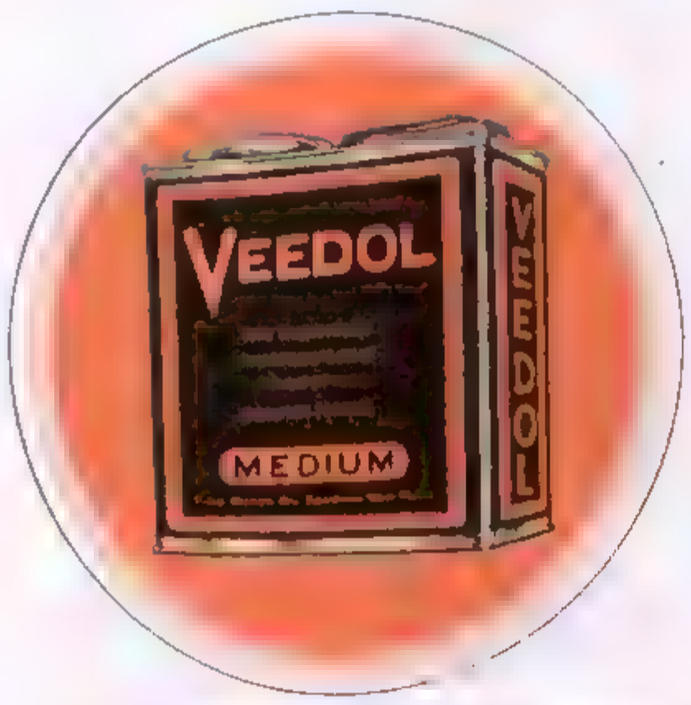

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THE TAIL PULLER

By Harris Dickson

ILLUSTRATED BY E. F. WARD

Through the Dusk the Killers Rummaged and Swore, Until Darkness Shrouded the Mysterious Mississippi

A SCORE of frenzied Louisiana swampers raged and ransacked the steamboat. Grim-lipped hairy woodsmen poked their weapons into every pantry, yet failed to discover the gambler that had robbed them. Through the dusk the killers rummaged and swore, until darkness shrouded the mysterious Mississippi.

Night had come. Bonfires blazed along the levee to light the landing place for their work of unloading when the White Cloud tied up at Vicksburg. First to leap from the boat were six of the killers, pistols in hand, determined that Crow should not escape. Four others guarded the stage plank, compelling all passengers to file between them for inspection. Nevertheless, the sport of swarthy insolence went ashore unmolested, his face blackened, disguised as a negro roustabout and rolling a bale of their own cotton. His effrontery carried him safely across the stage plank, passing between two lines of avengers whose fingers itched to pull their triggers. They meant to kill, to ask no questions, to have no questions asked. The slaughter of a card sharp more or less—a rat more or less—would cause no ripple along the roistering levee. It was so common for a dead gambler to be kicked into the gutter that no roulette wheel would halt its spinning, no painted woman check her laughter in a dance hall.

After getting clear of a death trap on the boat any other man would have dodged into darkness. But Crow preferred to pause and enjoy the baffled malice of his enemies. Beside the glare of a bonfire, he stood smiling until Jud Brill, his unsuspected partner, also crossed the stage plank, bringing Crow's carpetsack as well as his own.

The killers were searching for a white man and paid no attention to Jud, nor to a negro who took his baggage and went trudging behind him up the hill. That negro was Crow.

Once inside their room at a ramshackle hotel, and its door securely barred, Crow laid two pistols ready on the table and said, "Pour some water, Jud. I'll have to get out. Those suckers might come up here."

Stolid old Jud glanced at Crow's shooting irons and inquired, "Does you aim to fight?"

"No," the gambler laughed, stripping to his waist, which revealed a white athletic body, though face, neck and hands were black. "We've got no time to squabble, with this big job on our hands."

While Jud stood listening for a half-expected rush of killers along the hallway, Crow devoted himself merrily to soap and water. Between his sputtering and scrubbing, he gave instructions:

"Keep out of sight. . . . Don't let a shooting scrape detain you. . . . Send my trunk to Warrenton. You catch the Regina here. . . . Remember to plant our cards with the barkeeper."

White swaths widened across his sooty face; Crow's hands became fastidiously clean. Fifteen minutes changed the tattered roustabout into a prosperous planter, ready for the saddle. Not a moment Crow wasted, blowing out the lamp and dropping from the darkened window. He was gone.

Before noon next day the southbound Regina, a new steamboat, magnificent in white and gold, was ready to raise her stage plank and back out from Vicksburg. Northern passengers thronged her guards, eager to see every detail of this peculiar Southern life; a curiosity which Jud Brill turned to his own purposes by making a theatrical entrance. Everybody saw him galloping his mule down the hill and waving a broad-brimmed hat at the boat.

"Hold on, cap!" he shouted. "Hold on! Me an' Sally aims to travel as far as Baton Rouge."

But Sally didn't aim to travel. Sally balked, with ears pitched forward, and refused to step on the stage plank.

"Hurry! Hurry!" the mate urged him.

"All right, mister," Jud grinned, "you come here your own self and try to convince Sally."

No persuasion succeeded in convincing Sally, so Jud scrambled down into the mud, saying, "Reckon I'll leave Sally at home. She loves Vicksburg an' ain't got no use for Baton Rouge."

The scene consumed less than a minute, long enough for every passenger to know Jud Brill as a comical fellow connected with the trade. No Yankee keenness could have suspected him of being the shrewdest capper that plied the Mississippi.

Twenty miles southward Jud's chief made an even more artistic entrance. At Warrenton landing, a low range of hills uprose beyond the level cotton fields; crested by a white plantation house. A farm wagon stood waiting with Crow's trunk. In the foreground he had placed a group of negro slaves, and five bales of cotton for shipment—all of which were hired for the occasion. Among these picturesque retainers Crow sat his horse, also hired, with an air of ownership that claimed the negroes, the cotton and the residence.

"There's your typical Southern planter," observed a florid excursionist from Ohio, as slaves deposited Crow's baggage on the steamboat's deck. Then the Northerners looked on at an idyllic sight—black men waving affectionate farewells to their master.

"Good-by, Marse Andrew," a gray-haired patriarch shouted from the shore. "Fetch me a present from 'Orleens."

Both the gamblers had now established themselves. Yet for the first half day Crow attempted no business except to meet Jud Brill in the privacy of his stateroom and receive information.

"These folks is got slathers o' money," Jud assured him, "an' they ain't crafty. Doctor Frazee, that crippled man, he's the bellwether, an' rich as cream. A young light-haired chap named Longmoor is got his wad put away in the office. And Major Fontaine and Judge Thornton ——" Jud went on, giving a list of sheep to be sheared, and finally cautioned his partner, "Watch out for the Deacon. He's a tail puller."

"Tail puller? All right, I'll lay for him. Did you plant our cards with barkeep?"

"Sartain. Everything fixed."

The grist waited. Their mill was ready to grind. Behind the bar lay many packs of cards, marked by Crow's expert hand and rewrapped so that no sucker could detect the tampering. For a friendly game in which Crow took part, barkeep would place these decks upon the table.

After giving his chief every possible tip, Jud Brill vanished by the outer door, while Crow went sauntering through the cabin. The gambler did not seek acquaintance; acquaintance sought him.

At a table in front of the bar he paused to watch several passengers who were playing poker, a cheap amateur game. Across the way, near the clerk's office, sitting alone at another table, the crippled Doctor Frazee nodded and smiled by way of welcome to a fellow voyager. The physician removed his crutches from a chair beside him.

"Will you sit here, sir?"

This was precisely what Crow desired, to ingratiate himself with the most prominent man on board.

The doctor proved charming. Passengers stopped and listened to his conversation with the planter. They became interested, sat down, and Crow improved the opportunity to be recognized as a gentleman.

There's a chummy and confidential atmosphere about steamboat travel. A handful of human atoms temporarily find themselves segregated from all the world. The same hull floats them through the same perils; they feel the same interests and think the same thoughts, especially on these long, lone stretches of the lower Mississippi.

At Doctor Frazee's elbow a pack of cards lay scattered about the table. Jud had taken pains to place them so that

Crow might steer his discourse into remunerative channels. Apparently unconscious of what he did, Crow fumbled at the cards and told such amusing yarns that the chairs around them soon filled up. Frazee himself introduced the gambler as Captain Andrew Saltoon, a planter of Warren County, Mississippi.

Among these rabbits assembled for their skinning Crow noted several on whom Jud had given tips—young Longmoor, Major Fontaine, Judge Thornton, and the Deacon, a tail puller, that abomination of honest sportsmen.

It required no advance warning for Crow to spot this Deacon—a big loose-legged man, ruddy faced, who strode toward them with an air of impressive pomposity. Any stranger would at once address him as "Deacon." His manner carried the credentials; the swing of his long-tail coat denoted an apostolic authority to supervise the morals of mankind. His high-bridged nose seemed sharpened for poking into other people's business. His eyes functioned separately, the left with a sky-raking glance that was fixed upon heaven, whilst a downcast right occupied itself with affairs of earth. He reminded Crow of what a cynical friend had said: "Whenever you see a man that's got a cinch on the next world, you'd better watch him in this'n."

"Tail puller!" he thought. "I'll get him!"

Their general conversation turned upon cards. Mr. Tailpuller detested cards. Yet he sat on the edge of his chair, rigidly upright, as though performing his duty to remain among this congregation of the godless. His presence would be a protest, his abstention an example.

"Is it not singular," remarked Doctor Frazee, nodding toward the pack, "that these bits of pasteboard, devised by a court fool to amuse a feeble king, should have endured so long and proved such a boon?"

"Boon?" sniffed the Deacon. "I consider 'em a devil-try."

"Yes," the courteous physician agreed, "so is food or drink, when carried to excess. Did you gentlemen ever know the significance of this pack?"

Affairs were running smoothly for Crow when twenty suckers listened so intently while the cat's-paw doctor continued:

"It may not be historically correct, but I love the legend that these symbols were painted by a jester for that exquisite lady who was sweetheart to King Charles VI of France. A court fool, but wise. His arrangement is not haphazard. We find, for instance, as many cards in the deck as there are weeks in the year—fifty two; as many suits as we have seasons—four; the number of cards in each suit corresponds to the moons in the year—thirteen. Here is the King, Charles VI; here is the Queen—I forget her name"

"Her name was Odette." Smilingly Crow supplied it.

"Thanks," Doctor Frazee bowed. "Odette, Odette; it's a dainty name and adds to my story. So here we have King Charles, Queen Odette, and the jester himself represented by a knave. Queer, isn't it?"

"Yes," Crow added, "and the four suits are supposed to symbolize the four degrees of French people—spades, the sword or pike head, represents the military state; hearts for the churchmen; diamonds for the nobility; and clubs, the trefoil, or three-leaf clover, stands for the peasantry."

From an apparently uninterested distance, lounging against the bar, Jud Brill observed that his partner had made a quick reputation, being promptly accepted as a scholar and Southern gentleman. For Crow's persuasiveness of tongue was only matched by the miraculous dexterity of his fingers. Therefore when Jud next came strolling into the cabin it did not surprise him to see a small game already organized—a two-bit session among friends.

And Crow had got exactly the right producers into his game. Cannily this Bradstreet of blacklegs appraised and rated them—Doctor Frazee, A1, unlimited; Judge Thornton, good for perhaps a thousand; Harry Longmoor, three thousand; French, of Louisville, didn't amount to much, only a merchant's clerk. But Major Fontaine might stand plucking to the tune of five or six thousand. All together, Jud figured that he and Crow ought to milk ten or fifteen thousand out of that game.

Like every impromptu affair, the men played recklessly, for fun, and cracking such jokes that even the stern-faced Deacon smiled.

Bad luck pursued Crow. Evidently the planter was better at telling stories than he was at winning pots. And awkward too. Once he dropped half the deck into a spittoon. They had to order new cards. Jud caught his cue and beckoned for barkeep to give a marked pack to Doctor Frazee. This was also Jud's tip to get into the game. Two crooks are surer than one. Therefore he slouched over to the table and stood looking on, among the other idlers.

Presently Judge Thornton glanced up, recognized the comical mule drover and invited him, "Take a hand? Don't you know how to play poker?"

"Well, mister"—Jud's slow drawl tickled them—"sometimes afore I starts playin' I considers I knows how. Then I loses my left hind leg"

The sheep themselves were to blame. Hilariously they entired this second wolf into their fold. The first wolf said nothing, only hunched a little toward the left, the bogus planter making room for the pretended mule trader at his right, where Jud might cut the deck or not, as occasion demanded. Against such a team, with marked cards, no sucker had a dog's chance.

And Jud was droll. His huge round face, like a mirror, reflected the cards before him, mournful, buoyant, exulting, surprised.

"Whoa, Sally!" His exclamation halted the deal. "Don't fling me no more cards. I got four kings already. Wish I could bet nine dollars on this hand"

The remark sounded innocent. All Jud's observations were harmless as baby prattle. Nevertheless, his suggestion that a two-bit limit might be raised made its impression on Harry Longmoor. After a while the blond-haired youngster tossed a chip into the pot and said, "My hand ought to be worth more than twenty-five cents."

"Mine too," Crow nodded pleasantly.

"Bet yours," Harry bantered him, just for fun.

"All right, five dollars."

"Raise you ten."

Crow called and lost, on three aces against Longmoor's ten full.

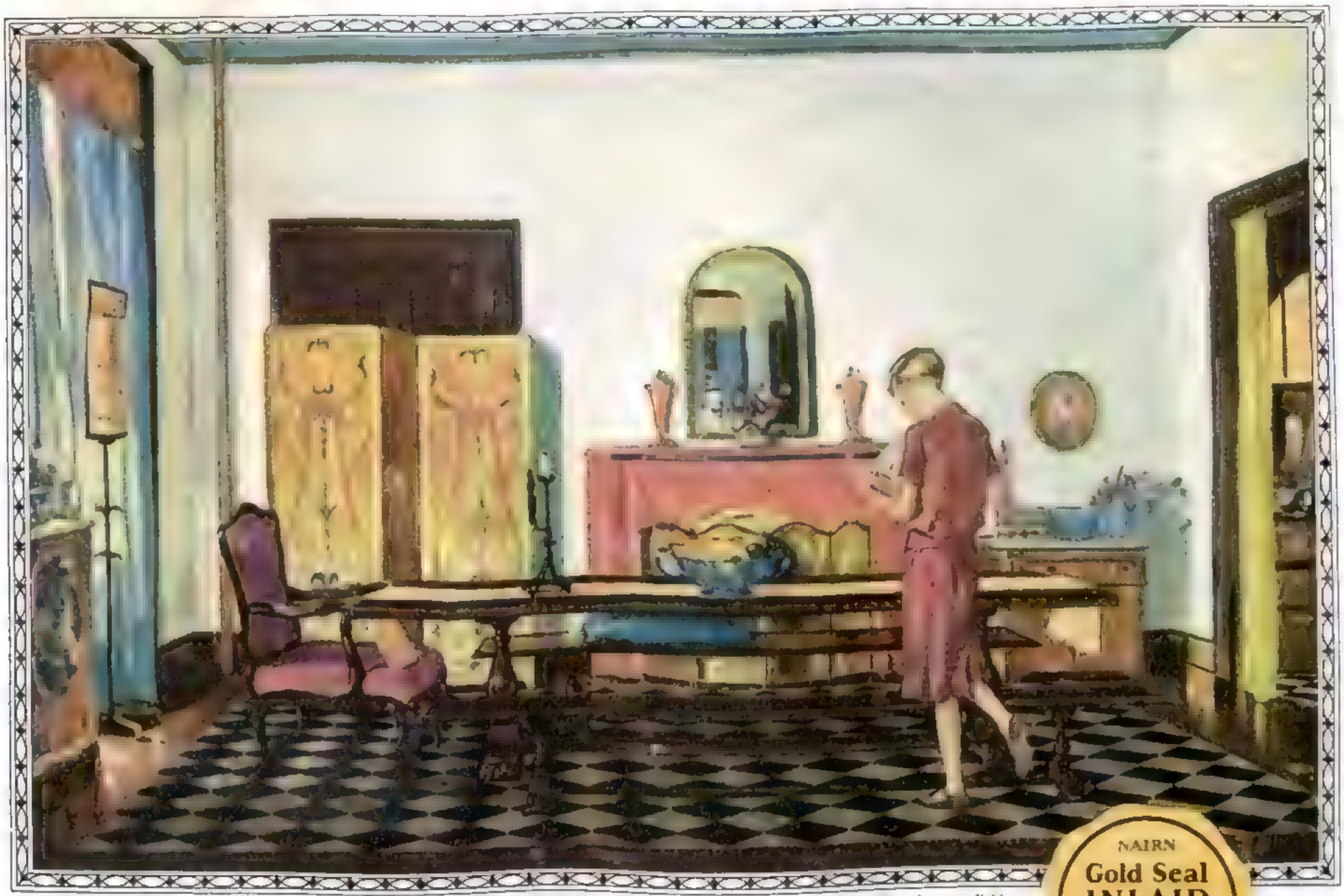
"Whoopee!" Jud let out a yell. "Thirty-two dollars in one pot! Higher'n a cat's back'"

A second time the same play occurred, and again Longmoor won—forty-six dollars. At his third collision with Crow he dropped an even hundred.

"Whoa, Sally!" Jud exclaimed. "Did you gents ever hear about Mr. Jaybird? Well, sirs, once Mr. Jaybird perched hisself on a rotten stump in the middle of a field,

(Continued on Page 85)

The Deacon Feared That Somebody Else Might Notice the Twinkle in Crow's Eye When They Sprung Their Little Joke



Dining room in the home of Mr John M Hatton, architect, at Scotch Plains, N J Notice how the floor of GOLD SEAL INLAID, *Belflor Pattern No. 2047/8, gives unity to the colorful decorative scheme*

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GOLD SEAL INLAIDS

IMMORTAL LONGINGS

(Continued from Page 30)

added, curiously anxious to reinstate himself. "And oil for the lamps. There's none over there. I'll go to the Corner in the morning."

"Figure to stay a day or two, do you?" Pot inquired.

"Till I can get the car fixed," Overlook explained.

June had ready, in a little while, the victuals he required, packed in a ten-quart pail; she gave him an old whisky bottle full of oil.

"Thank you," he said, and met her eye and smiled at her again. "Good night."

"Good night," she returned. She and Pot had come out on the porch, and she had a lamp in her hand, its light across her countenance, her body all in shadow. There was serene beauty in her brow; a sweet composure in her eye; strength in the curve of her lip. He stood a moment, held there, faintly shaken.

"Want I should let you have a lantern?" Pot asked, and Overlook roused himself.

"No, no," he said. "No, there's light enough. Good night."

So he turned almost hurriedly away, stumbling down the steps, fumbling with his feet for the wheel ruts in the turf. After a moment they two went back into the kitchen; the night closed around him. He looked up and found companions in the stars.

VIII

THERE was light enough, as he had said; he could see the black masses of the trees on the slope of the ridge ahead of him; could see the bold flanks of the ridge rising steeply at his right hand; and below him, to the left, there was a pool of shadow above the alders where the still brook lay. Some suggestion of silver in the sky above the ridge told him there would be a moon; he found himself guessing what the weather would be next day, and he chuckled at this.

"Long time since I've thought much about the weather," he reminded himself. Remembered, with a little pride in his own memory, that the brightness of the sunset was an ancient sign of a fair morrow.

He could see, vaguely, all about him; but he could not see with any distinctness the ground beneath his feet; and his feet fumbled for the wheel ruts to guide him, his shoes brushing against the grassy turf on either side. He went in no haste, full of peace; the hour was early, he was not sleepy, had never been more alert to all the world about him. The wheel ruts dipped down to the road, and by the treacherous feeling of the clay beneath his feet he knew the dew was falling heavily. He touched an alder beside the road and got a little shower of drops for his pains; and when he stopped on the bridge and leaned his elbows on the rail there, the moisture penetrated almost instantly to his arms. He stood looking down at the black water, in whose still mirror stars appeared; and when he shifted his position something slapped the water with an explosive sound and he was startled, and then remembered. There had always been many muskrats along the Sheepscot; he had set traps for them as a boy, learned to peel their skins and stretch and dry them.

"I'd like to trap a muskrat again," he thought. "They're evidently here."

A call came to him, low and curiously hurried, the muffled and reverberant hoot of an owl; it might have been half a mile away, so still was the night; behind him, up the valley. He swung his head to look that way, unconsciously; and a shadow moved against the starred vault of the sky with a soundless speed.

He chuckled. "Right behind me," he told himself. "Probably watching me all the time."

After a little he went on toward the house, his feet now laboring a little in the soft sand of the road, so that he left the beaten way and stepped over the crumbling stone wall into the field grown with shoots and saplings, where better footing favored him. His progress here was more disturbing to the peaceful quiet of the night; twigs brushed against his clothing, briers crackled under his feet, and now and then he stumbled over an inequality of the ground where a bowlder broke the sod or a clump of ground where pine grew. He came to the house, dark as he had left it; and he went in almost reluctantly, pausing for a moment on the kitchen porch to look down the valley in the darkness there, and to listen for far sounds or for near ones. Somewhere a truck was laboring up a grade with grinding gears; their whining song came to him with something reminiscent in it. "Traffic," he told himself whimsically, and listened for a while. And then he thought, "Barring Pot Riddle's place, I don't suppose there's a man within a mile."

Overlook was not one given to fearful imaginings. Neither the night nor the stillness could disturb him now; he found them soothing and sweet, and there was no sense of strangeness in this hour. He had passed this way before. The road and the bridge, the silent farmhouse—all were anciently familiar; they were so familiar that he lost for a while every sense of the present, found his memories curiously confusing, could never be sure whether he were himself or the boy he used to be. He went into the kitchen as sure-footedly as though it were day; and he turned into the dining room, where the lamps were, and found one and brought it out to the kitchen table and filled it there by the sense of touch, and so made a light for himself. He had left open the outer door; and almost at once insects began to come in, attracted by the light, but turning their attention instantly to him. So he closed the door and wished there were screens for the windows, and then he remembered that there had been adjustable screens somewhere and went searching for them. He found them in the second-floor attic, piled upon a table there and wrapped in paper; and when he unwrapped them it was to discover that they had been anointed with oil so that they, too, were free from rust and as useful as they had ever been, and he was struck again by the fact that someone had cared for this old house tenderly.

"June," he told himself. "Never Pot, but June for sure." And he found new pleasure in the certainty, and new disturbance, too, and great bewilderment. For June had married Pot, after all. So, standing by the table in the attic there, he fell once more into a maze of memories.

He remembered June so vividly; a little girl with thick braids and stubby legs and a doll upon her arm, coming for the first time to school. A little girl with thick braids and stubby legs and a doll upon her arm, running desperately to escape from boisterous and jeering boys. A little girl—always a little girl. The absurdity of this now came home to him. June must have grown up; must have been, by the time he went away over the ridge, sixteen or seventeen. Even at the time of the kiss, that kiss which the others took and he forbore, she must have been nine or ten. And he struggled to picture her; to remember how she had looked; to recall what manner of girl she had been.

Little by little he got brief glimpses. He had a flash of June climbing the fence around her home; climbing the fence at the corner of the yard. And he remembered how long her leg was, straddling and reaching down for a lower footing. From this one long leg he managed to reconstruct a girl who was also rather long; certainly not chubby. Even her pigtail—one now, instead of two—was long, and dangled. He was like a scientist who from a single small fragment of bone undertakes to reconstruct a monster of old time, except that Overlook had many more data than the scientist has, he had June's leg, in a black cotton stocking, with a red garter just above the knee and a white garment visible—as she climbed the fence—above that too. And he had her eyes; he remembered her baby eyes, and he had seen her eyes today. They were in some fashion, still the same; had always been the same, he knew. So he managed to satisfy himself that he remembered exactly how she looked when she climbed the fence that day.

And then the whole scene came back to him. He and Pot had been passing on their way to school, and she had come running to join them, scrambling over the fence to walk with them to the Corner, calling to him, "Wait, Walter! Wait for me!" And Overlook remembered that he had, faintly, halted, till Pot jeered at him, mimicking her shrill tones: "Wait for me, Walter dearie! Wait for me!"

So he had flung away, red to the ears, cuffing at Pot, shouting back at June contemptuously, bidding her keep her distance there, trudging angrily on to school.

He sought to remember some picture of June as she grew older, but in this he had small satisfaction. He remembered her one day standing up beside her desk to recite; she was by that time very tall, and her hair clouded her face a little, and her eyes were still. And he had another glimpse of her sweeping off the front stoop of the Haradeen house as he and his father went by; and another, and another. But about all these later memories there was mystery; she seemed remote and aloof, removed from him and from the world in which he took his way.

Only, suddenly and very vividly, he remembered the day he went away from home. Pot Riddle drove him up over the ridge to catch the stage at Liberty; and when they passed the Haradeen house June came to the door to look out at them. Across the distance between the house and the road their eyes had met; and he remembered even now that for some reason this glimpse of her had made him homesick, made him for a moment doubt the wisdom of the adventure he began. Her glance was still and long, her eyes unveiled. Even had he understood, it could scarce have moved him in that hour; but he had lacked the wit to understand. Only, he remembered, Pot had said harshly, "Let go them reins!"

So he perceived that, seeing her, he had sought to check the horse and stop him there; and he obeyed Pot in something like a panic, and wrenched around, and they drove on. He had a moment's poignant regret now that he had not even called good-by. And he remembered how Pot had jeered at him.

It was always, it appeared, Pot who was the villain in these scenes. Yet June had married Pot, after all.

He roused, came back to the task under his hand, took three or four of the screens downstairs and opened windows, swinging back the shutters, inserting a screen beneath each sash so that the house would be airy and cool. But he was not yet ready for sleep; so he took off his shoes and his coat and put on slippers and dressing gown and wandered through the dining room into the parlor. That room, in the old days, had been seldom used; it was a sanctum, a repository for those things which were wrapped in a napkin and put away where they would neither decay nor molder nor corrode. The room had been opened, he remembered, for his father's funeral. Standing in the doorway, with his lamp held high, it seemed to him he could see the coffin resting on the undertaker's folding supports, like carpenters' horses; and there had been half a dozen people standing in the room, and someone sobbing perfunctorywise, and someone had played the organ.

The organ was here, shrouded from the dust. He had an abrupt memory of his father sitting on the stool, treading rhythmically, his fingers busy with stops and keys. After his mother died—perhaps even before, though Walter could not remember—his father had liked to play the organ now and then. Walter tried to recall the tunes he had played—could name but one—Climbing Up the Golden Stairs. He remembered it as a beautiful, almost a gay melody full of the accompaniment of ringing bells; there must be some sort of chime attached to the organ, he decided. His father, sitting there on the stool, feet and hands busy, bald head shining mildly through the straying wisps of hair, and the air full of the delicate symphony of bells—Climbing Up the Golden Stairs.

He removed the protecting sheet and tried to evoke from the organ some sound that would find a harmony in his memories; but there was between him and the instrument no sympathetic coordination. He abandoned the attempt and covered the organ again. He had set the lamp on the table, beside the stuffed figure of a small barn owl which stood there; beside the ornamental china lamp with hand-painted flowers on its white circumference. His mother, he seemed to remember, had painted those flowers. He touched them lightly with his fingers; thick roughnesses upon the smooth surface of the china. And his eyes swung around the room. A picture, framed, hung between the windows. It was covered with a cloth, but he had no need to remove this cloth to remember that it represented a bunch of grapes and two apples beside a woven basket. There was a high old desk against the wall opposite the organ, and two antlers lay atop it. His father had picked them up in the swamp where the deer used to yard. In one corner hung the hoof and a few inches of the leg of a caribou, the hoof polished till it shone. A phrase leaped into his thoughts. "The last caribou ever shot in the state of Maine," his father had used to boast. It had been killed somewhere in the north woods, and Overlook never knew how the trophy came into his father's possession.

Beside the desk there were two shelves hung on the wall, and books upon them; and he removed the cloth that covered these shelves to look along the titles. A bulky government report on the North Atlantic fisheries. A seed catalogue. Two Years Before the Mast, A History of the Buccaneers of America, and the first volume of Merchants of Old New York. A book on bee culture. A volume of Shakspere, thick and worn, printed in atrocious type. A mail-order catalogue and a pile of old farm papers. Thus the upper shelf; on that below there was a lacquered tin box with a broken lock, and a great Bible.

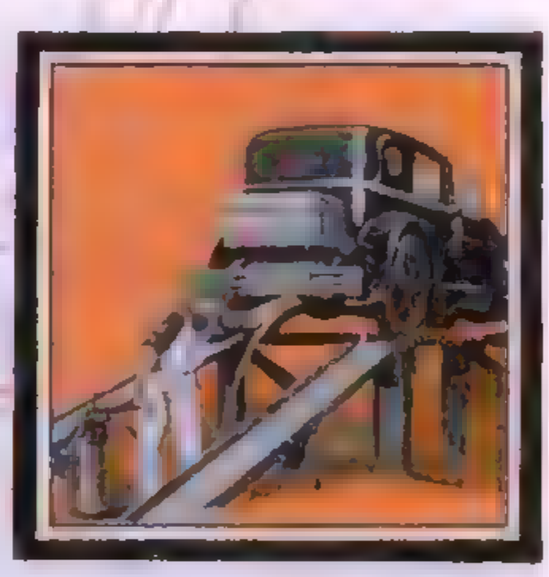
This Bible fixed his eye. It was bound in leather, its covers half an inch thick, the leather deeply graved; and he took it down with a slow hand, his memory leaping now. He could remember his grandfather poring over this Book; could see the old man, his bent shoulders covered with that shawl which in Walter's thoughts he always wore, leafing through the pages with trembling fingers, or writing slow words with an uncertain pen, or reading aloud, heavily. And Overlook carried the Book to the table and opened it there upon the marble slab; and upon the first blank page within the inner cover he saw a dozen lines of yellowed writing in an uncertain hand. He puzzled them through:

"I bought this Bible August 12, 1874, from a man that came in a team.

"My grandfather, William Overlook, first owner of this farm, married Serena Hepperton before 1800. They had Eleven children. My father Walter Overlook the oldest son. Seven of children died before my grandfather died. My father Married twice but no children the first marriage his wife Died. But the second he married Mary Frame and they had seven children. Two still alive, Mary and Walter Overlook the second child the oldest son."

(Continued on Page 47)

How to Cut the Cost per Mile



Your steering gear alone may cost you $10 to $50 in repairs if lubrication fails. There are 10 to 40 other vital parts that also need Alemite-safe, positive lubrication. Make it a habit to drive in where you see the Alemite sign—every 500 miles—for complete chassis lubrication and inspection.

Motor fleet operators now pay dividends out of repair bills—saved. A few simple rules that will cut your *operating costs* 1c *to* 1¾c *per mile.*

What does your car actually *cost per mile?* If you knew, you would discover what taxi operators and others have learned long ago. Gas, oil and tires are not the major expense. It is repairs, depreciation. These two items are actually more than all other costs combined.

These same fleet operators will also tell you how you can save 80% of repairs on moving parts. Today, one large taxi-cab company pays all its dividends out of a saving of 1c to 1¾c per mile—due simply to *improved methods of lubrication.* And you can easily cut your costs as much if you care to.

Engines, they say, are usually well cared for. It's the 15 to 60 hard-wearing, hidden chassis bearings that suffer most from faulty lubrication.

For example, there is your steering mechanism. (Illustrated above.) To adjust it and take up slight wear costs from $3 to $10. To re-bush these bearings and replace bolts costs from $10 to $50. This expense is common after only five or ten thousand miles of driving. And it is absolutely needless! Proper lubrication every 500 miles—will eliminate it.

You don't have to be an expert mechanic. For most cars now come equipped with Alemite, or Alemite-Zerk high pressure chassis lubrication. There is a hollow dirt-proof fitting on every chassis bearing. Your handy compressor *forces* fresh lubricant *entirely through* each bearing. It *forces out* all old gritty grease at the same time—*cleans* as it lubricates. There is no guesswork—nothing to go wrong.

If Alemite, or Alemite-Zerk, is on your car, use it—every 500 miles. That is why it is there—to save you repairs. Don't neglect *any* bearing. Replace lost or broken fittings as promptly as a flat tire.

You will save not only in repair bills, but also in lessened depreciation and wear and tear on other parts of your car—operating costs. Used car merchants tell us they allow from $100 to $150 more for a standard $1500 car that has always had this care.

If you want to know more about your car, write today for a copy of "Vital Spots," a free booklet that tells how to lubricate every car to save repairs. It's yours for a postcard.

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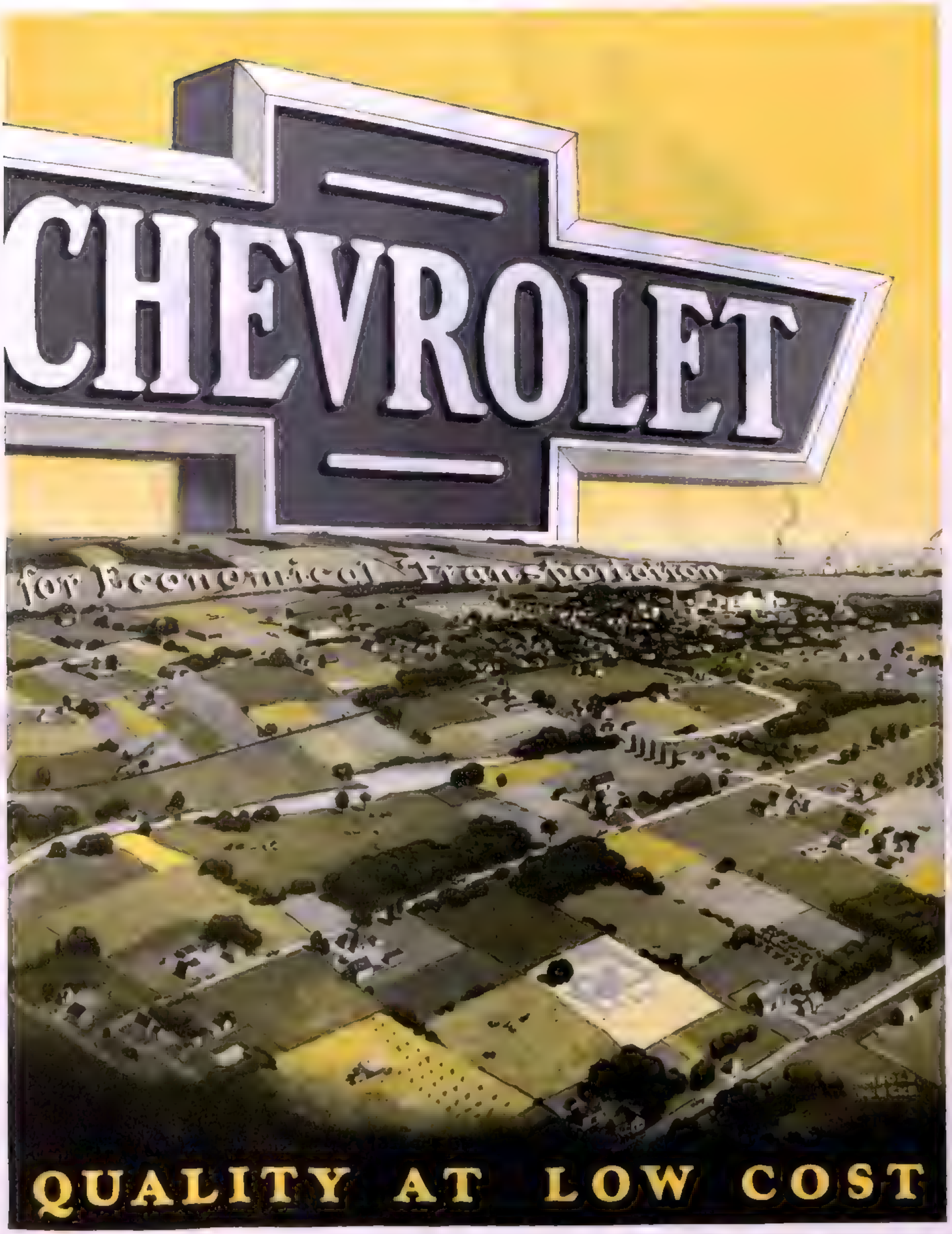
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The Lead in the Parker Duofold Pencil turns Both Ways!

Can't Clog, Can't Jam, Won't Snap Off in Your Pocket

The Easy Pencil to fill—Just slip a lead into the tip—(you need not remove the "insides")

STEP to the nearest Pencil counter—pick out the Grip that fits your hand and the color that charms your eye.

But make double-sure that this name "Parker" is stamped on the barrel. For the more mechanical brains a pencil maker puts into his product, the more work saved and the less time lost by the pencil user.

The Parker's balanced Hand-size Grip is easy to hold—an unbalanced pencil or one too small compels you to cramp your fingers, else it tends to elude your grasp.

The whole world learned this secret from the Parker Duofold Pen—that a balanced Hand-size Grip is the restful thing for writing. And this Pencil is the match and counterpart of that famous Parker Pen.

In the Parker Duofold Pencil the lead not only turns OUT for writing, but it also turns IN for carrying. Thus it cannot clog, cannot jam, and won't snap off in your pocket.

You don't have to take the insides out to refill it—you merely slip a new lead into the writing tip.

Put this brainy, industrious pencil to work in your own employ—you'll never be able to hire another worker like it for the money, nor one so handsome to carry.

Parker Duofold Pens to match the Pencils: Lady Duofold, $5; Duofold Jr., $5; Parker Duofold Over-size, $7

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Junior Over-size $3.00 Lady Duofold $3 Team-mate of Duofold Pens

The Easy Pencil to Fill. Slip in a new lead at the tip—no need to remove the insides.

(Continued from Page 42)

Overlook read these lines slowly, smiling once or twice as he read, a curious gentleness in his eyes. And when he was done he turned the page. There had been in this old Bible, he remembered, a record of the family; but at first he could not find it. He looked through the many preliminary pages; then cast forward to the end of the Old Testament and discovered there the Apocrypha and gave it a momentary examination before seeking further. So, at the end of the Apocrypha and before the New Testament began, he came upon that which he sought. Four pages, their borders scrolled with gilt, each decorated at the top with an engraving; blank lines below, where faded writing strayed. He read the line arched across the top of the first page:

THOSE WHOM GOD HATH JOINED TOGETHER LET NO MAN PUT ASUNDER.

And then, below:

CERTIFICATE

THIS CERTIFIES THAT
THE RITE OF
HOLY MATRIMONY
WAS CELEBRATED

between Walter Overlook, of Liberty, Maine,
and Lavinia Wentworth, of Palermo, Maine,
on September 9, 1856,
by Reverend Randall Tower.

WITNESS: { My father.
Lavinia's father and mother.

His grandfather must have filled out this certificate when he acquired the Bible, eighteen years after his marriage; for the minister's name was in the same hand as the other insertions, and there were no signatures of the witnesses.

Atop the next page stood the word "BIRTHS"; and below, a scroll of names:

"William Overlook, October 7, 1857."
"Walter Overlook, December 14, 1858."

This was his father, he remembered; and he felt a pulse quicken in his throat:

"Millie Overlook, March 3, 1860."
"Chester Overlook, May 2, 1861."
"Minnie Overlook, July 7, 1864."

These five names had been set down, he guessed, when the Bible came to the farm in 1874—brothers and sisters. Immediately below, and in a chirography into which there began to creep the tremor of age, there were other names:

"By Walter Overlook and Sarah May Overlook ——"

His own father and mother. He smiled faintly at the introductory word, and then felt an even keener quickening of his heart:

"Walter Overlook, August 2, 1891."

Himself! Another Walter Overlook, fourth or fifth of the name perhaps; an old name, brought thus devotedly out of the past for his use and his tending.

"Sarah Overlook, June 5, 1895."

His sister. His eyes lifted; he stared across the lamplit room. She died, he remembered, when she was a baby; he must have been very young, no more than five or six years old. Yet it seemed to him that he remembered, visually and definitely, the morning of the day she died. She died in the night; and in the morning he was in the room, with his father and mother, and her small body lay upon the great bed. He had no memory of tears or outward grief; but he remembered, somehow, hearing the phrase, "Her soul has flown away."

And abruptly, even in this moment, he saw that soul; saw it quite definitely as something small, in a little frame, with wings on either side. He had never had another sister or a brother; and he stood swimming in a sweet regret, yet amused, too, at his own youthful visualization of the thing called a soul—wondered whence that conception came.

On the opposite page, headed MARRIAGES, there were only two entries. The first related the marriage of his father and mother:

"Walter Overlook of Liberty and Sarah May of Palermo, May 3, 1888."

Sarah May. She had lived down the road a mile or two, in that house where he stopped for direction this afternoon. A small woman with thin hair and red cheeks, who sometimes coughed a good deal, and who would defend him when she could against his father's wrath; a woman always cheerful in a way that tore your heart.

"Millie Overlook married Howard Berry of Thomaston, June 11, 1892."

This was his aunt, his father's sister; she who had for a time after his mother died kept the house for them. Herself dead now, he knew; dead in these years since he left home. He tried to remember the date, to set it down here; made a mental note to search it out and put it in the record. She had no children; her husband had lived only a little while, left her alone in the world. A seafaring man. Overlook remembered her as an austere woman of whom he had always been resentfully afraid. It occurred to him now that she might have worn austerity to support her rigid self-control, to protect herself against the curious sympathy of the world.

He turned the page and came to the last of the four, and instantly his eye fixed upon a device at the top. An hourglass, winged! And he laughed in a startled way, without mirth, staring at the engraving, for it was the very presentment of his sister's soul as he had always imagined it in his memories. The discovery evoked in his thoughts another picture—a picture of himself, a little boy of five or six or so, watching while his grandfather set here the record of his sister's death. A little boy on tiptoe beside an old man shrouded in a shawl.

"I must have seen it then," he told himself. "And I'd heard her soul had flown away—and it had wings to fly."

He studied the engraving for a moment; then his eyes touched the word "DEATHS" below, and so turned to the entries on the page. Names, and dates curiously summary and overpowering in their finality, and a word or two of explanation after some of them:

"William Overlook, January 2, 1859, with cough."

William. He looked back. That would be his father's elder brother. He made a momentary calculation. Two years old.

"Minnie Overlook, July 8, 1864. She had blue eys."

Minnie. Born on the seventh of July. Lived but a single day. "She had blue eys." He found a curious poignancy in that misspelled word; it was the first he had remarked in all the record there. "She had blue eys," and she lived a single day.

"Lavinia Overlook, July 11, 1864."

No comment there. His grandmother, three days after this baby who "had blue eys" and scarce opened them upon the world before they closed, to reveal their blue no more.

"Chester Overlook, July 3, 1867. Of stomach."

Six years old then. "Of stomach." He thought ruefully that a baby must have stout and enduring inner workings to endure farm fare and thrive thereon.

"Mary Overlook, January 14, 1879, aged 55."

This entry at first puzzled him; he located this Mary at last in that note on the blank page in the front of the Bible. His grandfather's sister. The date made him realize that this was the first event after the acquisition of the Bible itself; that these other deaths had been set down from memory. An old man with a shawl across his shoulders, and a quavering pen. Overlook shook his head.

"But he probably didn't wear a shawl in 1879," he reminded himself. "And his handwriting was firm enough then."

"Sarah Overlook, August 3, 1895."

His sister; her soul like a winged hourglass, flying away into the immensities. "August 3." Two months old.

"Pretty tough on children, the farm was," he thought, "in those days."

"Sarah May Overlook, December 2, 1900."

His mother. He was nine years old; yet clearly enough he remembered her, could see her now. His eyes lifted from the page, looking straight ahead of him, and it was some minutes before they returned to the book again.

The next entry, he saw at once, was in a different hand from those that had gone before—in his father's hand. And when he read the entry he understood:

"Walter Overlook, born June 16, 1826, died February 13, 1901."

He had a curious difficulty in imagining his father setting this entry here; he remembered his father as a bluff, bold man, full-blooded and matter-of-fact and hard. This was out of character; yet the line stood unmistakable. The last line in the record! And he considered this, and he who read perceived that the scroll was incomplete. He took the lamp and went gravely to his bedroom and returned with his fountain pen; and in the still parlor, under the glowing lamp, he wrote his father's death:

"Walter Overlook, born December 14, 1858; died June 22, 1911."

He stood a moment more, eyes thoughtful, considering; and then he added:

"This entry made by Walter Overlook, the fourth, born August 2, 1891. I know no other descendant of the original Walter Overlook who is still alive. I am the last of the line."

He had set this down with a curious decision, with something like a sense of its dramatic value; but when he put the pen aside and stood erect once more he was momentarily uncomfortable, as though he felt all about him there in the room ancient presences who looked on him with disapproving eyes.

"And likely to be the last," he said aloud, almost defiantly. "Likely to be the last of the line."

His sense that someone watched him was so strong that he glanced to right and left; but he was alone. Only the ancient record in the Bible looked up at him from the table there. He turned the page to hide it from his view, to hide himself from its accusing scrutiny.

"I'm not likely to marry," he said again, idly turning the leaves. And his thoughts drifted; he remembered, curiously, June's eyes. Eyes clear and steady and wearing none of the marks of a corroding life.

"Pot's wife," he thought. "Potiphar's wife." And he thought of that other Potiphar's wife and her vague disrepute, and became curious about it and went searching in the Book before him. At first he was at a loss; but the name Joseph came into his mind and he turned backward toward the beginning. Saw here and there "Moses" and "Moses," and doubted his own memory, and cast about, till at last a line sprang distinct before his eyes:

"And Joseph died, and all his brethren."

He felt himself on surer ground and searched more diligently, and so found at last the passage. He was curious to know the name of this wife of another Potiphar, and he discovered that she was nameless.

"A certain justice in that," he thought; and found his attention caught by the drama of the tale that there was told; and he drew a chair and sat down by the table and read on, skipping here and there, retracing his steps, casting ahead.

After a time he began to perceive, looming behind the flowing and sonorous words, a great man; a liberator, a deliverer. The tremendous story of a man who found a savage tribe enslaved by cruel masters, who organized them in revolt, and led them to precarious freedom; who thereafter with a fine wisdom and sagacity, playing upon their weaknesses and strengthening their strength, instilled in them an undying racial consciousness, invulnerable and eternal, fit to withstand the utmost buffets of the world.

He read for hours—and laid the Book aside at last with one line singing in his ears: "A driven leaf shall chase them." He left the Book and moved slowly to the room where he would sleep, his thoughts searching again the panorama of great events which he had viewed.

He had not been a man given to thoughts of the past; his glance had cast forward ever, considering the morrow, the immediate future and what he might gain therein. But he found himself thinking tonight of the past; his own roots, spread before his eyes in that ancient family record he had read, and the remoter past set down in the Book itself.

A man who looks into the far past is apt to begin to consider the far future, too, to ask himself what his own part therein shall be.

When he was abed at last, the light extinguished, he could hear the night outside his windows. Up in the orchard there was a stir among the trees; he heard branches shake, and apples fall.

"Deer feeding there," he thought drowsily, and smiled as he listened to their voracious industry. And once something trotted past the house, light footfalls in the dew. A fox or a cat or some small creature moving unafraid. He leaned on his elbow to look out where the moonlight now lay like hoarfrost on the grass; and after a little he lay down again and slept as he had slept in this same bed when he was a boy, dreamless and serene.

IX

HE HAD been late in going to bed; and he was a man who was accustomed, in his own place, to sleep late when the occasion served. But Overlook woke that morning at the first gray of dawn against his windows; and he lay a moment, still half sleeping, half expecting his father's call to arise and attack the chores. When fuller wakefulness came to him he remembered where he was and knew that his father would not call; but he was in no mood to sleep again. So, as he had done when he was a boy here, he woke before day and rose before sunrise. The matter of a bath confronted him; in dressing gown and slippers, he went to the shed and tried to decide whether the tub hanging on the studding there would hold water for a sufficient length of time to serve his purposes; discarded the idea, and instead put on his shoes and went along the road to the stream and bathed there in the pool below the bridge, in the water, icy and clear.

It left him tingling, and he raced back to the house; and the rising sun, just lifting above the ridge, caught him as he ran. A little later, dressed, he built a fire in the stove. At first it smoked; but after a little the flue, warmed, began to draw; and he heated water and shaved while his coffee boiled, and cooked his breakfast and ate it gustily; and afterward he washed the dishes he had used in scalding water, using the soap from his toilet case, wiping them with a cloth he found in one of the pantry drawers.

He took keen pleasure in this task, discovered a satisfaction in his own efficiency. "Not so useless as I look," he told himself with a chuckle, and spread the dishcloth on the grass outside the door to dry. And when he looked up he saw June coming toward him there, coming along the sandy road.

She came with the sun at her back, tall and strong and fine; and her head was bare to the sun's caress, and the little girl held her hand and trudged bravely at her side, so that her coming was slow. Overlook stood waiting, looking at her, curiously discomposed. She left the road and lifted the child in her arms so that the dew might not wet its shoes; and he had a momentary thought that the sunlight, in her hair,

(Continued on Page 49

57 YEARS OF THE 57

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(Continued from Page 47)

made it like an aureole. Then she was near him, looking at him, and he took refuge in the commonplace.

"Good morning, June," he said.

She nodded, glancing at the cloth on the grass. "I thought I'd come over and cook your breakfast," she explained. "I never looked for you to be up."

He laughed. "I've been about for hours."

She spoke in a murmur to the little girl, then to him again. "I've heard tell that a man that's used to noise at night can't sleep where it's still."

"Noise!" he smiled. "Why, the stillness here is a lot noisier than the noise in the city! There was something in the orchard last night, and something went past my window once or twice. And the day came up shouting, over the ridge."

Her eyes met his; and he felt, uncomfortably, that she must think him a fool to talk so; to speak of a day that was just like every other day in such exuberant terms. So her word surprised him.

"More like it was laughing, like a little girl," she suggested.

He was led a step toward her, surprised into stammering. "A great morning, isn't it?" he agreed.

"You've had your breakfast, I guess."

"And washed the dishes, too," he assured her. "I've kept house for myself before, you know. Father and I were bachelors here for a good many years. It's—amusing to get back to it now." He watched her, puzzled, wondering.

"You have a good night?" she asked.

He smiled. "Yes," he said; "yes. But not as you think. I slept very little." He pointed toward the porch, where the sun lay pleasantly. "Sit down," he urged. "You're mighty good to come."

She sat down quietly where he suggested, holding the baby in her arms. It hid its face from him, and she said, "Don't pay any heed to her. You have to let children come to you. It's knowing the way with them."

He nodded. "I came home from your house," he explained, "and looked around here a while. And I found my grandfather's old family Bible, with the names of all his children in it, and my father and mother, and my sister's name, and my own. And then I got to reading it." He laughed. "I don't believe I've read a line in the Bible since I went to New York." She did not speak for a moment, and he told himself she was thinking that in New York no one read the Bible. "Any city means a sink of corruption to her," he thought amusedly.

But when she did speak, it was to say, "I guess you could have read it there if you'd been a mind. I guess folks do, there, much as anywhere else."

He looked at her, his faint surprise in his eyes, and she met his glance with a quiet and assured serenity. After a moment he spoke again.

"I read about Moses," he explained. "Read the whole story through. You know, that's a wonderful tale—for a man to take a tribe of slaves and drill something into them that has never died."

"Like a man with his children," she said gently; and he was struck by her tone and by her word, and looked at her for a moment in silence, wondering.

"It was pride, in him," he suggested at last—"high, racial pride. Remember when he killed an Egyptian who was getting the better of one of the Hebrews? Pride, and a fierce loyalty. He was a pretty humble man himself, but he was mighty proud of them."

"It was knowing about the old men that had been before him," she commented surely. "And knowing what he wanted for the ones that would come after. He could look a long ways."

"He pounded something into them," he agreed. "It's still there; they've never got rid of it. It's him, in them."

The little girl, attracted by the earnestness in his voice, looked at him with wide eyes; and he saw this look and smiled in his friendliest way. But at his smile she hid her face again, and June gathered her close and rose. She stood a moment longer, looking down at Overlook; and he said quickly, "Don't go—unless you must."

"Pot's getting your car out of the road," she explained, "case somebody comes along."

He stood up. "Of course; I'll go help him. Fine! I'll walk along with you."

She made no protest, and they set out toward the bridge; and in the sandy road she let the child walk on her other side, herself between it and Overlook. He spoke once or twice, but found her silent; and he looked at her now and then, and once met her eyes. And when they came to the bridge he said, "You know, it's a wonderful experience, coming back here so. I'm going to come again."

"You say so now," she said unemotionally. "But a man that goes away don't come back here."

"Have you ever been away?" he asked, and she shook her head. "Don't you want to go?"

"I live here," she explained; and he saw in her eyes something like a smile, like a smiling appeal for understanding from him, as though she knew she had failed to express that which was her thought.

"It's pretty quiet—lonely," he suggested doubtfully.

"I can hear the brook running," she told him. "It's always open, some places, even in winter. I guess it's always been the same." She seemed, he saw, to cling to the enduring things.

They were come to the wheel tracks that led into the farmyard, and she turned aside. "Pot's up the road," she explained; and he felt himself dismissed and stood watching her move away toward the house, his eyes thoughtful, puzzling over her. There were, he felt, strange depths in her; a quiet, sure philosophy.

"Yet she—she's not a fool," he thought doubtfully. "And she can't be contented here—with Pot."

He had a moment's bitterness toward Pot; but it passed, and he went on up the road and found the man somewhat at a loss, making little progress. The horse, with traces and chain attached, stood patiently. Overlook greeted Pot, entered with him into the problem that confronted them; and at length they hitched the horse to the rear end and dragged the car down the steep pitch, Overlook at the wheel, controlling it with the brakes, steering awkwardly. At the first opportunity they swung it across the road and maneuvered it about till it was headed down the hill again; and then Pot towed it ingloriously to the bridge and through the sand to Overlook's farm. They opened the barn there and made a place for the car on the barn floor and hauled it in. Here it would be sheltered till repairs could be arranged.

Pot said there might be someone in East Harbor who could fix the car. "Or it ain't much further to Augusta," he conceded. But he confessed that he had no telephone, and Overlook decided to walk up the ridge road to the Corner and telephone from there.

"I'll want to get some things, anyway," he explained. "No need of borrowing from you."

"I can carry you up if you want," Pot suggested doubtfully; but Overlook shook his head, laughing a little.

"I've walked it before," he reminded the farmer. "We've walked it more than once, Pot, you and I."

Pot grinned faintly. "All right, if you're a mind to," he agreed, and clucked to his horse, turned the creature toward the road.

"Much obliged for your time, Pot," Overlook called after him. He thought of payment, had the wit to hold back the word. The other accepted his thanks with a nod and disappeared toward the bridge, walking beside his shambling horse, the chain dragging in the sand behind. Overlook, watching his stooped and toil-racked figure, thought again, "Yet she married him, after all." His thoughts were full of her.

There was nothing to prevent his starting at once for the Corner; but he made a further examination of the car so that he might be prepared to specify its needs. So at last he set out. The morning sang about him; the chubs in the brook were feeding on the surface when he crossed the bridge, and he saw a goodly trout lying under the roots of the old gray birch. When he passed Pot's farm Pot was in the yard at some chore, and the little girl played about the place, chaperoned by the grave old dog. Then trees hid the house from his sight, and he began to climb. The way was steep and steeper; but Overlook, as a matter of efficient living, had kept himself in easy condition and the climb did not distress him. He walked swiftly, falling unconsciously into the quick, clipped step which a rocky road requires of the pedestrian, striding from bowlder to bowlder, moving gingerly upon the slippery clay between. The road was in shade, cloaked by trees, somewhat under the brow of the ridge for a while; but he came to the top at last and emerged between open meadows, with the sun in his face, and saw the Haradeen house on the left hand of the road ahead.

He had a sudden curiosity to know whether Jim Haradeen still lived here; but when he came to the place he saw that it was shuttered, the grass grown tall in the yard, and he went on a little sadly. June's father must be dead then; not even May left here. He wondered whom May had married, where she had gone to live. Some stout farmer in the village beyond the Corner perhaps. The road slanted to the south along the shoulder of the high ground, and now began to descend; and he saw the church, the store, the two or three houses which constituted the Corner, and the very school where he had come twenty years and more ago. Closed now, the yard grown with grass between its trodden spaces. This was vacation time.

He saw a woman at a kitchen window watching him, and smiled. "I'll bet she's buzzing with curiosity," he told himself. "Chances are they don't often see a stranger here." He tried to remember who had lived in this house, and could not; but the next beyond had been Hepperton's, just this side the store. And the house was, he saw, well cared for and in order, the paint fresh, the shed half full of wood. On impulse, he turned aside and went into the yard and around to the kitchen door.

The woman who opened to him had about her a certain vague familiarity which he could not define. He asked pleasantly, "Isn't this the Hepperton place?"

She wiped her hands on her apron. "Yes, it is," she said in a noncommittal tone.

"Does Will Hepperton live here, I wonder?"

"Yes, he does," she replied.

He smiled gently. "My name's Overlook," he explained—"Walter Overlook. I was born down over the ridge, and I used to know Will pretty well. Is he around now?"

She looked at him attentively but made no comment upon the disclosure of his identity. Nevertheless, it seemed to move her, for she said at last, "He's up in the back field, if you want to go up there."

He looked doubtful. "I don't know just where it is."

"Go up through the pasture," she explained, "along the wall. You'll see him when you come to the top of the hill."

He smiled. "Thank you," he told her. "That's fine. I will." He had stood with bared head while he spoke to her; replaced his hat now as he turned away and started toward the cow lane beyond the barn. At the corner of the barn he looked back and saw her still standing there, watching him; and he smiled inwardly, yet with a swift sympathy too.

There was a plank fence along the lane; and when he climbed that, a black-and-white setter on a chain under an apple tree barked at him. He spoke soothingly to the dog, pausing for a moment till its tail began to wag. Will's father, he remembered, had used to train bird dogs. Will, perhaps, had the same gift still. He followed the wall as

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Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next week)

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the woman had directed and found it swung back up the hill down which he had come. And when he came to the top and climbed out of the pasture he saw a man cutting brush in a wide swath through the little alder run below, to let the sunshine in and let the grass grow for pasturage. The man was a dozen rods away and Overlook went toward him slowly, unseen till he was near the other. Then he who worked heard or felt Overlook's presence, and paused and raised his head; and Overlook knew him, and said quickly, "Will Hepperton!"

The other hesitated, then nodded slowly. "Yes."

"Know me, don't you?" Overlook demanded.

Hepperton considered for a space. "You have the look of Walter Overlook," he said cautiously.

Overlook laughed. "That's who it is, Will," he assured the other, and was astonished to discover a halting in his voice, an uncertainty in his tone. He strode forward, held out his hand; and Hepperton looked at his own hand uncertainly and wiped it on his overalls before extending it.

"Your wife told me you were up here," Overlook explained. He had been full of eagerness to see this old friend of his, but he was curiously uncertain now what to do or say.

Hepperton nodded. "When'd you get here?" he asked.

"Drove over from Augusta yesterday," Overlook told him. "I'm on my way fishing; but I came over to have a look at the old place, see some of my old friends."

Hepperton looked doubtfully about him. "Been away quite a spell, ain't you?" he commented carefully.

"Fifteen years," Overlook confessed. "But things have changed mighty little, Will. A few farms abandoned, that's all."

"Yes, they're going; getting out of here."

"You've got the best farm in town," Overlook told him heartily.

"Just about get along," Hepperton agreed. "Taxes eat you up unless a man gets some road work to do."

Overlook laughed, as though at his own thoughts. "Will, you know the first person I saw that I knew was June Haradeen."

"Down at Pot's?" Will conjectured.

"Yes." And he challenged the other: "You remember the day you and Pot and I chased her, when she was a little kid, and kissed her?"

Hepperton considered this, shook his head. "Don't recollect," he confessed.

"I was thinking of that last night," Overlook explained. He was trying desperately to make conversation, to win this silent man into a more genial mood, break down the barrier between them; that which he said now he said with no other purpose than this, to raise up again a bond out of the past. "I was thinking of that last night," he declared, "and how mad she was."

"Was she?" Hepperton commented. "I'd clean forgot."

"But she married Pot after all," Overlook concluded, half to himself, his eyes clouding. And because he was not looking at Hepperton he did not see the change in the other's bearing, the faint interest, the quickening eye, till Hepperton said slowly, "Why—no, she didn't."

Overlook swung back to him then, swift and keen: "What?"

"No, it was May that married Pot," Hepperton told him.

"June's down there!" Overlook urged.

"Well, May married him," Hepperton explained. "And right after, old Jim died and they sold the farm, so June she went down there so's to be near May when her baby come."

"But she's living with Pot now!" Overlook cried in impatient insistence. "She's living with Pot now!"

Hepperton nodded. "May died after her second baby come," he explained. "Last September it was, or October. And June's been a-taking care of the young ones."

Overlook stood very still, fighting for self-control, revising his world; and when he spoke again it was in the most casual of tones.

"Oh, I see," he agreed. "I didn't ask, of course; just took it for granted. . . . May died?"

So they drifted into reminiscence and Hepperton told the accumulated news of the town. The fact that he had been able to surprise Overlook in this matter of June seemed to inspire him; he talked on and on, enjoying the other's interested questions. And Overlook listened long, prompting the man, content that the other should forget the barrier between them. But he began at length to be impatient to be gone, and eventually he left Hepperton there in the alder run and struck back along the shoulder of the hill toward the road by which he had come.

He went in haste, as though there were need for it, as though time would not wait for him. And not till he came to the point where the road entered the wood and dipped down the ridge toward the river did he pause.

There, however, he slacked his pace and at last stood still; and he fought for a little against a curious desire to turn and run away, to hurry back to the Corner and telephone Jenks of the mishap to the car and hire another machine to take him to Augusta. There was danger here—down this steep and rocky way among the cool green of the trees, with June waiting in the valley below. Much better for him if he did not go down the hill at all, if he telephoned Jenks and went fishing instead.

But after a little he came to a decision, laughed and flung his head and turned down the road. The trees closed about him so that he walked a while in shadow; but after a while he began to see, through the interstices between their leaves, the broad and sun-drenched valley, peaceful and serene below, and he went more swiftly down.

He had completely forgotten to telephone for repair men to come to mend his car; had even forgotten his intent to buy groceries at the Corner store. Such haste was his to come back to the valley where was June—who had not married Pot Riddle after all.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 24)

get him to promise a bill to make it hot for depraved dog biters."

The city editor paused and then turned to the staff artist. "Loored, give us a sizzling picture of the assault. You know—man springing like a tiger, teeth bared, upon poor inoffensive Rover. Cave-man stuff. And, Miss Whiffle, you go to the library and work up a snappy story on the Igorrotes and other dog-eating tribes, and find out if there's any record of a similar dog-biting case among the Egyptians or Sumerians or Romans or other old boys. Look up any other modern cases too."

His staff was now busy. The city editor muttered to himself: "Now to see the chief and give him the dope for an editorial! Then I'll beat it down there and sew up the wife, or the sweetheart, or both, for the exclusive serial stories of their lives with the dog biter. And I guess nobody can say I don't know news value when I see it!"

—Gorton Carruth.

Back to Nature

"HOWDY, farmer," said the road-stained tourist, as he stopped his car by the old oaken bucket and prepared to quench his thirst. "How's the price of wheat and oats?"

"Well," said Ezekiel Perkins, depositing his head phones on a table and coming down from the porch, "the situation is more or less mixed. December wheat closed weak today on the Chicago Board of Trade at 5½ to 6, due to large shipments from Argentine, but the car-lot market was strong on account of Japan buying a lot of flour this morning. Oats had a little rally about 11 o'clock and then eased off."

"Crops look pretty fair this year?"

"Can't say that they do. Minnesota and North Dakota had some good showers last night which weren't needed, while it was still hotter than blue blazes in Canada this morning. A batch of unfavorable harvesting returns came out of Kansas about noon. The Russian crop was officially pronounced a failure about an hour ago, and there was a report at 8:30 that India was importing wheat. It looks like a shortage to me."

"Nice weather we're having."

"Nice for some folks, maybe; but corn in Iowa is scorching and there's not a chance for rain before Monday. At the same time it's raining in Indiana and Illinois, and goodness knows they don't want it there."

"Business pretty good these days?"

"Nothing to brag about. On the New York Stock Exchange prices again averaged lower today, and the figures on freight loadings showed another decline this morning. That wouldn't be so bad, however, but Trickson's index of wholesale prices has just recorded a further decrease in farm commodities and an advance in manufactured articles."

"Any interest in politics out this way?"

"Oh, so-so. The Consolidated Wheat Growers drafted a little farm-relief bill in Washington this morning, which they think will be quite an issue, but I don't have much confidence in it. There was a new French cabinet at 9 o'clock and another at 10:15, and at noon a big demonstration occurred in Rome which may or may not have meant something. The last straw vote on liquor was completed at 11:30, resulting in a draw."

"Say," asked the tourist, taking a last draught, "do you happen to know what the Giants did today?"

"Mister," replied the farmer apologetically, "you've got me there. About 4:30 I had to do some chores and left the game in the seventh inning, when it was 2 to 2. To save my life I couldn't tell you who won it."

—David B. Park.

DRAWN BY FRANK RYDER

Mother: "Remember, Darling, When the Minister Comes to Visit Us Today You Must Act Like a Lady"

"Must I Also Smoke Cigarettes, Mother?"

Why drive a shabby car ?

For a quick finish Nitro-Valspar!

NITRO-Valspar makes rapid "finishing" possible. One-half to one-quarter the time formerly required for a good repainting job and much longer life! That's what modern research methods and Valentine's century of experience in making fine vehicle finishes have accomplished for the motorists of today.

On account of its extremely rapid drying qualities, Nitro-Valspar is applied by professional Automobile Painters, with the modern "spray gun" equipment. Every coat is a fast-drying nitrocellulose lacquer and therefore the whole job may be completed in remarkably short time.

A Nitro-Valspar finish is easy to keep clean. It sheds dirt, can be washed without danger of scratching and is immune to mud, grit, tar, grease, soap or gasoline, which play havoc with the usual finish. Nitro-Valspar does not grow dull, chalk off or chip.

Nitro-Valspar dries with a beautiful satin sheen. This dull finish is now very popular and has amazing durability. The surface is so smooth that polishing readily produces a high gloss if desired.

Greater depth and lustre can be obtained by adding two coats of Valentine's Super-Finishing Varnish—for Nitro-Valspar (unlike most lacquers) "takes" and "*holds*" varnish finishing coats. This combination of Valentine's Varnish Finish over Nitro-Valspar undercoats is so beautiful and durable that it is chosen by custom body builders for the finest show cars.

Write us for name of nearest Auto Painter who is equipped to refinish your car with Nitro-Valspar.

VALENTINE & COMPANY

Largest Manufacturers of High-Grade Varnishes in the World—Established 1832

New York Chicago Boston Detroit W. P. Fuller & Co., Pacific Coast

NITRO-VALSPAR

The Valentine Nitrocellulose Lacquer

If you could see inside your manifold—

Wet or Dry?

If you could look into your manifold through a microscope you would see something that petroleum engineers have long tried to overcome—the wet, imperfect vaporization of the average gasoline and the countless microscopic drops of liquid carried along in the mixture.

It is the cause of reduced mileage, drugged cylinders, sluggish motor action and fouled plugs.

The *new* and *better* Texaco forms a *dry gas* at a temperature much lower than others. It has a lower boiling point and end point—better throughout the whole distillation range. It vaporizes where other gasolines only atomize.

It is a pure, clean, highly refined gasoline, with exceptional volatility and exceptional anti-knock qualities. It contains no poisons or chemicals. It needs none.

A NEW *and* BETTER TEXACO GASOLINE

WHAT IT DOES

It gives a quick start

—because of its low boiling point and high percentage of volatile fractions. It vaporizes quickly in a cold engine.

It gives more miles per gallon

—because it works best on a leaner mixture—more air; less gas. This insures fuel economy that shows itself in miles per gallon.

It gives a quick pick-up

—because of its higher volatility and low end point. It forms a dry gas in the manifold which feeds evenly to the cylinders and avoids flooding.

It gives relief from engine knock

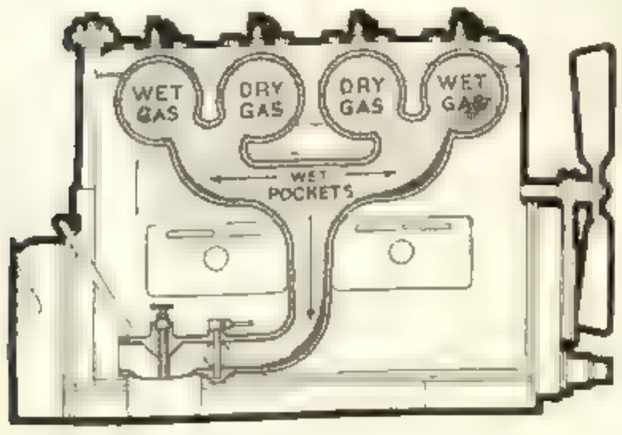
—because it has anti-knock qualities and smooth combustion characteristics tempered to engine needs.

It gives better lubrication

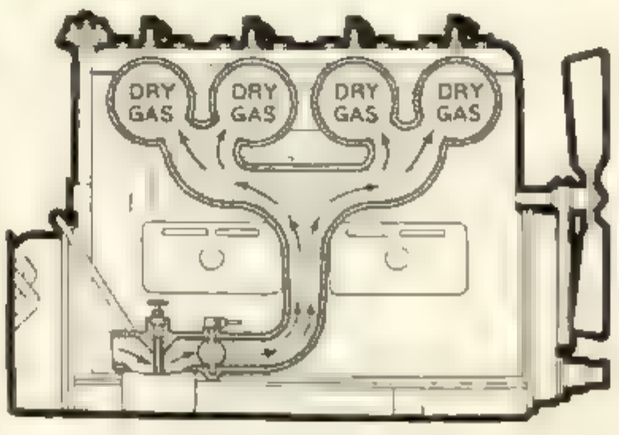
—because it leaves no heavy ends. The *new* Texaco Gasoline forms a *dry gas* which burns completely. It does not flood the cylinders, and this means less crankcase dilution—hence better lubrication.

IT FORMS A DRY GAS INSTEAD OF A WET GAS

Observe how the liquid drops of the average gasoline separate from the mixture at every manifold bend. Note the unequal distribution in the cylinders.



Because of its complete vaporization, the *new* Texaco forms a dry gas in the manifold which provides an even flow of fuel and power to every cylinder.



THE TEXAS COMPANY, U. S. A., *Texaco Petroleum Products*

The Texas Company, always active in the development of high grade petroleum products, was also the first to provide a better motor oil, the clean, clear, golden Texaco Motor Oil, free from the dark impurities that produce carbon.

DENIED the most precious thing in life —*and needlessly!*

THEY were such glad, such blissful days—those days of early married life. And of course it seemed it would always be like that—always new things to do, new interests to keep her youthful and happy.

The mockery of it! Today, just an endless round of treadmill tasks—cooking, cleaning, washing. Only "my duty," she tells herself. But what a mistake! For she is depriving her husband of a comradeship rightfully his, her children of needed guidance and companionship. She is neglecting herself, too, losing the bloom of youth, getting a drab outlook on life.

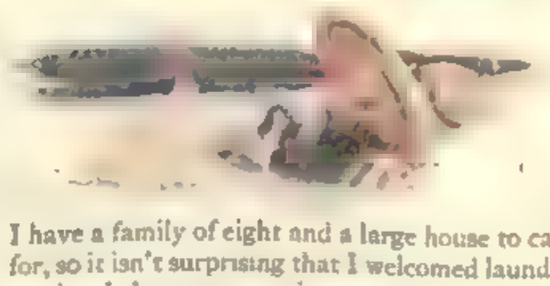
And all so needlessly! For there are countless ways in which today's housewife can save time from routine tasks for more important, more enjoyable duties. Take the modern laundry. In many homes it has meant a complete re-ordering of life, with a tremendous saving in time and labor. The letters at the right reveal just a few of the glad possibilities when the laundry routs the age-old, dreaded washday from the home. A whole day or more, every week in the year—saved! A saving in good temper and good health, too.

Now, while you're thinking of it, phone a modern laundry in your city and learn how reasonably you can secure this saving washday service. Then try it!

To these women, "washday" now means a day for *living*—

In the hours that formerly I spent in overseeing the laundry work, I am now free for other, pleasanter duties. I have time to visit, to read—time for charitable work. And I'm glad that I have time for these things, and thankful that the laundry is helping me so that I can help others.

Mrs. Ella Heitzman, Scranton, Pa.



I have a family of eight and a large house to care for, so it isn't surprising that I welcomed laundry service. It has given me time to go up to our summer place for long play days with my children—time to entertain their friends for them, and to keep them happy in the home.

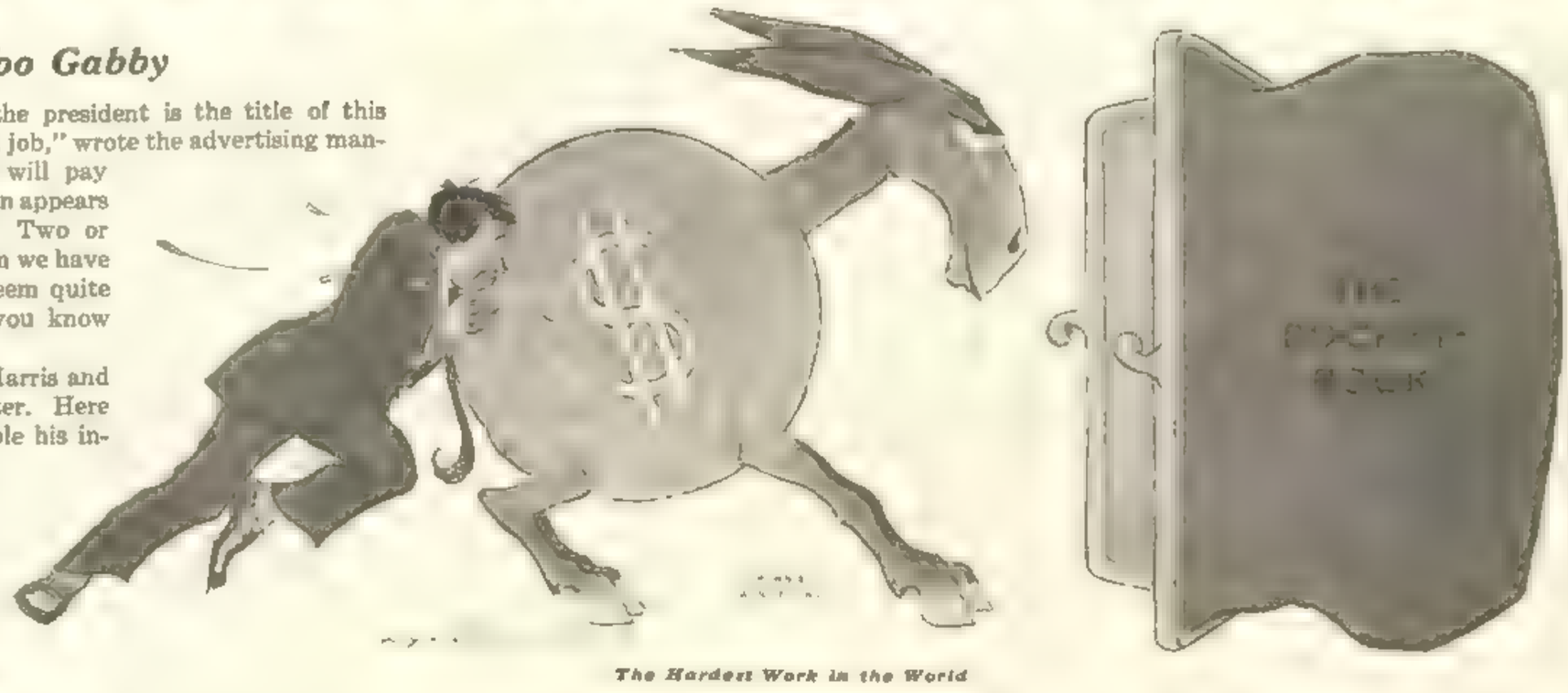
Mrs. N. O. Tiffany, Buffalo, N. Y.

Now that I have taken advantage of laundry service, I am using the time formerly spent with the washing in helping my husband in his business—surely a more pleasant task than laundry work. But better still, I'm able to command an independent income for myself.

Mrs. M. S. Wollschlager, Meriden, Conn.

Published in the interest of the public and on behalf of the Laundry Industry by The American Laundry Machinery Company, Executive Offices, Cincinnati, Ohio

GETTING ON IN THE WORLD



The Hardest Work in the World

Too Gabby

ASSISTANT to the president is the title of this newly created job," wrote the advertising manager. "We will pay whatever the right man appears to us to be worth. Two or three $7500 men whom we have interviewed didn't seem quite to measure up. If you know anybody ——"

So I sent for Jim Harris and showed him the letter. Here was a chance to double his income and pave the way for a big future with a rich and growing machinery corporation.

"That's fine of you," he exclaimed. "I was talking the other day to Charley Dunlap. You remember he started with one restaurant and now he has a string of seven. 'Charley,' I said, 'serving good coffee is one secret of success in popular-priced eating places. There was a fellow in Albuquerque ——"

"But, Jim, what has that to do with this job?" I interrupted.

"Oh, nothing, only I just thought of it. There was a fellow in Albuquerque running a café near the Santa Fe depot and he served the best coffee you ever drank. Tourists who knew the line used to get off there while the train was waiting, just to enjoy it. One day a beautifully dressed young lady came in with her father—anyway, he seemed to be her father—and after she had finished her second cup she ——"

All of us have our off days. "Come back at two o'clock on Wednesday," I suggested.

Jim and Mr. Hughes, the company's representative, had a long chat in my office. Mr. Hughes questioned him as to his past connections, his experience, his accomplishments. Jim answered promptly, concisely, frankly. Mr. Hughes wasn't smoking, as he usually does when he is in a contented frame of mind, but I felt that my candidate was acquitting himself favorably.

Then the employer got down to details. "This is a very important position," he explained, "and you'll pardon me if I go into matters thoroughly. Do you own your home?" he asked. "How much life insurance do you carry? What kind? How many children? How much do you save? What investments?" Jim kept snapping the answers back as fast as questions were put. Finally the cigar came out, and as the executive held it between his lips and a match in his hand, I was elated. Jim is one of those chaps whom everybody likes to do things for, and I was glad to think he had landed this place with all its rich opportunities. Then Mr. Hughes continued: "The man we want must be able to meet our biggest customers on common ground. He must win their confidence, point out their errors tactfully, get them to revise their selling plans where necessary, and keep them on their toes three hundred and sixty-five days a year so far as our line is concerned. Do you feel you can do that?"

"Oh, certainly," Jim assured him in the deep tones of conviction. Mr. Hughes lit the cigar and settled himself to listen. The first satisfying puffs were curling about his head in aromatic lazy whorls. Our stage was all set. And then Jim said: "I remember a customer I called to see once in Chattanooga. He lived up on Signal Mountain, and it took forty-five minutes to get up there by trolley. The view from the mountainside as we wound up toward the top was beautiful. The city lay in a valley between me and Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge. Down along the side of it runs the river, and right opposite the town Williams Island splits it like the ace of diamonds. The island's as flat as a sidewalk, and it was checkered up into fields as even and regular as a painting. Away down below us the river flowed between Signal and Raccoon mountains."

The hemisphere of red on the end of the cigar grayed itself over with a film of ash.

"Well, sir," Jim rambled on, "when I got to the top they told me my man had just left for the city, so I didn't know what to do. I couldn't reach him by telephone, and if I went to town I might miss him again. There was a fellow on the porch of the inn and he told me the greatest hard-luck story I ever heard in my life. It seems he had married three years before and—are you in a hurry?"

Mr. Hughes put up his watch. "I have to catch the 3:18," he explained as he rose and extended his hand. "I have some other people to see before I can come to a decision. I'm glad we had this talk—very glad." Then he threw away his cigar. Jim's light had gone out.

I know well the president of the largest bank in an important Southern city. So shrewd is he that during the scrip-money panic of 1907, when he was but twenty-eight, he was unanimously elected to head the local clearing-house association.

He said to me once, "The line of credit that I extend to a man is influenced by his conversation. You know I'm a good listener. I learn more by hearing opinions than by expressing them. When a merchant habitually confines his remarks to the subject under discussion I feel that he has the ability to concentrate his entire mind on any matter he may consider. I conclude that when he wrestles with the many problems that come up in any business he has the power to summon all his mental resources to conquer them. Men like that are pretty apt to succeed.

"But when a borrower shows a tendency to wander in his talk, letting any chance remark direct him from his current of thought, he makes me feel that he is not so firm of purpose as he ought to be. More or less unconsciously I compare him in this respect with his competitors. The psychological butterfly who flits from blossom to blossom will never gather so much nectar as the constant bee that stays with a flower until he has drained it dry.

"Lending money is a serious business, especially when the funds you're handling belong to other people. I've always felt that the moral security behind a loan—the man himself—is better than tangible assets. The man with a big stock of goods can fail much easier than the man with a big stock of brains. And I don't know any better quick test of a man's brain power than his ability to aim his conversation at a certain target and to keep it pointed there until he scores a bull's-eye."

—Ed Wolff.

A Dozen Jobs a Year

WHEN you first meet Charles Hammett you say to yourself, "Here's a man of real driving force and personality, a man who is going to make a great name in the world of business." To hear him make a decision, even one of trivial consequence, is to be impressed with the cool, judicial poise of his mind. To listen to one of his talks, be it to a group of employes or to fellow business men, is to be charmed, persuaded even, in spite of oneself. In fact, every one of those natural gifts which you have long desired for yourself, he seems to possess in flawless perfection.

It must, therefore, seem paradoxical when I say that Hammett since he was eighteen—he is forty-two now—has held forty three or four jobs—almost one every six months. He is never discharged. The cause for his almost kaleidoscopic changes in employment lies within himself. He is continually obsessed with the idea that he is going to make a great deal of money; for him riches are just a few months away. He enters a business with tremendous enthusiasm, labors with huge energy, and just about the time things are beginning to move in favorable fashion he makes up his mind that the shoe trade, or ship chandlery, or dill-pickle bottling, whatever it happens to be, is not a breeder of millionaires. Presto! His will-to-do leaves him like the air from a pricked balloon, and he begins looking around for something that can again raise his enthusiasm to the heavens.

Right now he is the president of a small cleaning powder company, and his talk is about immense factories, national distribution and the great suburban estate he is going to buy. Six months from now—I leave that to your imagination.

Hammett is the almost perfect example of the man whose enthusiasm is so short-winded that he flits from job to job, or from business to business, as a bee does from flower to flower. He wants his rewards to be immediate, and if they are not it is a rotten world.

While his rival has been plugging away he has been learning the science of hypnotizing employers into thinking him a jewel of the rarest sparkle. He is a salesman of so effortless an allurement that even the oldest and most experienced employer is deceived. He looks his man straight in the eye, talks with remarkable persuasion and gets the job. Oftentimes, however, his immediately subsequent record can be summed up by the following quotation taken from a letter to an employment man:

"Registered on Monday; interviewed on Tuesday; hired on Wednesday; began working on Thursday; quarreled with the boss on Friday; fired on Saturday."

The temptation to change jobs, to cast dice with the future, appeals to the sporting instincts of many a man. Some day the roving instinct grows strong upon him, and without considering the foundation he has been building he ventures into the unknown, there to begin the structure all over again. How difficult it is to appraise one's present condition in relation to the future! Many a man, blinded by the little perplexities of the day's existence, deliberately steps from the broad highway leading straight to achievement.

Several months ago a young fellow whose family I have known for a good many years came into my office. He had been out of school four or five years and though progressing satisfactorily, has of course not yet reached a commanding position in the business world. He has had five jobs in that space of time and frequently showed a restlessness that augured none too well for future stability.

I could see that something was wrong, the moment he sank into the leather softness of one of the great chairs.

"Well, Clinton," I began, "how's the world treating you?"

"Rotten," he muttered feelingly. "I'm disgusted with the job. I'm sick and tired of being a kind of glorified office boy, one who becomes a sort of executive when enough of the higher-ups are abed with the lumbago. Opportunity, bah! I'm in the worst kind of a blind alley."

"But, how do you know there's no opportunity?" I queried. "You're with a big company. They ——"

"Yes, I know, but I'm not one of those who are content to stick around until I'm old and a graybeard—until someone dies. I'm going to leave, and leave immediately."

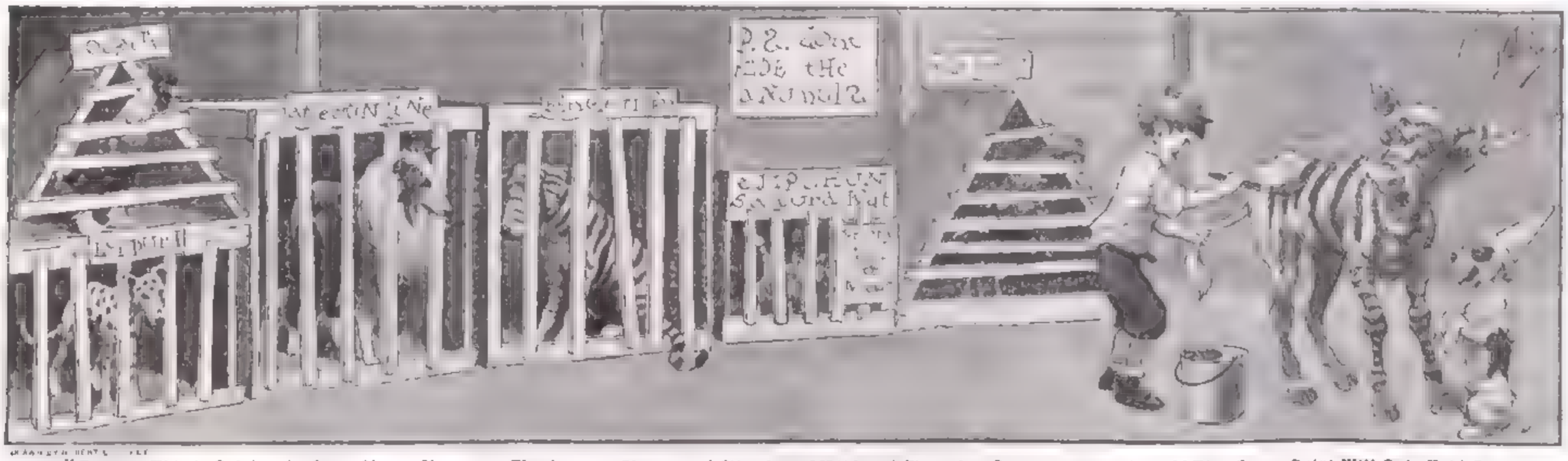
"You are not going to do any such thing," I declared authoritatively. "I know your boss; I'm going to talk with him and find out just where you stand. There'll still be lots of time to hand in your resignation."

"Clinton? Sure; doing fine," said the boss. "One of the likeliest youngsters we have in the organization; he'll be one of the first to go up the ladder."

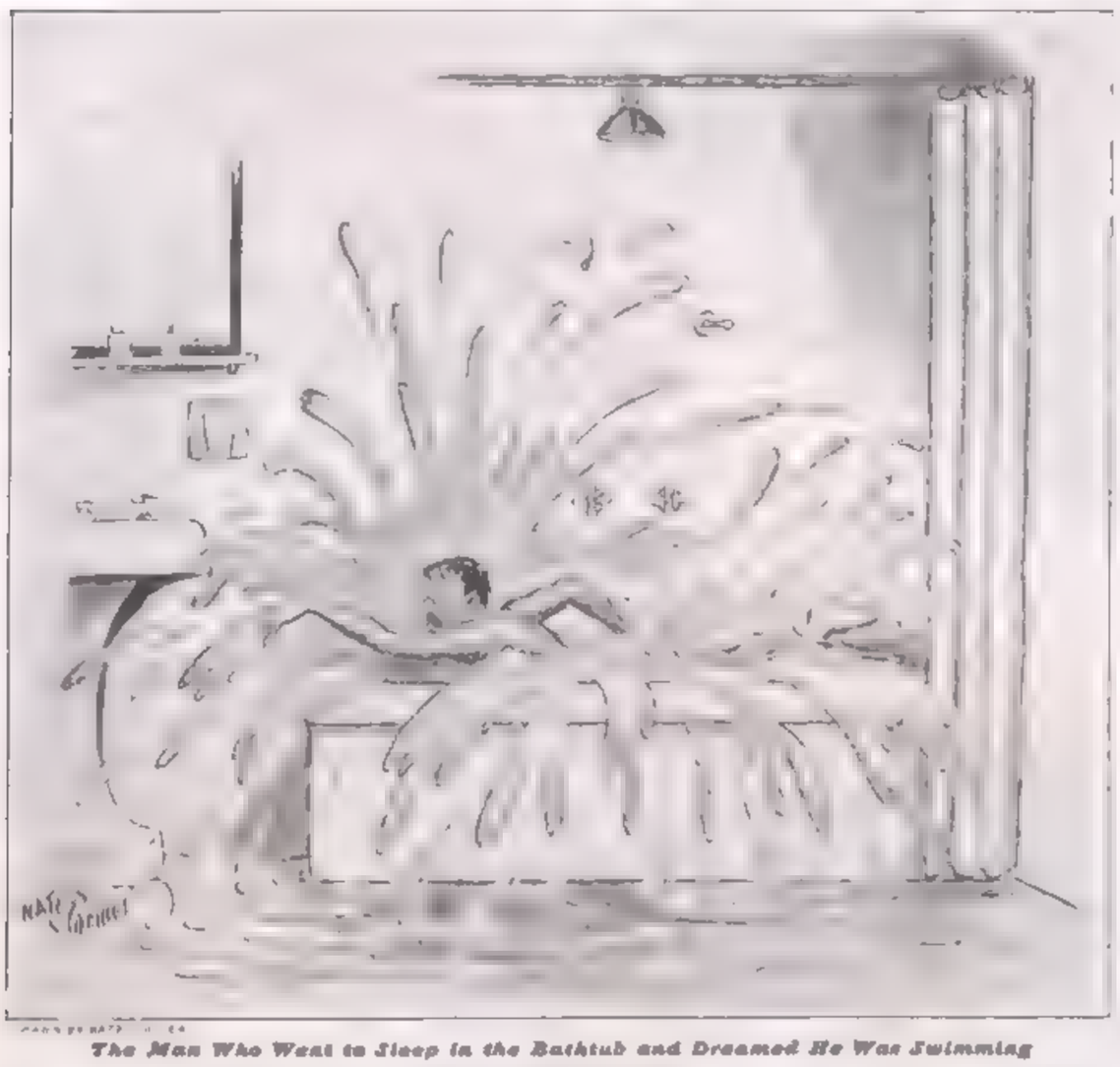
Four or five weeks later the young fellow was advanced to an important position and given an increase in salary of two thousand dollars a year. His roving trait is, I think, pretty well subjugated. Imagine what he would be if a steadying influence had not been applied at the right moment. Probably grown into one of those men who have held jobs with firms doing everything from fox farming to the making of sunshades for the Hottentots.

—J. Leroy Miller.

CARTOON AND COMEDY

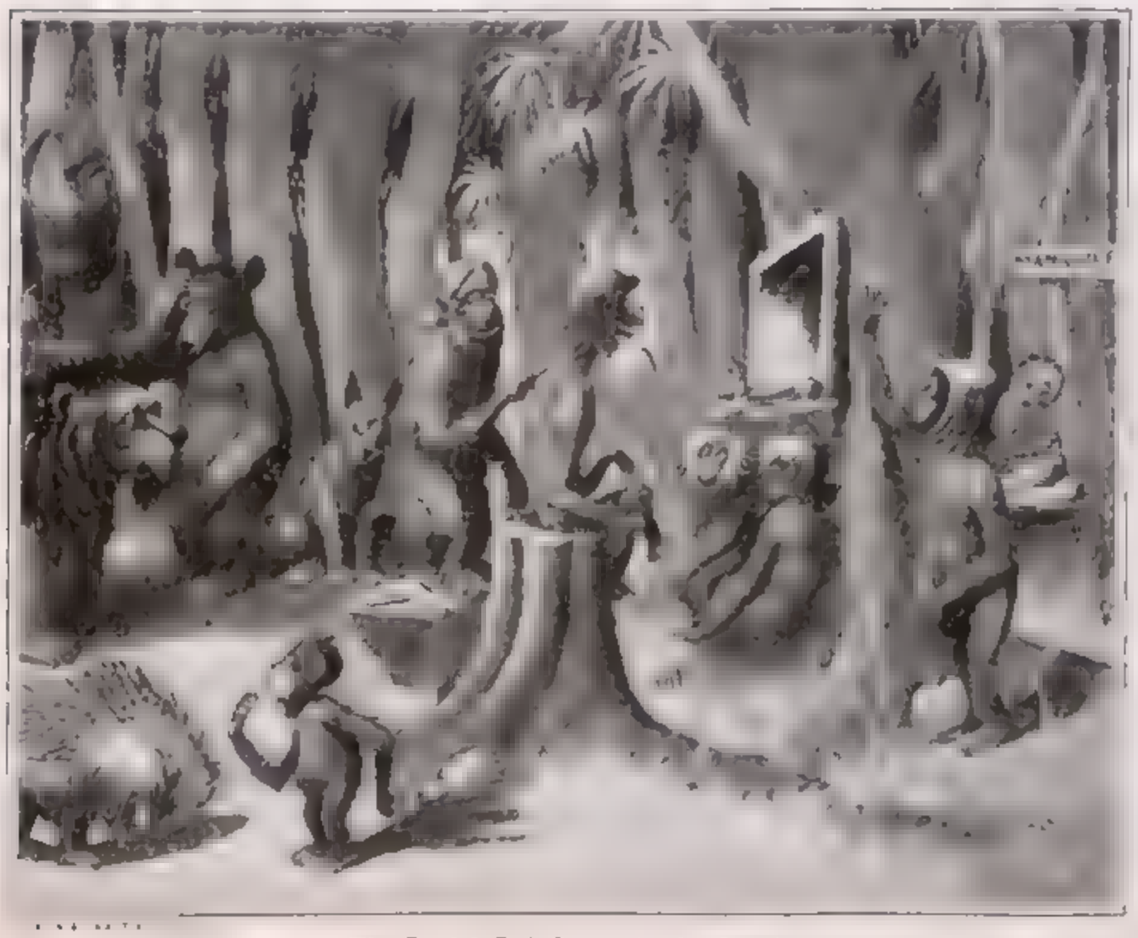


"Tutters, This is Goin' to be Some Show. You are a Wonder as a Clown, and C'llection of Wild and F'rowshus Beasts is Stupenjus. If This Green Paint Will Only Hold Out Till We Get Calkin's Calf Striped We're Goin' to Have One o' Them 'They-Ain't-No-Such Animals' Ever'body is Talkin' About But Never Saw Before"



The Man Who Went to Sleep in the Bathtub and Dreamed He Was Swimming the English Channel

"What are You Grampy About? You Got Four Times What the Painting Was Worth"
"I Know—But I Feel So Commercial"



The Boyish Bob Comes to the Jungle

The Old Controversy About the Value of the Sleeping Porch is Reopened

Libby's 100 Foods

A name that offers not only the certainty of fine flavor but unequalled variety as well

Ask for LIBBY'S *when you buy the following foods*

Fruits, Vegetables
Sliced Pineapple
Crushed Pineapple
Peaches, Pears
Apricots
Cherries, Royal Anne
Cherries, Maraschino
Fruits for Salad
Plums, Apples
Apple Butter
Jellies, Jams
Strawberries
Raspberries
Loganberries
Blackberries
Prunes, Figs
Asparagus
Spinach
Pork and Beans
Tomatoes
Sweet Potatoes
Sauer Kraut
Tomato Soup

Milk
Evaporated Milk
Condensed Milk

Pickles, Condiments
Catchup
Chili Sauce
Mustard
Queen Olives (Spanish)
Stuffed Olives (Spanish)
Olive Oil (Spanish)
Ripe Olives (California)
Sweet Pickles
Sour Pickles
Sweet Mixed Pickles
Sweet Mustard Pickles
Dill Pickles
Sweet Relish
Sweet Cauliflower
Sweet Onions
Chow Chow

Salmon
Red Alaska Salmon

Canned Meats
Cooked Corned Beef
Roast Beef
Vienna Sausage
Beef Steak and Onions
Hamburger Steak
Veal Loaf
Meatwich Spread
Chili Con Carne
Corned Beef Hash
Lunch Tongue
Ox Tongue
Genuine Deviled Ham
Potted Meat
Boneless Chicken
Potted Chicken
Sliced Dried Beef
Sliced Bacon
Mince Meat
Plum Pudding
Mexican Tamales
Bouillon Cubes
Beef Extract

(Partial List)

7½ teaspoons of butterfat in every 16 oz. can

Made double rich by removing over half the water content! This is what happens to the full-cream cow's milk received daily at Libby's model condensaries. In all your cooking Libby's milk will add an extra, tempting richness. Every 16 oz. can contains 7½ teaspoons of butterfat—nearly as much as in a whole cup of cream.

Helpful recipes for cakes, soups, puddings, salads and many other dishes, in our 8 free leaflets, called, "The Milk that Good Cooks Use". Write for them—also for personal advice on recipes, menus and entertaining. Address Mary Hale Martin, Cooking Correspondent, 507 Welfare Bldg., Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago

They'll eat every crumb of these cones because they are *real cake*

McLaren Real Cake Cones are good as cake because they're made as carefully and of *real cake* materials.

A rich batter of the best wheat flour, fine shortening, vanilla flavoring and pure cane sugar. Mixed and baked entirely by automatic machinery in spotless bakeries.

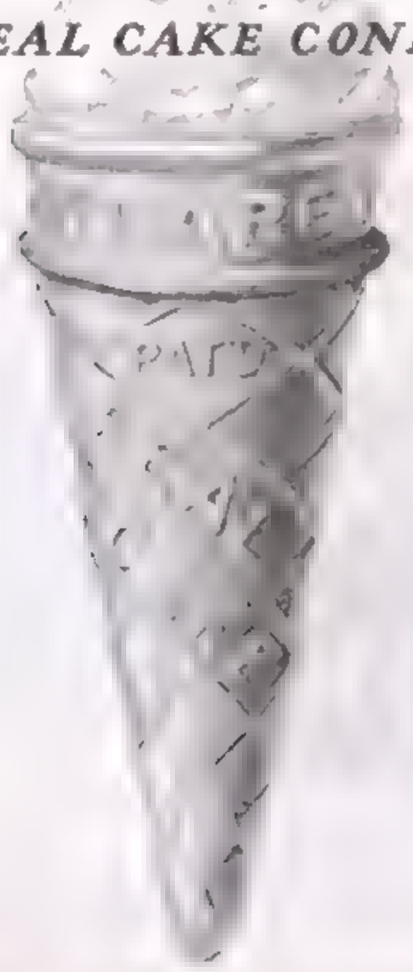
They're dainty, wholesome bits of pastry—as pure and delicious as the ice cream they hold. So good that you eat every last crisp, sugary crumb and hurry back for more.

Patronize Real Cake dealers. They realize their responsibility for the health of the children they serve.

To all who sell cones. McLaren Real Cake Cones will increase your business. Ask your ice cream manufacturer or jobber, or write for samples to McLaren Consolidated Cone Corporation, Dayton, Ohio.

Look for the name McLAREN *on every cone*

McLAREN
REAL CAKE CONES



Bakeries or warehouses in 65 principal cities insure prompt service everywhere

THE CHINESE PARROT

(Continued from Page 36)

to spring. What better place than way out here on the desert? Shaky Phil goes to San Francisco, Delaney and the professor come south. Louie, the faithful old retainer, is lured away by Shaky Phil. The stage is set. Delaney arrives with his threat. He demands the pearls, money—both. An argument follows, and in the end Delaney, the blackmailer, is killed by Madden. Am I right so far?"

"Sounds plausible," Eden admitted.

"Well, imagine what followed. When Madden killed Delaney he probably thought Jerry had come alone. Now he discovers there are others in the gang. They have not only the information with which Delaney was threatening him but they have something else on him too. Murder! The pack is on him; he must buy them off. They clamor for money and the pearls. They force Madden to call up and order the Phillimore necklace sent down here at once. When did he do that, Eden?"

"Last Thursday morning," Eden replied.

"See! What did I tell you? Last Thursday morning, when he got back from his grisly midnight trip. They were on him then, they were blackmailing him to the limit. That's the answer to our puzzle. They're blackmailing him now. At first Madden was just as eager as they were for the necklace; he wanted to settle the thing and get away. It isn't pleasant to linger round on the spot where you've done murder. The past few days his courage has begun to return; he's temporizing, seeking a way out. I'm a little sorry for him; I really am." Holley paused. "Well, that's my idea. What do you think, Charlie? Am I right?"

Chan sat turning Madden's unfinished letter slowly in his hand.

"Sounds good," admitted the detective. "However, here and there objections arise."

"For example?" Holley demanded.

"Madden is big man. Delaney and these others nobody much. He could announce he killed blackmailer in self-defense."

"So he could, if Thorn were friendly and would back him up. But the secretary is hostile and might threaten to tell a different story. Besides, remember it isn't only the killing of Delaney they have against him. There's the information Delaney has been holding over his head."

Chan nodded. "So very true. One other fact, and then I cease my brutal fault-finding. Louie, long in confidence of Chinese parrot, is killed. Yet Louie depart for San Francisco on Wednesday morning, twelve hours before tragic night. Is not his murder then a useless gesturing?"

Holley considered. "Well, that is a point. But he was Madden's friend, which was a pretty good reason for not wanting him here. They preferred their victim alone and helpless. A rather weak explanation, perhaps. Otherwise I'm strong for my theory. You're not so keen on it, I see."

Chan shook his head. "For one reason only. Long experience has taught fatal consequence may follow if I get too addicted to a theory. Then I try to see, can I make everything fit. I can, and first thing I know theory explodes in my countenance with loud bang. Much better I have found to keep mind free and open."

"Then you haven't any idea on all this to set up against mine?" Holley asked.

"No solitary one. Frankly speaking, I am completely in the dark." He glanced at the letter in his hand. "Or nearly so," he added. "We watch and wait, and maybe I clutch something soon."

"That's all right," said Eden, "but I have a feeling we don't watch and wait much longer at Madden's ranch. Remember, I promised that Draycott would meet him today in Pasadena. He'll be back here soon, asking how come."

"Unfortunate incident," shrugged Chan. "Draycott and he have failed to connect. Many times that has happened when two strangers make appointment. It can happen again."

Eden sighed. "I suppose so. But I hope P. J. Madden's feeling good-natured when he comes home from Pasadena tonight. There's a chance that he's toting Bill Hart's gun again, and I don't like the idea of lying behind a bed with nothing showing but my shoes. I haven't had a shine for a week."

XVI

THE sun set behind far peaks of snow; the desert purpled under a sprinkling of stars. In the thermometer that hung on a patio wall the mercury began its quick relentless fall, a sharp wind swept over the desolate waste, and loneliness settled on the world.

"Warm food needed now," remarked Chan. "With your permission I will open numerous cans."

"Anything but the arsenic," Eden told him. He departed for the cook house.

Holley had long since gone, and Bob Eden sat alone by the window, looking out at a vast silence. Lots of room left in America yet, he reflected. Did they think of that, those throngs of people packed into subways at this hour, seeking tables in noisy restaurants, waiting at jammed corners for the traffic signal, climbing weary and worn at last to the pigeonholes they called home? Elbow room on the desert; room to expand the chest. But a feeling of disquiet, too, a haunting realization of one man's ridiculous unimportance in the scheme of things.

Chan entered with a tray on which the dishes were piled high. He set down on the table two steaming plates of soup.

"Deign to join me," he suggested. "First course is now served with the kind assistance of the can opener."

"Aged in the tin, eh, Charlie?" smiled Eden, drawing up. "Well, I'll bet it's good, at that. You're a bit of a magician in the kitchen." They began to eat. "Charlie, I've been thinking," the boy continued. "I know now why I have this sense of unrest on the desert. It's because I feel so blamed small. Look at me, and then look out the window, and tell me where I get off to strut like a somebody through the world."

"Not bad feeling for the white man to experience," Chan assured him. "Chinese has it all time. Chinese knows he is one minute grain of sand on seashore of eternity. With what result? He is calm and quiet and humble. No nerves, like hopping, skipping Caucasian. Life for him not so much ordeal."

"Yes, and he's happier, too," said Eden.

"Sure," replied Chan. He produced a platter of canned salmon. "All time in San Francisco I behold white men hot and excited. Life like a fever, always getting worse. What for? Where does it end? Same place as Chinese life, I think."

When they had finished, Eden attempted to help with the dishes, but was politely restrained.

He sat down and turned on the radio. The strong voice of a leather-lunged announcer rang out in the quiet room.

"Now, folks, we got a real treat for you this balmy, typical California evening. Miss Norma Fitzgerald, of the One Night in June company, now playing at the Mason, is going to sing—er—what you going to sing, Norma? Norma says wait and find out."

At mention of the girl's name, Bob Eden called to the detective, who entered and stood expectantly. "Hello, folks," came Miss Fitzgerald's greeting. "I certainly am glad to be back in good old L. A."

"Hello, Norma," Eden said. "Never mind the songs. Two gentlemen out on the desert would like a word with you. Tell us all about Jerry Delaney."

She couldn't have heard him, for she began to sing in a clear, beautiful soprano voice. Chan and the boy listened in silence.

"More of the white man's mysteries," Charlie remarked when she had finished. "So near to her, and yet so far away. Seems to me that we must visit this lady soon."

"Ah, yes; but how?" inquired Eden.

"It will be arranged," Chan said, and vanished.

Eden tried a book. An hour later he was interrupted by the peal of the telephone bell, and a cheery voice answered his hello.

"Still pining for the bright lights?"

"I sure am," he replied.

"Well, the movies are in town," said Paula Wendell. "Come on in."

He hurried to his room. Chan had built a fire in the patio and was sitting before it, the warm light flickering on his chubby impassive face. When Eden returned with his hat he paused beside the detective.

"Getting some new ideas?" he asked.

"About our puzzle?" Chan shook his head. "No. At this moment I am far from Madden's ranch. I am in Honolulu, where nights are soft and sweet, not like chilly desert dark. Must admit my heart is weighed a little with homesick qualms. I picture my humble house on Punch Bowl Hill, where lanterns glow and my ten children are gathered round."

"Ten!" cried Eden. "Great Scott, you are a father!"

"Very proud one," assented Chan. "You are going from here?"

"I'm running into town for a while. Miss Wendell called up. It seems the picture people have arrived. By the way, I just remembered—tomorrow is the day Madden promised they could come out here. I bet the old man's clean forgot it."

"Most likely. Better not to tell him; he might refuse permission. I have unlimited yearning to see movies in throes of being born. Should I go home and report that experience to my eldest daughter, who is all time sunk in movie magazines, ancestor worship breaks out plenty strong at my house."

Eden laughed. "Well, then let's hope you get the chance. I'll be back early."

A few minutes later he was in the flivver, under the platinum stars. He thought fleetingly of Louie Wong, buried now in the bleak little graveyard back of El Dorado, but his mind turned quickly to happier things. With a lively feeling of anticipation, he climbed between the twin hills at the gateway, and the yellow lights of the desert town were winking at him.

The moment he crossed the threshold of the Desert Edge Hotel he knew this was no ordinary night in El Dorado. From the parlor at the left came the strains of giddy, inharmonious music, laughter and a medley of voices. Paula Wendell met him and led him in.

The stuffy little room, dated by heavy mission furniture and bits of broken plaster hanging crazily from the ceiling, was renewing its youth in pleasant company. Bob Eden met the movies in their hours of ease; childlike, happy people, seemingly without a care in the world. A very pretty girl gave him a hand which recalled his father's jewelry shop, and then restored it to the ukulele she was playing. A tall young man designated as Rannie, whose clothes were perfection and whose collar and shirt shamed the blue of California's sky, desisted briefly from his torture of a saxophone.

"Hello, old-timer," he remarked. "I hope you brought your harp," and instantly ran amuck on the saxophone again.

A middle-aged actor, with a bronzed, rather hard face, was officiating at the piano. In a far corner a grande dame and an old man with snow-white hair sat apart from the crowd, and Eden dropped down beside them.

"What was the name?" asked the old man, his hand behind his ear. "Ah, yes; I'm glad to meet any friend of Paula's.

(Continued on Page 60)

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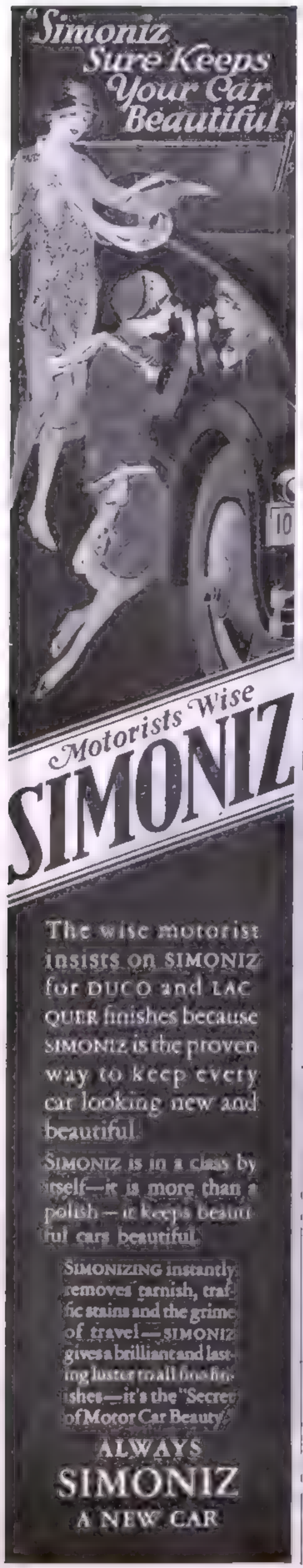
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(Continued from Page 58)

We're a little clamorous here tonight, Mr. Eden. It's like the early days when I was trouping—how we used to skylark on station platforms! We were happy then—no movies. Eh, my dear?" he added to the woman.

She unbent a bit. "Yes, but I never trouped much. Thank heaven, I was usually able to steer clear of those terrible towns where Main Street is upstairs. Mr. Belasco rarely asked me to leave New York." She turned to Eden. "I was in Belasco companies fifteen years," she explained.

"Wonderful experience, no doubt," the boy replied.

"Greatest school in the world," she said. "Mr. Belasco thought very highly of my work. I remember once at a dress rehearsal he told me he could never have put on the piece without me, and he gave me a big red apple. You know, that was Mr. Belasco's way of ——"

The din had momentarily stopped and the leading man cried:

"Suffering cats! She's telling him about the apple, and the poor guy only just got here. Go on, Fanny, spring the one about that time you played Portia—what Charlie Frohman said—as soon as he came to, I mean."

"Humph!" shrugged Fanny. "If you young people in this profession had a few traditions like us, the pictures wouldn't be such a joke. I thank my stars ——"

"Hush, everybody!" put in Paula Wendell. "Introducing Miss Diane Day on Hollywood's favorite instrument, the ukulele."

The girl she referred to smiled, and amid a sudden silence launched into a London music-hall song. Like most of its *genre*, its import was not such as to recommend it for a church social; but she did it well, with a note of haunting sweetness in her voice. After another of the same sort, she switched suddenly into Way Down Upon the Suwanee River, and there were tears in her voice now, a poignant sadness in the room. It was too solemn for Rannie.

"Mr. Eddie Boston at the piano, Mr. Randolph Renault handling the saxophone," he shouted, "will now offer for your approval that touching ballad, So's Your Old Mandarin. Let her go, professor!"

"Don't think they're always like this," Paula Wendell said to Eden above the racket. "It's only when they have a hotel to themselves, as they usually have here."

They had it, indeed, to themselves; save for the lads of the village, who suddenly found pressing business in the lobby, and passed and repassed the parlor door, open-mouthed with wonder.

The approval shown the instrumental duet was scant; due, Mr. Renault suggested, to professional jealousy.

"The next number on our very generous program," he announced, "will follow immediately. It's called Let's Talk About My Sweetie Now. On your mark, Eddie."

"Nothing doing," cried the girl known as Diane. "I haven't had my Charleston lesson today, and it's getting late. Eddie, kindly oblige."

Eddie obliged. In another moment everyone save the two old people in the corner had leaped into action. The framed autographed portraits that other film celebrities had bestowed on the proprietor of the Desert Edge rattled on the walls, the windows shook. Suddenly in the doorway appeared a bald man with a gloomy eye.

"Good Lord!" he shouted. "How do you expect me to get my rest?"

"Hello, Mike," said Rannie. "What is it you want to rest from?"

"You direct a gang like this for a while and you'll know," replied Mike sourly. "It's ten o'clock. If you'll take my advice for once you'll turn in. Everybody's to report in costume here in the lobby tomorrow morning at 8:30."

This news was greeted with a chorus of low moans. "Nine-thirty, you say?" Rannie inquired.

"Eight-thirty. You heard me. And anybody who's late pays a good stiff fine. Now please go to bed and let decent people sleep."

"Decent people!" repeated Rannie softly as the director vanished. "He's flattering himself again." But the party was over and the company moved reluctantly up the stairs to the second floor. Mr. Renault returned the saxophone to the desk.

"Say, landlord, there's a sour note in this thing," he complained. "Have it fixed before I come again."

"Sure will, Mr. Renault," promised the proprietor.

"Too early for bed, no matter what Mike says," remarked Eden, piloting Paula Wendell to the street. "Let's take a walk. El Dorado doesn't look much like Union Square, but night air is night air wherever you find it."

"Lucky for me it isn't Union Square," said the girl. "I wouldn't be tagging along if it was."

"Is that so?"

They strolled down Main Street, white and empty in the moonlight. In a lighted window of the Spot Cash Store hung a brilliant patchwork quilt.

"'To be raffled off by the ladies of the Orange Blossom Club for the benefit of the Orphans' Home,'" Eden read. "Think I'll take a chance on that tomorrow."

"Better not get mixed up with any Orange Blossom Club," suggested Paula Wendell.

"Oh, I can take care of myself. And it's the orphans I'm thinking of, you know," Bob Eden said.

"That's your kind heart," she answered. They climbed a narrow sandy road. Yellow lamplight in the front window of a bungalow was suddenly blotted out.

"Look at that moon," said Eden. "Like a slice of honeydew melon just off the ice."

"Fond of food, aren't you?" remarked the girl. "I'll always think of you wrestling with that steak."

"A man must eat. And if it hadn't been for the steak we might never have met."

"What if we hadn't?" she asked.

"Pretty lonesome for me down here in that event." They turned about in silence. "You know, I've been thinking," Eden continued. "We're bound to come to the end of things at the ranch presently, and I'll have to go back ——"

"—— back to your freedom. That will be nice."

"You bet it will. All the same, I don't want you to forget me after I've gone. I want to go on being your—er—your friend. Or what have you?"

"Splendid! One always needs friends."

"Write to me occasionally. I'll want to know how Wilbur is. You never can tell—is he careful crossing the streets?"

"Wilbur will always be fine, I'm sure." They stopped before the hotel. "Good night," said the girl.

"Just a minute. If there hadn't been a Wilbur ——"

"But there was. Don't commit yourself. I'm afraid it's the moon, looking so much like a slice of melon."

"It's not the moon. It's you."

The proprietor of the Desert Edge came to the door. Dim lights burned in the interior of the hotel.

"Lord, Miss Wendell," he said, "I nearly locked you out!"

"I'm coming," returned the girl. "See you at the ranch tomorrow, Mr. Eden."

"Fine," answered Eden. He nodded to the landlord, and the front door of the hotel banged shut in his face.

As he drove out across the lonely desert he began to wonder what he was going to say to the restless P. J. Madden when he reached the ranch. The millionaire would be home from Pasadena now; he had expected to meet Draycott there. And Draycott was in San Francisco, little dreaming of the part his name was playing in the drama of the Phillimore pearls. P. J. would be furious; he would demand an explanation.

But nothing like that happened. The ranch house was in darkness and only Ah Kim was in evidence about the place.

"Madden and others in bed now," explained the Chinese. "Came home weary and very much dusted and at once retired to rooms."

"Well, I've got it on good authority that tomorrow is another day," replied Eden. "I'll turn in too."

When he reached the breakfast table on Thursday morning the three men were there before him. "Everything run off smoothly in Pasadena yesterday?" he inquired brightly.

Thorn and Gamble stared at him, and Madden frowned. "Yes, yes, of course," he said. He added a look which clearly meant "Shut up."

After breakfast Madden joined the boy in the yard. "Keep that matter of Draycott to yourself," he ordered.

"You saw him, I suppose?" Eden inquired.

"I did not."

"What? Why, that's too bad! But not knowing each other, I suppose ——"

"No sign of anybody that looked like your man to me. You know, I'm beginning to wonder about you."

"But, Mr. Madden, I told him to be there!"

"Well, as a matter of fact, I didn't care especially. Things didn't work out as I expected. I think now you'd better get hold of him and tell him to come to El Dorado. Did he call you up?"

"He may have. I was in town last night. At any rate, he's sure to call soon."

"Well, if he doesn't you'd better go over to Pasadena and get hold of him."

A truck filled with motion-picture cameramen, props and actors in weird costumes stopped before the ranch. Two other cars followed. Someone alighted to open the gate.

"What's this?" cried Madden.

"This is Thursday," answered Eden. "Have you forgotten ——"

"Forgot it completely," said Madden. "Thorn! Where's Thorn?"

The secretary emerged from the house. "It's the movies, chief. This was the day ——"

"Damnation!" growled Madden. "Well, we'll have to go through with it. Martin, you look after things." He went inside.

The movies were all business this morning, in contrast to the careless gayety of the night before. The cameras were set up in the open end of the patio. The actors, in Spanish costume, stood ready. Bob Eden went over to Paula Wendell.

"Good morning," she said. "I came along in case Madden tried to renege on his promise. You see, I know so much about him now ——"

The director passed. "This will be O. K.," he remarked to the girl.

"Pleased him for once," she smiled to Eden. "That ought to get into the papers."

The script was a story of old California, and presently they were grinding away at a big scene in the patio.

"No, no, no!" wailed the director. "What ails you this morning, Rannie? You're saying good-by to the girl—you love her, love her, love her! You'll probably never see her again."

"The hell I won't," replied the actor. "Then the thing's a flop right now."

"You know what I mean—you think you'll never see her again. Her father has just kicked you out of the house forever. A bit of a critic, the father. But come on, this is the big farewell. Your heart is broken—broken, my boy. What are you grinning about?"

"Come on, Diane," said the actor. "I'm never going to see you again, and I'm supposed to be sorry about it. Ye gods, the things these script writers imagine! However, here goes. My art's equal to anything."

Eden strolled over to where the white-haired patriarch and Eddie Boston were sitting together on a pile of lumber beside

(Continued on Page 63)

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Examine the close, even fabric of this new chiffon. It's made with the same care that has made the more expensive styles of Allen-A famous. If your regular dealer has not this new hose, please write us direct.

THE ALLEN-A COMPANY · Kenosha, Wisconsin

(Continued from Page 60)

the barn. Near at hand Ah Kim hovered, all eyes for these queer antics of the white men.

Boston leaned back and lighted a pipe. "Speaking of Madden," he remarked, "makes me think of Jerry Delaney. Ever know Jerry, pop?"

Startled, Eden moved nearer. The old man put his hand behind his ear.

"Who's that?" he inquired.

"Delaney," shouted Boston. Chan also edged closer. "Jerry Delaney. There was one smooth worker in his line, pop. I hope I get a chance—I'm going to ask Madden if he remembers ——"

A loud outcry for Mr. Boston arose in the patio and he laid down his pipe and fled. Chan and Bob Eden looked at each other.

The company worked steadily until the luncheon hour arrived. Then, scattered about the yard and the patio, they busied themselves with the generous sandwiches of the Oasis and with coffee served from vacuum bottles. Suddenly Madden appeared in the doorway of the living room. He was in a genial mood.

"Just a word of welcome," he said. "Make yourselves at home." He shook hands with the director, and moving about, spoke a few moments with each member of the company in turn. The girl named Diane held his attention for some time.

Presently he came to Eddie Boston. Casually Eden managed it so that he was near by during that interview.

"Boston's the name," said the actor. His hard face lighted. "I was hoping to meet you, Mr. Madden. I wanted to ask if you remember an old friend of mine—Jerry Delaney, of New York?"

Madden's eyes narrowed, but the famous poker face triumphed.

"Delaney?" he repeated vacantly.

"Yes, Jerry Delaney, who used to hang out at Jack McGuire's place on Forty-fourth Street," Boston persisted. "You know, he ——"

"I don't recall him," said Madden. He was moving away. "I meet so many people."

"Maybe you don't want to recall him," said Boston, and there was an odd note in his voice. "I can't say I blame you either, sir. No, I guess you wouldn't care much for Delaney. It was a crime what he did to you."

Madden looked anxiously about. "What do you know about Delaney?" he asked in a low tone.

"I know a lot about him," Boston replied. He came close, and Bob Eden could barely distinguish the words. "I know all about Delaney, Mr. Madden."

For a moment they stood staring at each other.

"Come inside, Mr. Boston," Madden suggested, and Eden watched them disappear through the door into the living room.

Ah Kim appeared in the patio with a tray on which were cigars and cigarettes, the offering of the host. As he paused before the director, that gentleman looked at him keenly.

"By gad, here's a type," he cried. "Say, John, how'd you like to act in the pictures?"

"You clazy, boss," grinned Ah Kim.

"No, I'm not. We could use you in Hollywood."

"Him lookee like you make 'um big joke."

"Nothing of the kind. You think it over. Here!" He wrote on a card. "You change your mind, you come and see me. Savvy?"

"Maybe nuddah day, boss. Plenty happly heah now." He moved along with his tray.

Bob Eden sat down beside Paula Wendell. He was, for all his outward calm, in a very perturbed state of mind.

"Look here," he began, "something has happened, and you can help us again." He explained about Jerry Delaney and repeated the conversation he had just overheard between Madden and Eddie Boston. The girl's eyes were wide. "It wouldn't do for Chan or me to make any inquiries," he added. "What sort of a fellow is this Boston?"

"Rather unpleasant person," she said. "I've never liked him."

"Well, suppose you ask him a few questions the first chance you have. I presume that won't come until you get back to town. Find out all he knows about Jerry Delaney, but do it in a way that won't rouse his suspicions, if you can."

"I'll certainly try," she answered. "I'm not very clever."

"Who says you're not? You're mighty clever—and kind too. Call me up as soon as you've talked with him and I'll hurry in town."

The director was on his feet. "Come on, let's get this thing finished. Is everybody here? Eddie! Where's Eddie?"

Mr. Boston emerged from the living room, his face a mask, telling nothing. Not going to be an easy matter, Bob Eden reflected, to pump Eddie Boston.

An hour later the movies vanished down the road in a cloud of dust, with Paula Wendell's roadster trailing. Bob Eden sought out Charlie Chan. In the seclusion behind the cook house, he again went over Boston's surprising remarks to Madden. The detective's little black eyes shone.

"We march again," he said. "Eddie Boston becomes with sudden flash our one best wager. He must be made to talk. But how?"

"Paula Wendell's going to have a try at it," Eden replied.

Chan nodded. "Fine idea, I think. In presence of pretty girl, what man keeps silent? We pin our eager hopes on that."

XVII

AN HOUR later Bob Eden answered a ring on the telephone. Happily the living room was deserted. Paula Wendell was on the wire.

"What luck?" asked the boy in a low voice.

"Not so good," she answered. "Eddie was in a terrific rush when we got back to town. He packed his things, paid his bill and was running out of the hotel when I caught him. 'Listen, Eddie, I want to ask you ——' I began, but that was as far as I got. He pointed to the station. 'Can't talk now, Paula,' he said. 'Catching the Los Angeles train.' And he managed to swing aboard it just as it was pulling out."

Eden was silent for a moment. "That's odd. He'd naturally have gone back with the company, wouldn't he—by automobile?"

"Of course. He came that way. Well, I'm awfully sorry, chief. I've fallen down on the job. I guess there's nothing for me to do but turn in my shield and night stick."

"Nothing of the sort. You did your best."

"But it wasn't good enough. I'm sorry. I'm forced to start for Hollywood in my car in about an hour. Shall you be here when I come back?"

Eden sighed. "Me? It begins to look as though I'd be here forever."

"How terrible!"

"What sort of speech is that?"

"For you, I mean."

"Oh! Well, thank you very much. I'll hope to see you soon."

He hung up and went into the yard. Ah Kim was loitering near the cookhouse. Together they strolled into the barn.

"We pinned our eager hopes on empty air," said Eden. He repeated his conversation with Paula Wendell.

Chan nodded, unperturbed. "I would have made fat wager same would happen. Eddie Boston knows all about Delaney and admits the fact to Madden. What the use we try to see Boston then? Madden has seen him first."

Bob Eden dropped down on a battered old settee that had been exiled from the house. He put his head in his hands.

"Well, I'm discouraged," he admitted. "We're up against a stone wall, Charlie."

"Many times in my life I find myself in that precise locality," returned the detective. "What happens? I batter old head until it feels sore, and then a splendid idea assails me. I go around."

"What do you suggest?"

"Possibilities of ranch now exhausted and drooping. We must look elsewhere. Names of three cities gallop into mind—Pasadena, Los Angeles, Hollywood."

"All very fine, but how to get there? By gad, I think I can manage it, at that! Madden was saying this morning I ought to go to Pasadena and look up Draycott. It seems that for some strange reason they didn't meet yesterday."

Chan smiled. "Did he display peevish feeling as result?"

"No, oddly enough, he didn't. I don't think he wanted to meet Draycott, with the professor tagging along. Paula Wendell's going over that way shortly in her car. If I hurry I may be able to ride with her."

"Which, to my thinking, would be joyful traveling," agreed Chan. "Hasten along. We have more talk when I act part of taxi driver and carry you to El Dorado."

Bob Eden went at once to Madden's bedroom. The door was open and he saw the huge figure of the millionaire stretched on the bed, his snores shattering the calm afternoon. He hammered loudly on the panel of the door.

Madden leaped from the bed with startling suddenness, his eyes instantly wide and staring. He seemed like one expecting trouble. For a moment Eden pitied the great man. Beyond all question Madden was caught in some inexplicable net; he was harassed and worn, but fighting still. Not a happy figure, for all his millions.

"I'm awfully sorry to disturb you, sir," Eden said. "But the fact is I have a chance to ride over to Pasadena with some of the movie people, and I think I'd better go. Draycott hasn't called, and ——"

"Hush!" said Madden sharply. He closed the door. "The matter of Draycott is between you and me. I suppose you wonder what it's all about, but I can't tell you—except to say that this fellow Gamble doesn't strike me as being what he pretends. And ——"

"Yes, sir," said Eden hopefully as the millionaire paused.

"Well, I won't go into that. You locate Draycott and tell him to come to El Dorado. Tell him to put up at the Desert Edge and keep his mouth shut. I'll get in touch with him shortly. Until I do he's to lie low. Is that understood?"

"Perfectly, Mr. Madden. I'm sorry this thing has dragged out as it has."

"Oh, that's all right. You go and tell Ah Kim I said he was to drive you to El Dorado—unless your movie friends are coming out here for you."

"No, I shall have to enlist Ah Kim again. Thank you, sir. I'll be back soon."

"Good luck," answered Madden.

Hastily Eden threw a few things into his suitcase and waited in the yard for Ah Kim and the flivver. Gamble appeared.

"Not leaving us, Mr. Eden?" he inquired in his mild way.

"No such luck—for you," the boy replied. "Just a short trip."

"On business, perhaps?" persisted the professor gently.

"Perhaps," smiled Eden; and the car with its Chinese chauffeur appearing at that moment, he leaped in.

Again he and Chan were abroad in the yellow glory of a desert sunset. "Well, Charlie," Eden said, "I'm a little new at this detective business. What am I to do first?"

"Toss all worry out of mind. I shall hover round your elbow, doing prompt work."

"You? How are you going to get away?"

"Easy thing. Tomorrow morning I announce I take day off to visit sick brother in Los Angeles. Very ancient plea of all Chinese servants. Madden will be angry, but he will not suspect. Train leaves El Dorado at seven in the morning, going to Pasadena. I am aboard, reaching there at eleven. You will, I hope, condescend to meet me at station?"

"With the greatest pleasure. We take Pasadena first, eh?"

"So I would plan it. We ascertain Madden's movements there on Wednesday. What happened at bank? Did he visit home? Then Hollywood, and maybe Eddie Boston. After that, we ask the lady soprano to desist from singing and talk a little time."

"All right; but we're going to be a fine pair," Eden replied, "with no authority to question anybody. You may be a policeman in Honolulu, but that isn't likely to go very big in Southern California."

Chan shrugged. "Ways will open. Paths will clear."

"I hope so," the boy answered. "And here's another thing: Aren't we taking a big chance? Suppose Madden hears of our antics? Risky, isn't it?"

"'Risky' pretty good word for it," agreed Chan. "But we are desperate now. We take long gambles."

"I'll say we're desperate," sighed Eden. "Me, I'm getting desperater every minute. I may as well tell you that if we come back from this trip with no definite light on things, I'll be strongly tempted to lift a big burden from your stomach—and my mind."

"Patience very nice virtue," smiled Chan.

"Well, you ought to know," Eden said. "You've got a bigger supply on hand than any man I ever met."

When they reached the Desert Edge Hotel, Eden was relieved to see Paula Wendell's car parked in front. They waited by the little roadster, and while they did so Will Holley came along. They told him of their plans.

"I can help you a bit," said the editor. "Madden has a caretaker at his Pasadena house—a fine old chap named Peter Fogg. He's been down here several times and I know him rather well." He wrote on a card. "Give him that and tell him I sent you."

"Thanks," said Eden. "We'll need it, or I'm much mistaken." Paula Wendell appeared. "Great news for you," Eden announced. "I'm riding with you as far as Pasadena."

"Fine!" she replied. "Jump in." Eden climbed into the roadster. "See you boys later," he called, and the car started.

"You ought to get a regular taxi, with a meter," Eden suggested.

"Nonsense! I'm glad to have you."

"Are you really?"

"Certainly am. Your weight will help to keep the car on the road."

"Lady, you surely can flatter," he told her. "I'll drive, if you like."

"No, thanks, I guess I'd better. I know the roads."

"You're always so efficient, you make me nervous," he commented.

"I wasn't so efficient when it came to Eddie Boston. I'm sorry about that."

"Don't you worry. Eddie's a tough bird. Chan and I will try him presently."

"Where does the big mystery stand now?" asked the girl.

"It stands there leering at us," the boy replied, "just as it always has." For a time they speculated on Madden's unexplained murder of Delaney. Meanwhile they were climbing between the hills, while the night gathered about them. Presently they dropped down into a fertile green valley, fragrant with the scent of blossoms.

"Um," sighed Eden, breathing deep. "Smells pretty. What is it?"

The girl glanced at him. "You poor benighted soul—orange blossoms."

"Oh! Well, naturally I couldn't be expected to know that."

"Of course not."

"The condemned man gets a rather pleasant whiff in his last moments, doesn't he? I suppose it acts like ether—and when he comes to he's married." A reckless driver raced toward them on the wrong side of the road. "Look out!"

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SALMAGUNDI

A medley of good things in chocolate covered fruits, nuts and creams. The beautiful metal box helps make this a popular package for out-of-doors.

The social side of summer sports

Wherever folks gather in the care-free, informal, outdoor summer life, where talk is light-hearted and laughter is spontaneous—there you will find Whitman's Chocolates in circulation.

Oh, the zest of good chocolates after exercise!

Whitman's Salmagundi package fits perfectly into the picture of a perfect summer day. It remains in the memory as a real addition to the delights of vacation days.

It can be had at every place where people gather for sport, rest and recreation—at the store that shows the sign of the Whitman agency. Every package of Whitman's is guaranteed perfect.

Whitman's Chocolates

(Continued from Page 63)

"I saw him coming," said the girl. "You're safe with me. How many times must I tell you that?"

They had dinner and a dance or two at an inn in Riverside, and all too soon, it seemed to Eden, arrived at Pasadena. The girl drove up before the Maryland Hotel, prepared to drop him.

"But look here," he protested, "I'll see you safely to Hollywood, of course."

"No need of that," she smiled. "I'm like you. I can take care of myself."

"Is that so?"

"Want to see me tomorrow?"

"Always want to see you tomorrow. Chan and I are coming over your way. Where can we find you?"

She told him she would be at the picture studio at one o'clock, and with a gay good-by, disappeared down the brightly lighted stretch of Colorado Street. Eden went in to a quiet night at the hotel.

After breakfast in the morning he recalled that an old college friend named Spike Bristol was reported in the class histories as living now in Pasadena. The telephone directory furnished Bristol's address, and Eden set out to find him. His friend turned out to be one of the more decorative features of a bond office.

"Bond salesman, eh?" said Eden when the greetings were over.

"Yes; it was either that or real estate," replied Bristol. "I was undecided for some time. Finally I picked this."

"Of course," laughed Eden. "As any class history proves, gentlemen prefer bonds. How are you getting on?"

"Fine. All my old friends are buying from me."

"Ah, now I know why you were so glad to see me."

"Sure was. We have some very pretty first-mortgage sixes."

"I'll bet you have—and you can keep them. I'm here on business, Spike—private business. Keep what I say under your hat."

"Never wear one," answered Spike brightly. "That's the beauty of this climate."

"You can't sell me the climate, either. . . . Spike, you know P. J. Madden, don't you?"

"Well, we're not very chummy. He hasn't asked me to dinner. But of course all us big financiers are acquainted. As for Madden, I did him a service only a couple of days ago."

"Elucidate."

"This is just between us. Madden came in here Wednesday morning with a hundred and ten thousand dollars' worth of negotiable bonds—mostly Liberties—and we sold them for him the same day; paid him in cash too."

"Precisely what I wanted to know. Spike, I'd like to talk with somebody at Madden's bank about his actions there Wednesday."

"Who are you—Sherlock Holmes?" Bristol asked.

"Well"—Eden thought of Chan—"I am connected with the police temporarily." Spike whistled. "I may go so far as to say—and for heaven's sake, keep it to yourself—that Madden is in trouble. At the present moment I'm stopping at his ranch on the desert, and I have every reason to believe he's being blackmailed."

Spike looked at him. "What if he is? That ought to be his business."

"It ought to be, but it isn't. A certain transaction with my father is involved. Do you know anybody at the Garfield Bank?"

"One of my best friends is cashier there. But you know these bankers -hard-boiled eggs. However, we'll have a try."

They went together to the marble precincts of the Garfield Bank. Spike held a long and earnest conversation with his friend. Presently he called Eden over and introduced him.

"How do you do?" said the banker. "You realize that what Spike here suggests is quite irregular. But if he vouches for you I suppose —— What is it you want to know?"

"Madden was here on Wednesday. Just what happened?"

"Yes, Mr. Madden came in on Wednesday. We hadn't seen him for two years, and his coming caused quite a stir. He visited the safe-deposit vaults and spent some time going through his box."

"Was he alone?"

"No, he wasn't," the banker replied. "His secretary, Thorn, who is well known to us, was with him; also a little middle-aged man whom I don't recall very clearly."

"Ah, yes. He examined his safety-deposit box. Was that all?"

The banker hesitated. "No. He had wired his office in New York to deposit a rather large sum of money to our credit with the Federal Reserve Bank—but I'd really rather not say any more."

"You paid over to him that large sum of money?"

"I'm not saying we did. I'm afraid I've said too much already."

"You've been very kind," Eden replied. "I promise you won't regret it. Thank you very much."

He and Bristol returned to the street. "Thanks for your help, Spike," Eden remarked. "I'm leaving you here."

"Cast off like an old coat," complained Bristol. "How about luncheon?"

"Sorry. Some other time. I must run along now. The station's down here, isn't it? I leave you to your climate."

"Sour grapes," returned Spike. "Don't go home and get lost in the fog. So long."

From the eleven o'clock train a different Charlie Chan alighted. He was dressed as Eden had seen him in San Francisco.

"Hello, Dapper Dan," the boy said.

Chan smiled. "Feel respected again," he explained. "Visited Barstow and rescued proper clothes. No cooking today, which makes life very pretty."

"Madden put up a fight when you left?"

"How could he do so? I leave before his awakening, dropping quaintly worded note at door. No doubt now his heart is heavy, thinking I have deserted forever. Happy surprise for him when Ah Kim returns to home nest."

"Well, Charlie, I've been busy," said Eden. He went over his activities of the morning. "When the old boy came back to the ranch the other night he must have been oozing cash at every pore. I tell you, Holley's right. He's being blackmailed."

"Seems that way," agreed Chan. "Here is another thought: Madden has killed a man and fears discovery. He gets huge sum together so if necessity arouses he can flee with plenty cash until affair blows overhead. How is that?"

"By George, it's possible!" admitted Eden.

"To be considered," replied Chan. "Suggest now we visit caretaker at local home."

A taxi carried them to Orange Grove Avenue. Chan's black eyes sparkled as they drove through the cheerful, handsome city. When they turned off under the shade of the pepper trees lining the favorite street of the millionaires, the detective regarded the big houses with awe.

"Impressive sight for one born in thatched hut by side of muddy river," he announced. "Rich men here live like emperors. Does it bring content?"

"Charlie," said Eden, "I'm worried about this caretaker business. Suppose he reports our call to Madden—we're sunk."

"Without bubble showing. But what did I say, we accept long chance and hope for happy luck."

"Is it really necessary to see him?"

"Important to see everybody knowing Madden. This caretaker may turn out useful find."

"What shall we say to him?"

"The thing that appears to be true. Madden in much trouble—blackmail. We are police on trail of crime."

"Fine! And how can you prove that?"

"Quick flash of Honolulu badge, which I have pinned to vest. All police badges much alike, unless person has suspicion to read close."

"Well, you're the doctor, Charlie. I follow on."

The taxi halted before the largest house on the street—or in the world, it seemed. Chan and Eden walked up the broad driveway to find a man engaged in training roses on a pergola. He was a scholarly looking man even in his overalls, with keen eyes and a pleasant smile.

"Mr. Fogg?" inquired Eden.

"That's my name," the man said. Bob Eden offered Holley's card and Fogg's smile broadened.

"Glad to meet any friend of Holley's," he remarked. "Come over to the side veranda and sit down. What can I do for you?"

"We're going to ask a few questions, Mr. Fogg," Eden began. "They may seem odd—you can answer them or not, as you prefer. In the first place, Mr. Madden was in Pasadena last Wednesday?"

"Why, yes, of course he was."

"You saw him then?"

"For a few minutes—yes. He drove up to the door in that Requa car he uses out here. That was about six o'clock. I talked with him for a while, but he didn't get out of the car."

"What did he say?"

"Just asked me if everything was all right and added that he might be back shortly for a brief stay here, with his daughter."

"With his daughter, eh?"

"Yes."

"Did you make any inquiries about the daughter?"

"Why, yes; the usual polite hope that she was well. He said she was quite well and anxious to get here."

"Was Madden alone in the car?"

"No; Thorn was with him, as always; and another man whom I had never seen before."

"They didn't go into the house?"

"No. I had the feeling Mr. Madden intended to, but changed his mind."

Bob Eden looked at Charlie Chan. "Mr. Fogg, did you notice anything about Madden's manner? Was he just as always?"

Fogg's brow wrinkled. "Well, I got to thinking about it after he left. He did act extremely nervous and sort of—er—harassed."

"I'm going to tell you something, Mr. Fogg, and I rely entirely on your discretion. You know that if we weren't all right Will Holley would not have sent us. Mr. Madden is nervous—he is harassed. We have every reason to believe that he is the victim of a gang of blackmailers. Mr. Chan ——"

Chan opened his coat for a brief second and the celebrated California sun flashed on a silver badge. Peter Fogg nodded.

"I'm not surprised," he said seriously. "But I'm sorry to hear it, just the same. I've always liked Madden. Not many people do, but he has certainly been a friend to me. As you may imagine, this work I'm doing here is hardly in my line. I was a lawyer back East. Then my health broke and I had to come out here. It was a case of taking anything I could get. Yes, sir, Madden has been kind to me, and I'll help you any way I can."

"You say you're not surprised. Have you any reason for that statement?"

"No particular reason, but a man as famous as Madden, and as rich—well, it seems to me inevitable."

For the first time Charlie Chan spoke. "One more question, sir. Is it possible you have idea why Mr. Madden should fear a certain man—a man named Jerry Delaney?"

Fogg looked at him quickly, but did not speak.

"Jerry Delaney," repeated Bob Eden. "You've heard that name, Mr. Fogg?"

"I can tell you this," answered Fogg. "The chief is rather friendly at times. Some years ago he had this house gone over and a complete set of burglar alarms installed. I met him in the hall while the men were busy at the windows. 'I guess that'll give us plenty of notice if anybody tries to break in,' he said. 'I imagine a big man like you has plenty of enemies, chief,' said I. He looked at me kind of funny. 'There's only one man in the world I'm afraid of, Fogg,' he answered. 'Just one.' I got sort of nervy. 'Who's that, chief?' I asked. 'His name is Jerry Delaney,' he said. 'Remember that, if anything happens.' I told him I would. He was moving off. 'And why are you afraid of this Delaney, chief?' I asked him. It was a cheeky thing to say, and he didn't answer at first."

"But he did answer?" suggested Bob Eden.

"Yes. He looked at me for a minute, and he said, 'Jerry Delaney follows one of the queer professions, Fogg. And he's too damn good at it.' Then he walked away into the library and I knew better than to ask him anything more."

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

1899

The Horse Fair (Rosa Bonheur)

1926

LEMON-SQUASHING

(Continued from Page 23)

it would knock the eternal stuffing out of his entire schedule back to New York. So I advised him to stay, but he couldn't abide the thought of losing some of those rooms with private baths he had arranged for on his forthcoming ships, even if he was so eager to visit more of Japan. You see, he was born in a house on the plains of Nebraska and lived on a prairie farm until he was twenty-one; so, of course, he had been used to private baths all his life.

How do you know, unless you are as conventional as a china egg, what you will want to do after you get to Calcutta? Maybe that month or six weeks you have scheduled for India will be a frightful bore—India is to some people—or maybe you will want to stretch it to three months.

The Daughters of a Native Chief of Sumatra

Maybe Japan will leave you cold—it does in many instances—and you will find China too fascinating to leave at the time determined. There are a lot of good fellows in Manila and things are pleasant there, and mayhap you will think another week or two of it would be great. Likely as not you have responded to all the propaganda and publicity and have set apart three weeks or so for Java, when ten days will give you all you want of that human ant hill. After you get to Penang you might feel like shipping over to Sumatra instead of plugging along to Ceylon and then going to Madras, or shifting from Madras to Bombay, or from Penang to Rangoon, or going somewhere—anywhere—rather than to the precise spot where you are ticketed to because of your passion for having it all arranged beforehand. Of course, all this presupposes a certain flexibility of nature and ductility of spirit. It presupposes a certain adaptability to the exigencies of travel and a certain ability to get along with what is going. It is not based on an imperative need of ice water on the equator, nor on the rigid necessity of a private bath. I have never been in a port yet, except in wartime—and I have been in most of them—where there was not some way of getting out within a reasonable time; but I can rustle my own breakfast, if required, and cook it, too, if it comes to that.

Some Requisites of a Rover

A SHIP is a ship, if you are good enough as a traveler to look at it that way; and though I am not setting myself up as scornful of all the conveniences and comforts and luxuries of the big ships, my contention is that when one goes traveling, the thing to do is not to travel like a checked piece of baggage, routed and arranged and scheduled, but to travel with a free and open spirit, with a free and open itinerary.

Hence these remarks are addressed to others of the same kidney who may be thinking of hopping off some morning on some such expedition as that from which I returned not long since, and they are designed to convey a few bits of information acquired at first hand that may be useful along the way, especially as regards the tropics, which a considerable number of travelers find difficult of negotiation. Though these observations, reflections and deductions are entirely masculine in their trend, any woman who has enough independence and initiative of spirit to go journeying in this happy-go-lucky manner will have no difficulty in applying them to her feminine needs, for most of them are basic.

Primarily no person should think of starting on such a trip unless that person likes the sea and travel on it. Such a trip is no expedition for the poor sailor, the squeamish sailor, the traveler who is easily bored by the water, or who is not gregarious, adaptable and companionable. Persons who are finicky about their food, who demand ultra service, who want to be continually and softly ensconced in soft places, would better stay at home. Not that the average of the food aboard the ordinary run of ships isn't pretty fair, for it is; but travel around the world necessitates long stretches at sea, and long stretches at sea breed a spirit wherein the food of the finest restaurant in Paris would lose its zest unless the situation is rationally considered.

I always sympathize with the chief stewards of ships that make long trips. They have impossible jobs. Let a ship start on a three weeks' trip at sea, say. For the first few days the passengers, their appetites whetted by sea air, gorge at the tables and exclaim over the fine quality of the food. Then their enforced lack of exercise and their constant and assiduous devotion to the extensive menus make them bilious and complaining, and Brillat de Savarin couldn't cook to their satisfaction. It is the same food, cooked by the same cooks and served in the same manner, but after a week or so the "I think the food on this ship is great" of the earlier deck conversations changes to "The food on this ship is something terrible" of the later smoke-room and social-hall confidences, and the chief steward is the goat.

Native Boys Begging Pennies From a Tourist in Ceylon

Cooking in Several Languages

AT THAT, it frequently isn't so good. I recall one ship I was on where we had a Dutch steward, a Chinese cook and Malay waiters; and they tried to plan, prepare and serve English and American dishes, with what might be called indifferent success. However, there is always something to take the edge off the enormity of the moment. In this case it was the recollection of an American boat with a German steward and a Chinese cook who served French dishes with Sino and Teutonic embellishments; and, beyond that, a Japanese boat with a Japanese steward, a Japanese cook and Japanese waiters who contrived a Parisian menu between them that made things very difficult for the Caucasians who had to eat their dishes or go without. Apparently the only Japanese dish that cook could prepare that he knew, was raw fish, and he didn't have to cook that.

It is right here that the adaptable traveler gets the better of the nonadaptable traveler, because the adaptable one,

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A Village in Java. In Boat—Mr. Robert N. Davis and Mrs. W. R. Wallace With Mr. Blythe in Java

"SOMETHING IS HAPPENING IN THE AUTOMOTIVE WORLD"

ALMOST A YEAR AGO the industry began to say: "Something is happening in the automotive world".

The public had found itself suddenly presented with a car that fulfilled beyond all expectations its conception of what a car should be and what a car should do.

It was powerful. It performed with dash and spirit. It was at home in any traffic. It was easy to drive and easy to park. It was beautiful. It offered comfort and luxury . . . . yet its price was low.

Immediately great interest focused upon this car. Day by day that interest grew more and more intense. It doubled and redoubled as the weeks and months rolled by. On thoroughfare and highway this car asked no favors, feared no road.

Then, when endurance took first place among its proved qualities, in the hands of thousands of owners—the final proof of excellence was established.

Today public preference stands at a new peak of enthusiasm for the car that won its place by right of merit.

This public preference confirms the fact that something, indeed, was happening a year ago.

With the greatest year in Oldsmobile history now a highlight in the history of the industry itself; with thousands of owners lavishing their praise upon this car; with a record of performance and stamina established . . . .

Now what was happening may be freely told:

GENERAL MOTORS was mustering new hearts and heads and hands to the service of Oldsmobile. A new staff of leaders was taking command.

From distinguished service, in all phases of the industry, they came, bringing with them a new appreciation of public wants and needs, a new will to serve, new pride, new vigor and new skill.

They shared a common vision, cherished a common aim, held firm to a common purpose which they were determined to achieve.

And with Oldsmobile each man recognized the opportunity to achieve that common purpose. Shoulder to shoulder with him stood others just as earnest, just as capable as he. At their absolute command were the envied facilities and veteran craftsmen of one of the pioneer manufacturers of the automobile world. Back of all this, at their disposal, lay the vast resources of General Motors.

Seizing these facilities, they bent to their task with a will.

United in their purpose they dedicated to its achievement, not only heads and hands, but hearts . . . their whole-souled ambition to perform a public service, to fulfill a public need.

How well they succeeded, everyone now knows.

Why they succeeded is this:

DEEP-ROOTED in the mind of every man who plans or builds or tests Oldsmobile is the unwavering determination that his knowledge and skill and resources shall render constant service . . . .

. . that the American family may have, at a moderate investment, a car that gratifies their finer tastes as well as satisfies their every need . . . .

. . that Oldsmobile shall not be wanting in a single essential factor that contributes to performance, comfort, beauty or long life . . . .

. . that in the design, material and manufacture of every detail the strictest standards shall be rigidly maintained . . . .

. . that their boundless resources and matchless facilities shall be utilized to the utmost to provide these qualities at the lowest possible cost . . . .

This is more than a purpose; it is a creed.

It is accepted as a trust, with the firm determination that nothing shall ever deflect the loyalty of Oldsmobile from this ideal.

This—our steadfast pledge—is your firm assurance.

OLDS MOTOR WORKS LANSING, MICHIGAN

OLDSMOBILE SIX

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

(Continued from Page 66)

instead of grousing about the fare as a whole, experiments around, finds out what the cook can do fairly well and sticks to that. Once on an interisland journey on a small boat, that system confined me to boiled eggs; but as the eggs were fresh and the trip lasted only three days, no harm was done. At that, though the food is rather plain and often illy prepared on many of those small boats running about in the tropical waters and other places where small boats prosper, some of it is remarkably good. I got on a three-hundred-ton Leviathan out in Java waters where there was a seven-course dinner, beginning with a fruit cocktail and running through to coffee and Holland cheese. Unfortunately there was also a heavy storm at the time, and the dinner wasn't fully appreciated by some of the passengers.

The important thing in tropical travel is to keep well, which requires a good bit of keeping for voyagers from temperate zones, but which isn't difficult, at that, if the physical equipment is up to par when the trip begins. That is a trite enough admonition about any climate, but useful, none the less, as to the tropics, because the tendency is to do things in the tropics as we are accustomed to do them in our cooler climes; and the tropics do not admit of such treatment by any save the hardiest, and are likely to protest strenuously even in such cases. Nor is it wise to follow the old rule of thumb and in the tropics do as the tropical people do. That doesn't work either. An American in transit along the equator, lingering here and there, needs a code of his own if all the fun there is is to be had.

Most people travel for fun. Some go on business, and they know how, or ought to. Some have serious scholastic uplift, research or other similar and high-hat enterprises in mind. They get along the best way they can. Nothing is so serious in this world as a serious American being serious on a mission that takes him—or her—to the tropics. He is beyond any ordinary pale of consideration. I met a bunch of them who were going out to India. Hevings! They couldn't see anything interesting or spectacular in dawn in the Celebes or sunset over Smeru.

Java Coffee in Java

Wherefore I am concerned with those who go for fun, for experience, to see new things and adventure in new places; and the first thing these should learn is to watch their food and to watch their drink. That is about all there is to it. A very high per cent of all physical disturbances in the tropics are intestinal—some wrong food, some wrong drink, a few germs. There you are. There are insect plagues also, and disease-bearing mosquitoes to be careful about, and here and there a reptile may obtrude; but, all in all, the chief danger is with what is eaten and what is drunk; and the thing is so simple, unless you are a glutton, that it seems absurd that everybody traveling along the equator should not be fit all the way.

To begin with, you do not need much food in the tropics, and the bulk of the food you eat should be fruit and vegetables. This is contrary to the theory and practice of the white men who live along the equator, but that need not concern you. They live there and you do not. Also they die there, and that ought to be without your calculations. Dutchmen, for instance, scattered all over the East Indian Archipelago, have a manner of feeding that would put an American in a hospital in a week. They have some coffee at their bedside, with a bit of fruit, usually a banana. Then they go to breakfast, and the Dutchman's idea of a useful and nutritious breakfast is a plate of sausage and cold meat, a platter of Holland cheese as a snack to start. Then come eggs, hot and plentiful, and bread and jam and coffee.

They call it coffee. Perhaps it is. Java coffee is renowned the world over—in the bean. In the cup, as served in the Dutch tropical possessions, it is a frightful travesty on coffee. They roast the bean until it is almost burned, and grind it. Then they let water drip through it or employ some other occult process, and produce a black, thick, acrid mixture they call coffee essence. This is served cold in a little pitcher, with a larger pitcher of hot water. The plot is to pour some of the essence into your cup, fill the cup with the hot water and revel in the murky combination. It doesn't taste like coffee. It doesn't taste like near-coffee. It doesn't taste like substitute coffee. It tastes like some sort of chemical solution used for cleaning rugs. That is a detail. There isn't a good cup of coffee, or a cup of good coffee, to be had outside of the United States anywhere in this world, so why impeach the Dutchman's idea of the brew?

The Tropical Bill of Fare

The tropical English are equally keen on this breakfast gorge. They take what they take at home—mush, eggs, bacon, kidneys, fish, and so on, and toast and marmalade. The Scotch know better. That is why they last longer than the English out there. They stick to porridge. At noon the Dutchman lams into his *ris tafel*, of which the consumption is four pounds and eleven ounces per Dutch capita, and the Englishman goes avidly after his meat. At night they bear down heavily on the meat again. Meantime they use up quite a quantity of so-called ardent spirits, such as square-faced gin and Scotch whisky. As they dine late in the evening, never before eight and usually not until nine or after, there are some hours following business and before feeding time that promote the internal-revenue tax receipts of both Holland and the British Empire. Then they retire, clouded in a redly purplish haze.

A casual visitor to those parts, coming in fresh and unaccustomed from the cooler places, would curl up into a knot after a week of that sort of thing, and many of them do. The wise procedure is to lay off the sausage and the cheese and the meats and the *ris tafel* and the thick soups and the pastries; and, so far as your ideas of personal liberty will allow you, lay off the square-faced gin and the Scotch. No casual visitor to these parts will eat meat more than once a day if he wants to keep fit, and if the casual visitor is clever as well as casual, he will not eat meat that often. Nor fish. Nor cheese. Nor any of the starchy stuffs in quantity.

The wise ones will confine themselves largely to cooked vegetables and fruit. The vegetables must be cooked—canned if necessary. There are good and sufficient reasons for that. Green vegetables are out of the question, but I have yet to find a place where I could not dig up a can of tomatoes or a tin of beans. The American canned-goods makers have made a ring around the world The breadstuffs are usually good, and though the butter is pretty messy, and generally the tinned Danish stuff, it can be endured. Milk is not recommended. Rice is useful now and then. It is a pretty ornery eating place where one or two things cannot be picked off the bill of fare in sufficient quantity and of sufficient quality to satisfy hunger and supply bodily needs. And if you happen to one of those ornery ones, there always is fruit. That will fill the bill.

Many of the tropical fruits are of little consequence to the palate from the temperate zone. Most of them are mushy and sticky and insipid. However, there are some that are worthy of the highest consideration. There are plenty of oranges and plenty of good bananas, and each country has an indigenous fruit or two that is of value. A little inquiry and a few visits to the fruit markets, with testings here and there, will soon establish the fruit equation. Chief among them all, the finest fruit in all the world, is the mangosteen, only to be found in tropical countries—a purplish ball that, halved round its thick rind, reveals segments of the fruit inside, whiter than any snow that ever was driven anywhere, and delicious to the taste—delicious—the ultimate in fruit, and to be had for a few cents a string.

Eat fruit, but eat it carefully. Never touch with the fingers that have touched the outside of the fruit the pulp within that you intend to eat. The deadly dysentery bug has a habit of lurking on the skins of tropical fruits. This is especially true of bananas. But with ordinary precautions, tropical fruit is as harmless as our own, and it provides the needful alkali for our tropically acid systems.

This is not theory but practical experience. I have been a good deal in the tropics in my life and have recently returned from some months along the equator. On that trip I ate very little meat, all the vegetables I could get, and much fruit. I watched my starchy intake and was sparing of the sugar. I had plenty to eat and I came through without even a headache. The tropical heat made no more impression on me than if I were a native. I was up early and out late, slept well and was fit every minute. Whereas some of the heavy meat eaters I met along the way did not fare so well.

Thus we come to the all-engrossing subject of drink. The entire world is more interested in booze, right at this minute, than in any other topic whatsoever. No person who moves around this country even a little will question the statement that the leading theme of conversation is now and has been for a long time drink in all its phases—prohibition, bootlegging, home-brewing, where to get it, how to get it, price, quality, quantity, the effect or non-effect of the law, and all this and that. Every general conversation gets around to whisky in some form or other.

A Panacea for Tenderfeet

Our experiment in prohibition interests the whole world. The people in every place I went, from the South Seas to the Riviera, from Australia to Siam, wanted to know about prohibition—how it is working, what is happening about it in the United States, what I think about it, and they were also keen to tell me what they think. As soon as it was discovered that I am an American I was questioned incessantly about the whole business. I heard discussions between Englishmen, Scotchmen, Frenchmen, natives even, in hotels, on boats, in clubs, in public gathering places, with not an American participating, exactly similar in tone, argument, consideration and conclusion to discussions we hear every day and everywhere here at home. Prohibition was brought up at every meal where there was a foreigner at table with me. The drinkers and the nondrinkers in the far-flung places of the earth were eager to know all about it.

I was bored stiff with prohibition before I got halfway around, and in the last stopping place, England, the Americans living there dinned it at me, and the English harped on it—prohibition. It transcended all the other topics Mussolini, Geneva, Locarno, labor troubles in England, unionism in Australia, rubber in the Malay States, Sarikat Islam in Java, the fall of the franc in France, can Germany pay, the new King of Siam, the situation in India, the aspirations of the Young Egyptians, the decadence of the Turks, the fight of Krim against the Spanish and the French, the gambling Monte Carlo, the Wills-Lenglen tennis, the Grand National Steeplechase, the proper length for skirts everything. We certainly started something when we went in for prohibition.

But there is very little prohibition in the other countries of the world practically none, despite the interest in our fling at it. This is especially to be noted in the tropics, where the resident whites do an amount of ground-and-lofty drinking that is astonishing when one considers how hot the sun is, how humid the air is and how curious the theory that coolness of body is to be obtained by pouring into that body large quantities of square-faced gin and Scotch whisky. However, these boys have been out in the tropics a longer or shorter time, as the case may be, and their drinking is their own affair. They are handy lads at it, and they seem to enjoy it, so that is all there is to that.

My considerations of booze in the tropics apply only to those, like myself, who travel there; who are not remaining but passing on; who come from cooler countries and are going back to them within rather short spaces of time; who are not acclimated to the tropics; and who are living under new and, at times, harassing conditions. It is my conviction that it is well for such as these to cut out the booze entirely when in the tropics, to go on the water wagon while there. I know from personal experience, and from experiences of others with which I am familiar, that the traveler in the tropics who confines his drinking to lemon squash while in the heated zone will be more friendly to himself than the chap who dives into the gin and swims around in the Scotch-and-soda.

The lemon squash is the panacea for tenderfeet in the tropics. It is the regulator, the reviver, the protector against fever, the assassin of germs, the foe of tropical acidity, the enemy of rheumatic conditions, the quencher of thirst, the general efficient hygienic handy man within the body. There is no doubt that the two most beneficent fruits known to man are the orange and the lemon, and it is in the tropics that the lemon shines with greatest effulgence. It is a hygienic policeman that polices the body, paying strict attention to the liver that is inclined to be refractory, supplies richly the needed mineral salts and when burned in the processes of digestion leaves an alkaline ash that neutralizes the acids that are so copiously the result of tropical living conditions. A grand friend, aid and companion is the lemon, and the way to utilize it is in the squash.

A lemon squash is a lemonade, as we know it. A lemonade in the tropics—limonade—is something that comes out of a bottle, a citric-acid preparation, usually artificial in composition. A lemon squash, thus known to differentiate it from the bottled stuff, is a drink made of fresh lemons—either the juice, which has been squeezed beforehand, or the fresh fruit squeezed at the time of preparation—and water. To be most efficient it should have no sugar in it, or very little. Care must be taken to see that the maker uses fresh fruit. They have a way of shoving off the prepared citric-acid stuff on you. But you can get it, if you insist on it, almost everywhere.

Native Fashion Arbiters

Get it and drink it by the quart. Drink five or six or seven or ten lemon squashes a day. Drink one every time you feel thirsty, but always between meals, never at meals. Drink them in the morning and in the afternoon and at night. Lap them up. They are cool, they are refreshing, they taste good, and they surely are life preservers. If you are sure of the water, have them made of plain water. Bottled water is not so good, but passable. Boiled water is best. Beware the ordinary water. Do not drink that, and do drink lemon squashes.

You will be better off without tea or coffee; but if you take enough lemon squashes your daily tea-and-coffee habit will not hurt you.

Literally, I lemon-squashed my way around the world. Not a day passed when I was in the tropics that I did not drink eight or ten of them, and in the cooler climates I took two or three. I took them straight, without sugar, and at the temperature of the water, without ice; but that isn't necessary. That was because for many years I have not used iced water, getting that custom because, upon a time, I was for some months in places where I could not get ice, and never went back to ice when I got to the iced-water belt. If you like them iced, have them iced. But use as little sugar as possible. Fruit and

Continued on Page 71

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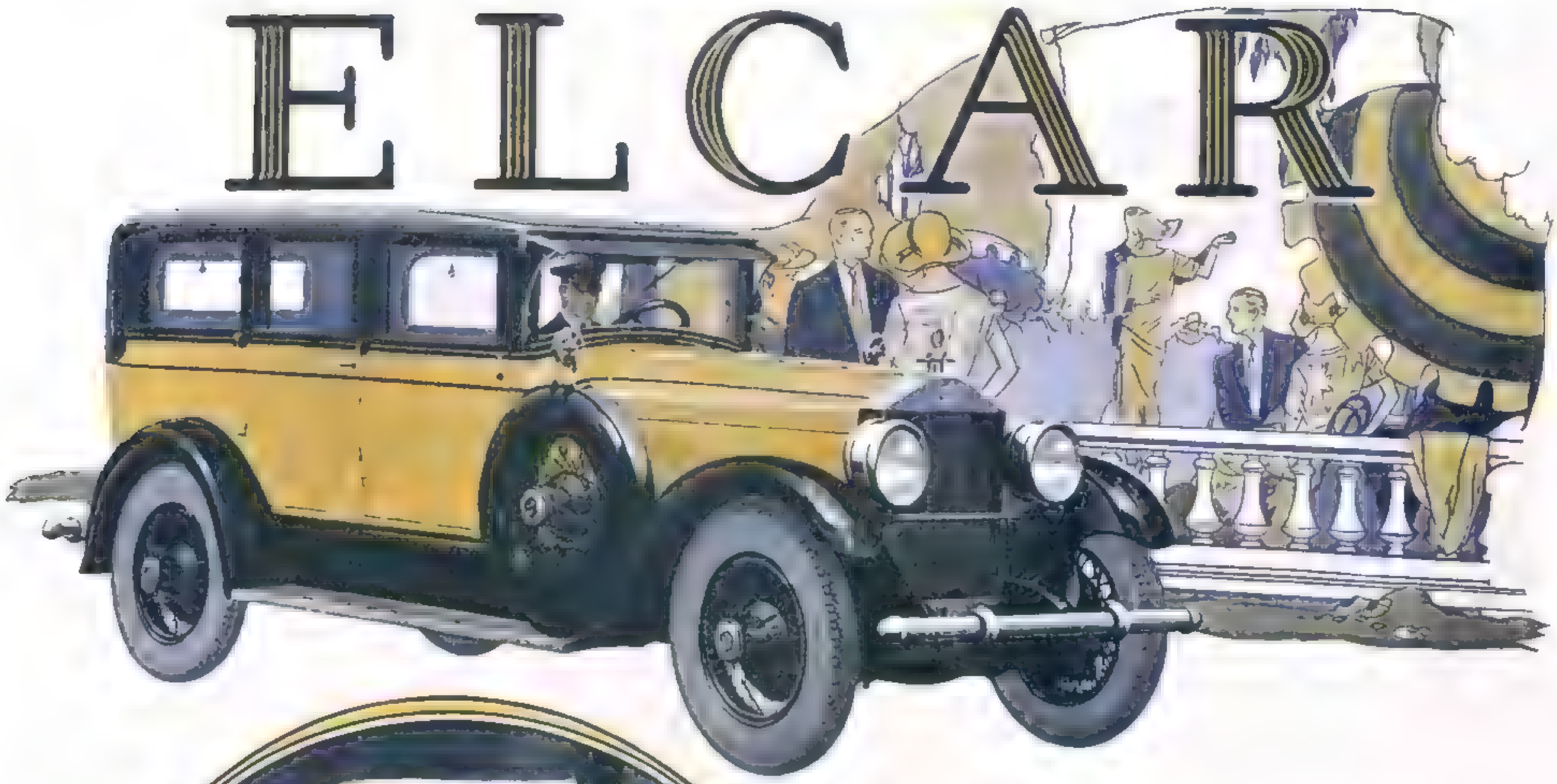

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(Continued from Page 68)

sugar do not make a good food or drink combination.

The result was marvelous. The lemon squashes kept all bodily functions regular, kept me in perfect health, and I am quite a way past my fiftieth birthday. I did not have an ache, a pain, a digestive disturbance, a physical qualm of any sort. I had the usual medicine case with me, but I did not open it, and was perfectly fit and perfectly well all the way. Just a little care about food and the assiduous consumption of lemon squashes did it. I took coffee with my breakfast and after dinner, and tea in the afternoon, and smoked pipes and cigars, as is my custom; but refrained from liquor, as is my custom also. I ate some meat, but never more than once a day, and often not for two or three days at a time, watched the intake of starches and sugar, and that was all there was to it. It is easy, and it is worth while if you are going traveling over equator way, or, for the matter of that, if you are staying at home.

Thus we come to the clothes problem, which is as simple as the food and drink problem. In all advice to intending tropical travelers we find the elaborated admonitions to have such white clothes as are needed made by native tailors, and alluring references to the cheapness of these garments. White is universally worn in the tropics—usually white drill cloth, sometimes linen, sometimes pongee, and often other lightweight materials. The native tailors, they tell you, will make up such of these clothes as you need quickly, far more cheaply than you can get them at home, and far more satisfactorily.

That, brethren, is bogus information. It is quite true that native tailors will make you two-piece suits, or any other sort of suits, of drill, linen, silk or what not, and that the clothes will be comparatively inexpensive. And it is also true that they will look just as cheap as they are, and that they are not worth having. White drill, despite its traditional use by white men who go to the tropics, is not cool. Pongee and other silks are nifty enough for ten minutes, but after that they wrinkle like an elephant's leg. Other similar fabrics act similarly. In my opinion the thing to do, if you are going traveling in the tropics, is to take three or four suits of the Palm Beach fabric. It is cooler, and it washes well.

A New Style in Morning Coats

Buy three or four suits, or have them made, and get them with extra trousers. Then your clothes, being well tailored, always look well, and you do not go about in native-tailored duds that haven't the style or fit of two-dollar overalls. It is quite true the native tailor makes clothes cheaply, but it is also true that he makes cheap clothes. The whites he throws at you are unspeakable things, and hot.

Underwear should be thin cotton stuff, knee length and with sleeves, and there should be a good supply of white cotton socks. Shirts should be either of thin silk or thin cotton, and despite the stories about the shirt makers of the tropics, take all you will need from home. Also be sure to have along an ample supply of dress shirts if you are going into society any, and a thin dinner coat. Dress shirts are hard to come by out there. Take two or three pairs of low-cut white canvas shoes, with leather soles and rubber heels.

They are sticklers for dress in the tropics. You cannot rustle out on a hotel dancing floor at a dinner dance in your white duds. They demand dinner coats at least. The monkey jacket, which is fashioned out of white after the manner of the British army mess jacket, used to be the thing, but it is not worn so much now; and if you have no thin dinner coat, there are English tailors in every port who will make a thin white serge dinner coat. With a thin black dinner coat and a pair of white flannel trousers you can get past in most places.

There was Bill Thompson, who came up from Australia adventuring around the world, and they told Bill that what he needed was a couple of monkey jackets. So when he got to Surabaya he had a native tailor make him two, and forgot any other "whites." Time came for the automobile to start that was to carry Bill across country. He was game, and he went away regally in one of his monkey jackets, bursting on the astonished Dutch hotel keepers along the way all dressed up for dinner dances, most spectacular in his bobbed coat, his gray flannel trousers and his cork helmet.

"What is?" I heard one of these innkeepers ask, rubbing his eyes, as Bill appeared in his doorway at noon.

"Just one of those English who don't know it is not night yet," a compatriot hazarded.

"Not me!" shouted Bill. "You squareheads don't know what is going on. I always dress this way for luncheon, and have a dance too. Rustle out your music now and be quick about it."

The Correct Hat for Pictures

And Bill, being a forceful person, made that Dutch hotel keeper dig up a few musicians, and solemnly danced his wife around the dining room while the amazed Dutchmen choked over their *ris tafel*. He wore his monkey jacket all the way to Batavia, too, and by the time he got there he had the Dutchmen believing that dressing for luncheon and breakfast was a new Western wrinkle. It cost Bill a lot of guilders to have morning and noon music at the hotels he hit, but, as stated, Bill was game. He made his monkey jackets stick, and at Batavia I saw him throw them away.

"There," said Bill, "that's that. I wasn't letting these Dutchmen put anything over on me. Now what do they wear in this blithering country, anyhow?"

Protection from the sun is an important matter, and over this there is a divergence of opinion and a disparity of custom. Most travelers like the Oriental look of the helmets and deck themselves in these, but the Dutchmen hold that the helmet is an affectation. The English vigorously contest this and say that the heat will get you unless you crown yourself with a pith, cork or composition contraption. The Dutchmen in Java and Sumatra and elsewhere in their equatorial possessions wear the ordinary straw hat of commerce, or felt hats, while the English invariably use the helmet.

So far as I can see, it is a moot question. I wore a lightweight, rather broad-brimmed, flexible straw hat while sojourning with the Dutch in Java, Sumatra, the Celebes and elsewhere; put on a pith helmet in order to do as the English do when among them in the Malay States and in Ceylon and other places, but principally because my straw hat was wrecked coming across from Batavia to Singapore, and got along without discomfort under both light lids. I noted, however, that most of the Scotch, who are cagy persons, wear double felt hats when out in the sun. At least, the Scotch on the plantations do. This headgear is two felt hats, one inside the other, with an air space left between the crowns, and the brims turned down.

By and large, the helmet is probably the best, but the difficulty with them is that the good ones are so heavy. The cork and pith helmets are light, but they do not stand up well under the heavy tropical rains. The composition helmet, which will resist the rain, seems to me to weigh about seven pounds. Probably it does not, but that is the way it feels. However, the helmet is very nifty for photographic purposes and looks exotic in the snapshots sent back home, especially if it is swathed with an artistically arranged piece of cloth, with the tails hanging down behind. The Northerner feels as self-conscious in his first helmet as he does in his first plug hat; but he soon becomes accustomed to articles of personal furniture, and they certainly do divert the rays of the sun. Meantime the natives go bareheaded, or wear flimsy turbans made of thin cotton cloth.

It may be set down as a general proposition about traveling, whether de luxe in the highest degree, or on the catch-as-catch-can basis, that every traveler takes too much baggage. I have done considerable traveling in my time, and ought to know how; but I began shipping stuff back home from my first stop, which was Honolulu, on this trip, and finally shredded myself down to two suitcases and a duffel bag, and even that was too much. I had a trunkful of extra shirts and underwear and suits, but I didn't see it for long spaces of time and got along very well without it.

The duffel bag is the most useful traveling appliance there is. Anything that will not go anywhere else will go in the duffel bag, and it is invaluable for raincoats, overcoats, shoes and such gear. It totes easily, accommodates itself to such space as there is, and is a most friendly and convenient consort. You can stow a duffel bag anywhere, but on a trip of the sort I am talking about a trunk is a condemned nuisance, not to be tolerated save by the most fastidious. If you run short of gear you always can buy some.

Any Time the Best Time

The one thing to be sure about is shoes. American feet do not go well in foreign—and especially Oriental—shoes. Take plenty; but as for everything else, there isn't a port where you cannot get practically everything you need. When fixing your baggage for a trip to the Orient put in everything the first flush of your imagination dictates. Then begin to throw things out. Throw out 40 per cent of the stuff you have packed. Then harden your heart and throw out 20 per cent more. Then, with the remaining 40 per cent you will have 20 per cent too much.

The time to go to the equatorial regions is whenever you can. In the rainy season it rains, and in the hot season it is hot; but it also is hot in the rainy season at times and rainy in the hot season at times, and neither the heat nor the rain will bother much if you are a philosopher even in a small way, and not given too much to annoyance by exteriors. On this latest trip of mine I started in August and went west from San Francisco. Normally I should have hit the tropics in the rainy season. However, last fall was a dry fall, and the only time I put on my raincoat was on one or two before-daylight automobile rides, when we started early to get over a lot of ground before the heat of the day, and I used it for warmth.

You never know your luck. Go any time you can. Elaborate calculations made before the trip as to exactly the right season to be in certain places usually do not work out as expected. The climate along the equator is just as freakish as elsewhere, and rarely runs true to meteorological form. Take it as it lies, and with ordinary precautions it will not annoy too much, although the winter months are ordinarily most satisfactory, except in the southern countries such as Australia, when the hottest weather comes at Christmas and in January.

A Room With Bath

Automobiles are everywhere, mostly American ones, and you can ride through Java, across the Malay Peninsula, through some parts of Sumatra and in Ceylon and elsewhere as comfortably as you can ride about New England. The hotels are fair and the Dutch hotels excellent. These are long low wide-open inns, with a porch to live on, a room to sleep in and a Dutch bath connected. The Dutch bathroom is a good-sized room with a cement or a tiled floor and a small tank built in one corner. Usually the newcomer studies this tank for a time, and often tries to get into it. In some places they have great earthen jars instead of the tiled tanks, or maybe tin tubs. A stock story at Batavia is of the earnest English tourist lady who, after viewing her bathroom from every angle, squeezed herself into the earthen jar, couldn't get out and was subject to intense mortification when the native servants had to break the jar to release her.

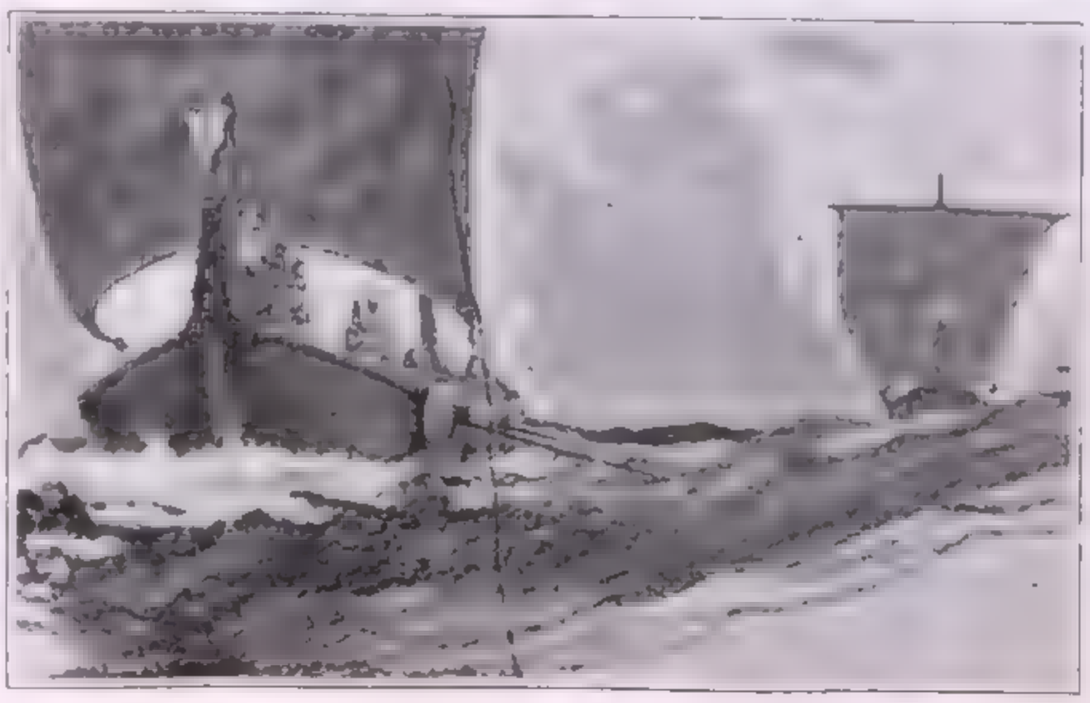
The tanks, jars, tubs or what not are not to bathe in. You fill them with water, and taking the pannikin or dipper or gourd that is there, dip out the cool water and sluice it over yourself, and very refreshing it is Every Dutch tropical hotel and most of the other hotels in the tropics have baths of this sort, and they seem best adapted to the conditions.

While on the subject of ablutions, this advice is pertinent: Take two or three cakes of some good antiseptic soap with you, and a stock of the toilet soap you prefer. Hotels over there do not furnish soap. An antiseptic soap is useful. A good soaping with it once a day, or after a long and sweaty trip, is of the greatest value. Also it is well to use an antiseptic soap frequently on the hands. Scrupulous cleanliness makes it discouraging for the bugs.

Every decent hotel is fitted with fans, and the beds are netted against mosquitoes. The ships that ply those waters have good-sized rooms, with fans, and plenty of air space. They know the angles of the tourist business out there as well as they do in Europe, and any person who will adapt himself or herself to climatic conditions, and not fret because things are not just as they are at home, can be comfortable, happy and have a good time. There is no place in the world more interesting, no place where the fretter, the kicker and the poor and finicky traveler can be more unhappy, and no place where the adaptable voyager can get more entertainment, see more new things and have more new experiences.

It is useful to make some investigations into the history, the government, the economic status, the products, the legends and the ethnological and sociological aspects of the countries you intend to visit. A wise man—I do not know who he was, but he was very wise—once said, "You cannot take knowledge out of a country unless you bring knowledge into it."

Wherewith, as we say in our lighter moments, he spoke a mouthful.



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FINDINGS KEEPINGS

(Continued from Page 15)

"Don't wait on my account!" shouted Len. "You might reserve a comfortable cell in the caboose for yourself!"

Squire Mason's rapid progress toward Pottsville was evidenced by the white screen of dust that drifted slowly across the fields behind his motor. Len had no fear that he would put his threat into execution. In the first place, even if Mason had got a judgment of foreclosure and sale for the property, that didn't make him the owner; and, anyhow, he'd always understood that findings were keepings. It seemed incredible that the owner of the bonds should not have turned up, for a rapid calculation showed them to be worth in the neighborhood of eight thousand dollars; yet they had evidently been there for at least twelve years.

They certainly had not been put there by Sam Bellows, for Sam had never had fifty dollars to his name at any one time in his life; and it was a most unlikely place for Toggery Bill Gookin to cache his surplus, even if by any stretch of fancy he could be credited with such an amount. Who could have hidden them?

Len grew excited. Maybe, if they didn't belong to anybody—that is, anybody who was alive or in a position to claim them—he would have the right to keep them himself! Suppose some fellow had put them there and gone off and got killed in the war, say. Or suppose a miser had hidden them and forgotten where he had put them. Twelve years was a long time! Think of all that money lying right there, rotting in that lousy old tin can, while he was grubbing away to get enough to pay off his mortgage—only to have it stolen from him! Gosh! If he could just keep a part of it! He was surely entitled to a reward!

As he stood there the whistle over at Sampson's Steam Lumber Mill on Turkey Pond blew twelve o'clock. Should he go home to dinner? To hell with it! Should he tell Carrie about his find? If it turned out afterward that he couldn't keep any of the money she'd die of disappointment. The thing to do was to put the bonds in a safe place and then get hold of some lawyer who could advise him as to his rights. Len placed the package in his breast pocket, buttoned his jumper tightly across his chest and, lighting his pipe, started toward the village.

Toggery Bill Gookin was locking up his Dry Goods Emporium and Notion Store for the noon hour as Squire Hezekiah Mason drew up to the curb in front.

"Hello, Bill!" the latter accosted him with unusual amiability. "Want a lift home? I'm goin' right by your house."

"Sure!" Toggery Bill came slowly down the steps and seated himself beside the squire.

"I guess there ain't no use putting any of us to the expense of a sale under my judgment of foreclosure, is there, Bill? The place won't bring anywheres near the amount of the mortgage with accumulated interest," said Mason. "I thought we could both save money and trouble if you was to give me a deed direct. I'd even give you a hundred dollars extry for the standin' hay. How about it?"

It so happened that the squire's offer, not an ungenerous one in itself, came most opportunely for Toggery Bill, who just at that moment could use a hundred dollars very neatly in his business. What Mason said was only too true. The blacksmith's farm, if put up at sale, would certainly not bring a cent more than the amount of the squire's judgment, and there might even be a deficiency judgment against him besides, a possibility which would be obviated if he accepted the present offer.

"Suits me," he said. "If you've got a hundred dollars in your jeans I'll give you a quitclaim deed."

The squire drove for a couple of minutes without speaking. "There's one other thing I suppose I ought to have before we close," he ruminated.

"What's that?" inquired Toggery Bill with a trace of anxiety.

"Whose stuff was that in the smithy? Who owned the tools and such?"

"Sam. There warn't much—anvil, sledge—I don't know what condition it's in now."

"The fire destroyed it all," answered the squire. "Only, I don't want to take over the property and then have some feller coming around and claimin' I've made way with anything. You get Sam to give me a bill of sale of the wreckage and ——"

"That's easy. I sold him the stuff in the first place. I'll get him to assign it to you or reassign it to me before I give you the deed."

"Get him to reassign," advised the squire. "It's more shipshape."

They drew up at Sam's house, from which Toggery Bill presently returned, waving the original bill of sale whereby, for a proper consideration, he had assigned and conveyed to Bellows his right, title and interest to "all the chattels and personal property of every sort and description in and about said shop," and which over his signature Bellows had just reassigned to him.

"Here's his reassignment," he said. "And we canceled the lease—tore it up."

"Good! That's that!" nodded the squire. "Now come on up to my office and we'll finish the whole business."

Thus a deed making Squire Mason owner in fee of the smithy was executed within half an hour of the finding of the bonds and just before Len Crandall entered Main Street.

An ignorant man is easily susceptible to a threat from a clever and unscrupulous one, particularly if the latter be a lawyer. It cannot be said that Mason had inspired any fear in Len Crandall, but he had succeeded in making him nervous. Not that Len was afraid of being arrested, but he did not know what Mason might do. Ever since the exposure of Mason's dishonesty as the prosecutor of Skinny the Tramp, it had been generally recognized that he was a man who would stop at nothing to achieve his ends. Len decided to take no chances and went at once to the Pottsville National Bank, where he told his story to its president, Mr. Hascum, who agreed to accept temporary custody of the bonds.

"Ever hear of Old Man Tutt?" asked the banker in answer to Len's query about a lawyer. "He's a pretty slick old guy. I guess he's on to all the tricks Mason knows. In fact, he did him up good and plenty in the Turkey Hollow case. Ruined his character forever. He's up here for a week's fishing and was in the bank only a few minutes ago. You'll probably find him having luncheon over to the Phœnix House. If you want I'll take you over and introduce you. . . . No, he won't overcharge you. He practices law for the fun of it."

They had opened the door to cross the street to the hotel, when Squire Mason, who, having deposited Toggery Bill at his house, had followed Crandall down Main Street, came hurriedly up the steps.

"Hold on a minute, Hascum!" he ordered. "I want to look at the securities this man has just deposited with you."

"I have no right to show you a client's securities without his consent," replied the banker.

"You not only have the right but the duty to turn them over—if they are stolen property," retorted the squire.

"I have no reason to think what Mr. Crandall has turned over to me is stolen," answered Hascum.

"We'll see what the law has to say about that!" roared the squire. "And I'll hold you in double damages for conversion. Court's in session over to Felchville and I'll be back with a writ of replevin inside of an hour."

"Glad to see you at any time, Mr. Mason," said Hascum politely. "But if you should wish to open an account with us I shall have to ask for references."

Mr. Tutt, who was finishing his second piece of apple pie in the dining room of the Phœnix House when they entered, listened to Len's story with keen attention, as did Ma Best, who came in from the kitchen on purpose to hear it.

"Ain't that fine!" she exclaimed. "Just when Len needed the money most! Now he won't have to lose his farm."

"What do you really think of Len's claim, Eph?" inquired Hascum. "Do you think anybody has a better?"

Mr. Tutt tilted back his chair and occupied several unprofitable seconds in lighting a stogy.

"I think," he answered at length, but without replying directly to the banker's question, "that the Lord has delivered Len's enemy into his hands." He laid his finger tips together and gazed contemplatively at the ceiling. "But we've got to play our cards very carefully, and work together. *Toujours la finesse!* Can I count on all of you?"

"Len is the bank's client," answered Hascum.

Ma laid her hand on the young farmer's shoulder. "Guess you know how I feel. What do you want us to do?"

"In the first place," replied the old lawyer, "we must prevent Mason from finding out anything more about the bonds, except the amount of their face value. In no case must he be allowed to know their serial numbers."

"That's easy enough," said Hascum. "They're safely locked up in our vault."

"So far, so good. But he will unquestionably make an attempt to gain possession of them by procuring a writ of replevin and giving bond. He is probably busy at that now, over in Felchville, just as he threatened."

"How can we meet that situation?" asked Hascum.

"If necessary, by getting a third-party claimant to replevin them back; but what time does the bank close?"

"Three o'clock."

"First get me the serial numbers of the bonds. Then once you have closed the bank, keep out of the way until bedtime. Take a walk; or better, motor down to Cooperstown and go to the movies. It's after two now. Mason won't be back before 3:30. He'll never guess where you have gone. . . . Now, Len, as I understand it, you were planning this afternoon to find a place to take your family when you will be ejected tomorrow. Well, I think you can take a chance on staying where you are. Go quietly back to your job at the smithy. Maybe you'll find another bundle of bonds. And then give me and Ma here a couple of hours to do a little work on our own account. She's a student of psychology, and between us we ought to be able to arouse some public sentiment in the right direction—not too much, but just enough. Everything helps! Everything helps! Just one thing more, Len! If you put this matter in my hands, you must let me handle it my own way, whether you think I'm doing the right thing or not, and even if you think I'm crazy."

"You can trust Mr. Tutt," advised Hascum. "But before we separate let me ask just one more question, Eph. Isn't it settled law that the finder of lost property can keep it? Finders keepers—losers weepers."

Mr. Tutt looked at him intently. "Your understanding of the law agrees absolutely with mine, Job. Generally speaking, the law relating to treasure-trove in this country has been merged in that governing the finding of lost property; although, of course, there are exceptional cases which give rise to confusion. In my personal opinion Len

(Continued on Page 74)

. . . "walls must get the weather stain before they grow the ivy!"
Elizabeth Barrett Browning

For a year Packard has asked every buyer of a Packard car what one thing more than any other influenced his purchase. Thousands have answered in writing. Scores of reasons have been named. But the one most frequently cited is "Reputation."

Packard reputation is a priceless asset built up through more than a quarter of a century. Packard principles, unvarying from the first—and actually codified in 1909 for the guidance of the expanding organization—form the basis for this high repute.

Packard principles rigidly adhered to assure three things which guarantee the maintenance of Packard reputation: The finest motor cars which Packard's unsurpassed experience and facilities can build. Business dealings governed by the strictest interpretation of the Company's duty to Packard owners. Advertising which never in word or picture deviates from the conservative facts.

Many companies have come and gone while the ivy climbed over the Packard portals. And today this great institution is if possible more firmly committed than ever to these principles upon which is builded Packard's acknowledged leadership.

These principles will ever justify the public confidence which underlies Packard's supreme reputation.

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

(Continued from Page 72)

has an absolute title to those bonds against everybody but the true owner, if the latter should ever turn up. But"—and Mr. Tutt laid his index finger alongside his nose à la Fagin—"but 'all is not gold that glitters,' 'there's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip,' and sometimes it's better that we should not seem too all-fired sure of the law—particularly when dealing with a shyster like Mason. So if I should hereafter act to you like a moron, be lenient with an old man who sometimes stretches a point to help an innocent client."

Hascum grinned. "We're on! Go as far as you like!"

IV

NO ONE ever knew exactly where the rumor of Len Crandall's astonishing good fortune started, but apparently everybody in town got wind of it at the same time—to wit, about 4:30, when the boys usually forgathered in Colson's Grocery Store. It was said and generally accepted as fact that Len had dug up a crock or pot containing a million dollars in pure gold—the same identical crock for which Skinny the Tramp had been looking when so iniquitously accused of the murder of the Hermit of Turkey Hollow. It was stated further that the sheriff had impounded and personally counted each and every gold piece contained in the crock—fifty thousand in number—and that that was what was delaying his appearance at Colson's; and that Len had found it at the end of a rainbow over by Felchville. Then some merry-andrew started ringing the schoolhouse bell, and in less than no time the whole town was out on the street and struggling to get into Colson's—just why nobody knew, except that Mr. Tutt was in there sitting on a barrel, smoking a stogy, and everybody wanted to know what he thought about it; for some wise cracker had put in circulation the report that money found in the earth was treasure-trove and as such forfeited to the king, and that if there wasn't any king it went to Governor Al Smith. By the time Toggery Bill Gookin and Deputy Sheriff Sam Bellows had heard the glad tidings, the entire voting list, including Ma Best, had crowded into Colson's; the only persons conspicuously absent from this rural witenagemot being Len Crandall, the hero, and his Nemesis, Squire Mason.

"What's all this about Len Crandall diggin' up a pot of gold?" panted Toggery Bill.

Old Colsore, as the ancient alchemist was euphemistically known in the vicinage, paused in the act of filling eleven glasses of forty-five-hundredths-of-one-per-cent birch beer for as many excited citizens.

"He sure did!" he replied, inflated with his importance as news dispenser-general. "Only 'tweren't gold; it was bonds—a big heap of 'em. He dug 'em up—or found 'em, whichever it was—behind the chimbly at the blacksmith's shop. An' the big question is who they belong to under the circumstances."

Toggery Bill grabbed the counter for support. "Honest, is that true?" he gasped. "Then as I own the property, by heck, they must belong to me!"

Sam Bellows thrust himself abdominally forward. "You do! I do, you mean! You leased the land to me!"

"That's got nothin' to do with it!" answered Toggery Bill in heat. "I own the fee of the land; you're only a tenant. I simply leased you the right to use the smithy. I didn't convey nothin' to you."

"I don't claim you did. I merely say I've a right to the bonds because they was found on land when I was in lawful possession."

"It don't make no difference when they was found," asserted Toggery Bill. "It's when they was put there that counts. And they must ha' been put there long before I leased you the land. And as the lease didn't convey any right in 'em to you, they naturally belong to me."

"How do you know they was there before I leased the land from you?" demanded the fat deputy.

Toggery Bill looked slightly confused. "Well"—he hesitated—"I kinder got the idee from somethin' I heard that they'd been there for years."

"One guess is as good as another," countered Bellows. "I've got the idee some feller put 'em there after I leased the smithy."

"Maybe Hank Truslow hid 'em," suggested Ma Best.

"If he did he's abandoned 'em," declared Toggery Bill. "An' nobody knows what became of him, anyhow. Last I heard he was cook in a lumber camp out in Oregon somewheres."

"I reckon if he's still alive they belong to him, just the same," said Ma.

"Why do you think he's alive?"

"I don't particularly," replied Ma. "All I say is if Hank Truslow put those bonds there they belong to him if he's above ground to claim 'em, and to his heirs if he's dead."

"Hank ain't got no heirs," contributed Cy Pennypacker, of the Art-Foto Saloon. "He was an orphan born. Somebody found him in an ash barrel and put him in the foundling asylum up to Utiky. And he never married. I guess you got a good claim, Bill. Anyhow I'll give you a little somethin' for it."

"His claim don't amount to nothin' alongside of mine," shouted the deputy sheriff. "First place, Hank Truslow never put them bonds there—unless he stole 'em. He owed money to everybody in Pottsville. Second place, I was in lawful possession as lessee when they was found. And"—he swept the assembled multitude with triumph in his eye—"thirdly and lastly, if there's any question about when they was put there, they belong to me under the bill of sale by which Toggery conveyed to me for a good and valuable consideration his right, title and interest to 'all the chattels and personal property of every sort and description in and about said shop.'"

"Bully for you, Sam!" yelled someone in the crowd. "That fixes Toggery, all right!"

"No, it don't neither!" protested the dry-goods man. "If the bonds was dug out of the earth they was part of the land and belong to me, and if they was just lyin' around—although in that case I suppose they was personal property—they didn't pass under the bill of sale, because neither of us knew anything about 'em. I had no intent to sell or he to buy."

"That's true too," agreed Pennypacker. "Looks to me as if it was about fifty-fifty between you two fellers. I'll tell ye: Why don't you pool your interests and get up a company. I'll take stock in it if you want me to. We kin advertise for Hank—in moderation—and give him a chance to claim the bonds if they're his; and if he don't, in proper time we can sell 'em and divide the proceeds."

"That's pretty good!" snorted Ma Best. "To hear you talk, Cy, one would think you'd found the bonds yourself."

Suddenly Toggery Bill Gookin clapped his left hand on his torso in the neighborhood of his heart.

"The old son of a gun!" he groaned.

"What's the matter, Bill?" gasped Sam.

"Mason! I oughta known he was up to some devilment!"

"What's he done?" demanded Cy Pennypacker.

"He got me to deed him the land this very noon. I only just thought of it."

This unexpected announcement staggered everybody into silence.

"And he got me to cancel my lease and reassign my bill of sale!" ejaculated Bellows. "Durn his hide! How do you a'pose he knew?"

"Hold on a minute!" interrupted Ma Best. "What time did you give him the deed?"

"About a quarter to one."

"Well, Len found the bonds before that—somewheres around twelve," replied the proprietress of the Phœnix House.

Toggery Bill had turned a sickly green. "The old rascal made me date the deed from the fifteenth of last month—the date of the judgment of foreclosure and sale!"

There was a general outcry at the squire's duplicity. "Gosh! If he ain't a slick one!" ejaculated Pennypacker. "Well, we can take him into the corporation too."

"Wait a minute!" directed Grand Supreme Keeper of Wampum Meachem of the Sacred Camels of King Menelek. "Doesn't Len come in anywheres on this? What's the old sayin' about findin's bein' keepin's?"

"If it is, why ain't Sheriff Higgins got a claim?" asked someone else. "Len was workin' for him."

"Possession's nine points of the law!" declared another. "How about it, Mr. Tutt?".

The old lawyer, who had been sitting quietly in the rear of the store enjoying the discussion, removed his stogy. "What do you want to know, gentlemen?" he inquired.

"Do I get the money?" interrupted Toggery Bill.

Mr. Tutt inhaled a lungful of smoke. "You certainly have a claim," he conceded.

"How about me?" inquired Deputy Sheriff Bellows.

"And so have you!"

"Didn't Toggery Bill and Sam lose whatever rights they had when they canceled the lease and bill of sale, and Toggery deeded the property to Squire Mason as of last month?" argued Meachem, pointing a long finger at Mr. Tutt.

"He only got me to do it by fraud!" declared Toggery. "Anyhow the land wasn't in his possession when the bonds was found."

"How about it, Mr. Tutt?" inquired Cy Pennypacker.

Mr. Tutt knocked the ash from his stogy. "As possibly affecting the right of a finder of lost property, when title would be held to pass in this case is a very pretty question," he said. "For all practical purposes, the land was the squire's as soon as the referee signed the judgment in foreclosure the fifteenth of last month. In addition, although not of much significance perhaps, a mortgage, under our law, is so drawn as apparently to give immediate title to the property in case of default in payment of the amount of the bond and interest. Once the mortgage was foreclosed and the property ordered sold, the original owner, except for his equity, had no further interest in it; and in a case like this a court might hold that where the mortgagee procured an antedated deed from the mortgagor during the interim, the title actually passed on the date of the judgment. Undoubtedly Squire Mason had all this in mind when he induced Mr. Gookin to get Mr. Bellows to cancel his lease, reassign his bill of sale, and himself to execute the antedated deed."

"But, Mr. Tutt," interposed Ma, "how about Len? Why don't the bonds belong to him?"

The old lawyer smiled whimsically. "He has a claim too," he nodded. "And so, I suppose, in a way, has Sheriff Higgins. This little episode raises the whole question of treasure-trove."

"Well, for heaven's sake, tell us what is treasure-trove!" exclaimed Ma as they all crowded around the barrel on which Mr. Tutt was sitting.

"Treasure-trove, under the ancient common law," he replied, "was any gold or silver, in coin, plate or bullion—they had no paper money, of course, in those days—found concealed in the earth or in a house or other private place, but not merely lost or lying on the ground, the owner of the treasure being unknown. Originally the finder took title against all the world except the true owner; then later, under a statute of Edward IV, it was given to the crown. Nowadays, in America, in the absence of legislation to the contrary—and I don't know of any such in this state—it is held to belong to the finder."

"But bonds ain't gold or silver," interjected Toggery Bill. "So this can't be treasure-trove."

"They're almost the same thing," countered Ma. "A gold bond is the same as gold. We don't use metal—it ain't convenient for money—in big sums like that."

"Maybe these weren't gold bonds," said Pennypacker. "And they weren't hidden, anyhow. They was lying right beside the chimney on the surface of the ground."

"It might become a very important question, in certain states, whether the tin can in which those bonds were found was buried or not," replied Mr. Tutt, slightly accentuating the word "might," "and an equally difficult one to decide. I must frankly admit, however, that in most jurisdictions the old distinction between treasure-trove and lost property, no matter where it is found, has been swept away, and the finder has the right to hold it against all the world except the true owner."

"Then Len has a better right to it than anybody," said Ma. "And I'm glad of it. That poor feller, with his sick wife and those three little children ——"

"Nevertheless, the decisions are by no means unanimous," warned Mr. Tutt with an inscrutable smile on his withered face. "No one could say for certain how the legal cat would jump in any given case. You gentlemen who represent the ownership of the soil—and I include in your number the adroit Squire Mason—certainly have precedents in favor of your contentions that the treasure should go to at least one of you. Indeed, I recall a recent case in Oregon in which it was held that gold-bearing quartz, buried near a marked tree in a bag that had almost entirely rotted away, is not to be regarded as lost property or treasure-trove, so that the title will vest in the finder as against the owner of the soil, although the length of time since it was hidden would indicate that the owner was dead or had forgotten it; and thus at first sight seems directly in line with—or at least supported by—a decision in the Appellate Division of our own Supreme Court—Burdick versus Chesebrough is the name of the case, if I remember correctly—where the rule is stated to be that if personal property is deposited beneath the surface of the soil, and so left until it is forgotten, and the owner thereof cannot be found, such personal property becomes, as part of the soil, the property of the owner of the land."

"Then I get it, by gosh!" asserted Toggery Bill.

"I get it, you mean!" echoed Bellows as usual.

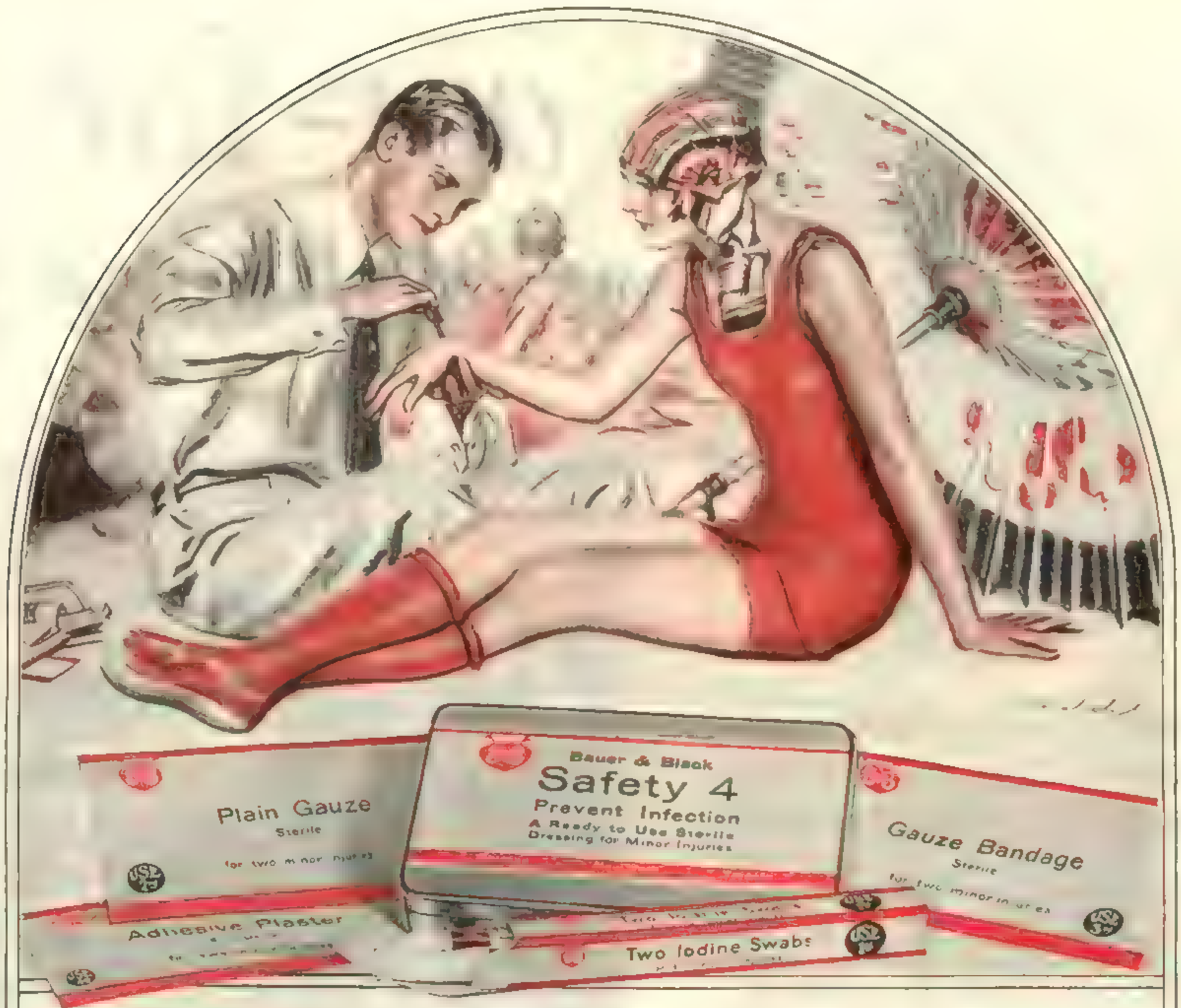
"Don't forget the squire!" advised Pennypacker.

"There's another little jigger in the law," continued Mr. Tutt, "that might run in your favor, or in that of the Treasure-Trove Land Owners, Inc., should you see fit to adopt Mr. Pennypacker's suggestion and form a stock company, and that is the doctrine, very generally if not universally held, that property which has been merely mislaid and overlooked is not lost. In this connection the courts have defined lost property as that which unwittingly passes out of the possession of its owner and the whereabouts of which he does not at any time thereafter know; while mislaid property is that which the owner intentionally places where he can again resort to it, and then forgets. In such a case the finder acquires no right to its possession, which remains in the owner of the premises where the property is discovered. It seems like a sensible rule, and was undoubtedly made for the better protection of the owner who lays down his property in some place where, in the ordinary course of events, he would naturally prefer to have the proprietor look after it rather than have it carried off by a casual stranger—as if I should leave a fishing rod on the desk over at the Phœnix House, for example."

"That's so," agreed Pennypacker.

"Thus the courts have held that money or securities left on desks or counters in banks, personal effects left in barber shops and hotels, and packages left in passenger coaches are not so lost as to give the next person who comes along the right of possession as against that of the bank, barber, hotel or railroad company who might

(Continued on Page 79)



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OVER 30 YEARS OF ETHICAL SERVICE TO THE MEDICAL PROFESSION AND THE PUBLIC

Now—for An
a true European-type high

A three-minute study of these remarkable facts may save you from buying an obsolete automobile

THIS is the announcement of a revolutionary new-type car, different from anything you have ever known before. A car that combines the advanced engineering practice of Europe with new and improved standards of American performance.

A car that will travel 55 miles an hour in perfect comfort.

That will pickup in 13 seconds from 5 to 30 miles an hour.

A car that will go 30 miles on a gallon of gasoline . . . 1,000 miles on a gallon of oil.

This new-type car is a challenge to all former engineering practice. It casts aside every old tradition. And marks the most important light car engineering improvement in America during the last 16 years.

This new car has a low, European-type body. With height and length in true symmetrical proportion.

It is 5 feet 8 inches high . . . not as tall as the average man. Yet it provides more room and comfort than you've ever found in any automobile of this class before.

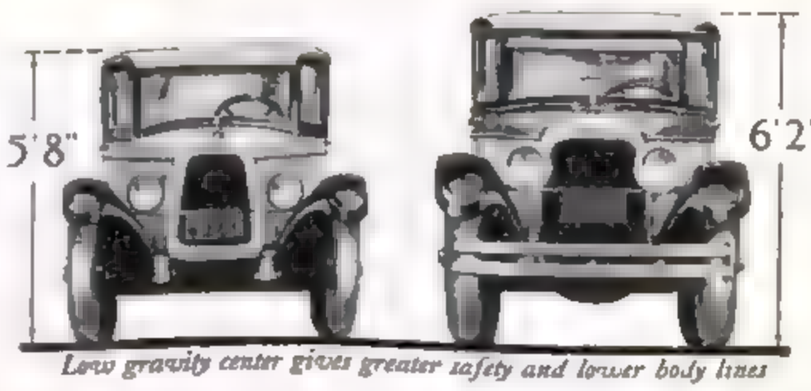
It has a high-torque, 31 horsepower motor of small bore and long stroke—the same engineering principle used in the fastest racing cars of America and Europe.

11-inch 4-wheel brakes stop this car in 51 feet from speed of 40 miles an hour

It turns in a 34-foot circle . . . that's less than the width of an average city street. You can park in 14 feet . . . which is much less than the space required for the ordinary car.

4-wheel brakes are an integral part of this new car's chassis design . . . a luxury which light car owners have not heretofore enjoyed. Measured tests show that it will stop in 51 feet from a speed of 40 miles an hour.

Its center of gravity is extremely low, with ample road clearance . . . thus giving a new and greater sense of security in a light car.



Low gravity center gives greater safety and lower body lines

Two Engineering Ideals Combined

The Overland Whippet represents a combination of the most advanced European and American engineering thought.

It is a complete new car . . . designed and built as a unit . . . not an old-fashioned reconstructed chassis.

For over three years, Willys-Overland engineers in Europe and America have been developing it. Over 360,000 miles of road tests proved the practical advantages of this car before it was released for production.

Here's a car that will do 55 miles an hour in the hands of the average owner . . . with all the reserve power that this implies.

You can drive this car as fast as you like with the utmost ease of control . . . for no light car ever hugged the road like this before.

In traffic it gets away with

The distinctive body lines resemble the smartest automo Europe. Stand in front of th on the Boulevards of France. as a whippet . . . that's the on

Compared with contempo Whippet appears smarter a

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htning pickup . . . stop-watch
ts show that it accelerates up to
miles an hour—18% faster than
ier light four-cylinder cars. It runs
e a "six" and pulls like a tractor.
The Overland Whippet will climb
gruelling grades of the Cove
ountains, of Pennsylvania, in high.

Smart European-type body design

the Overland Whippet frankly
les of America and Continental
ar and you can imagine yourself
w-swung . . . rakish. . . graceful
way to describe it.
y big, bulky cars the Overland
much more graceful. That's
because height and length are in true artistic proportion.

In the Overland Whippet you have the feeling of riding closer to the ground . . . with the resultant sense of solidity and absence of that sidesway so noticeable in the conventional type of car.

Due to its unique body and dash construction there is actually more head room and leg room than in any other car of this price class.

All seats are placed in a naturally restful position so that you have complete relaxation as you ride. No more sitting bolt-upright . . . you ride *in* this car, not *on* it.

Hitherto unheard-of economy

Here at last is an automobile that will run 30 miles on a gallon of gasoline . . . well over 1,000 miles on a gallon of oil . . . with extraordinary mileage on tires . . . and the smallest tax rating of any car in America today.

Imagine if you can what this saving will mean to the average owner in a single year.

It cuts present operating costs just about in half. Doubles the value of every dollar you spend for upkeep.

Exhaustive tests so far indicate that the average year's operating cost of the Overland Whippet should save you from $75 to $150 in gas, oil, tires and upkeep.

Money that goes back into your pocket. Money you must add to the list price of any less economical car you consider.

Based on these figures, it is easy to see how standards of value must change in the next 30 days.

With this new factor of economical operation, list prices do not mean the same today.

Resale values of less modern and less efficient cars are bound to suffer.

Because of its easy handling in traffic, the Whippet will strongly appeal to American Women. It will turn in a 34-foot circle—park in 14 feet—which is much less than the space required for the ordinary car

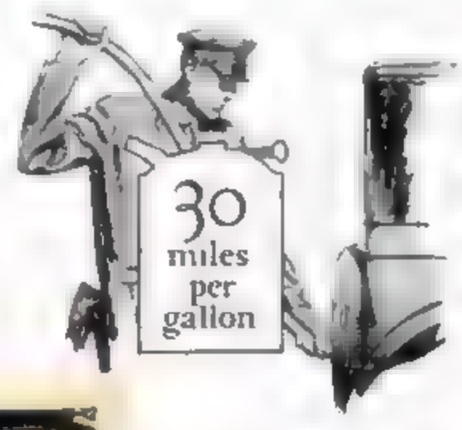
New Standards of Mechanical Design

The new principles . . . the new ideas . . . the new standards of design in the Overland Whippet are bound to change your whole idea of light car mechanical features. Its high-torque motor of 3⅛" bore by 4⅜" stroke is by far the most efficient light car engine made in America.

Because of this greater efficiency, the motor of the Overland Whippet costs more to build, yet less to maintain than any other light car engine built today.

Millions welcomed it—thousands bought it. At the first formal showing of the Whippet in New York and Chicago crowds thronged the streets and showrooms to see this amazing new-type car

The engine of the Overland Whippet actually develops more horsepower per cubic inch of piston displacement, and pound of car weight than any other light 4-cylinder engine.



It has an 80-lb. torque . . . this means greater pulling power . . . the ability to master hills without shifting gears.

The position of the steering wheel is adjustable to fit the requirements of the individual driver.

The worm and gear irreversible steering mechanism is typical of this car's quality and is especially designed for the full balloon tires and 4-wheel brakes.

Timken bearings are used throughout the front and rear axles. The rear axle housing is banjo-type pressed steel.

All 4-wheel brakes are 11" in diameter, of the mechanical internal type. They provide 192 square inches of braking surface—far more per pound of car weight than any other American light car built today. Each is completely encased, thus not susceptible to weather conditions.

The engineers who designed this car . . . and the men who built it . . . have worked without restrictions.

Nothing has been spared that would improve its engineering or its quality.

When you buy the Overland Whippet do not expect to trade it in during its first or second year.

Instead, it has been honestly built to give years and years of satisfactory service . . . to deliver thrilling trouble-free performance for thousands and thousands of miles.

You can compare the Overland Whippet with all other American light cars on the basis of price alone. But from the standpoint of engineering, performance, comfort and quality, it has established an entirely new criterion by which all other light cars must be judged.

See this new-type car

You have never seen a car like this before. See it today.

To millions of American Women it will bring an entirely new pride of ownership—a new delight in its comfort and refinements.

And to men everywhere it will give a wholly new conception of light car performance.

With the introduction of the Overland Whippet, it is not sound judgment today to consider the purchase of a less modern automobile.

In fairness to yourself, see this car.

Willys-Overland, Inc., Toledo, Ohio. Willys-Overland Sales Co. Ltd., Toronto, Can. Willys-Overland Crossley, Ltd., Stockport, England.

ND Whippet

-Type Light Car

Probably you have adopted this new custom, yourself!

AS a matter of fact, it isn't really *new* to thousands of men. Tobacconists, everywhere, report an overwhelming trend toward this common-sense way to get the most out of smoking enjoyment.

It is quite noticeable that a vast number of men are *varying* their daily smoking. They are remaining true to former smoking customs. There are many times during the day when a puff or so will or must suffice. But when the smoke appetite begins to pall—when there is more leisure for real enjoyment—they are changing to the fragrant, mellow, full-bodied satisfaction of a fine cigar.

Nothing is more typical of this trend than the popularity and enormous sales of the Robt Burns Panatela. And what could be more natural? It is so mild, so cool, so free-smoking, that it does not form too radical a change from old tastes; it refutes the idea that all cigars are heavy and oily; and the graceful Panatela shape fits so comfortably in your mouth that, really, the only change is the mellow contentment that only full Havana filler makes possible.

And like all Robt Burns cigars, Panatelas are full Havana filler from tip to tip (ask any true judge of fine cigars what that means); made of tobacco from the sweetest-tasting Cuban crop since 1915.

The next time you buy a package of your present favorite puffs, invest an extra dime in a Robt Burns Panatela. Or, for a real test, ask for five in the foil-protected, pocket-fitting pack. You will then learn how millions of men, by varying their smoking customs, have at last found the utmost in real smoking enjoyment.

(Continued from Page 74)

properly act as custodian until the loser returned or claimed his property. It is arguable—and even conceivably possible a court might hold—that the bonds under discussion were laid down back of the chimney by some customer of the blacksmith who forgot what he had done with them and hence in the eyes of the law, being mislaid and not lost, belonged to the proprietor until legally claimed by the owner."

"I guess that fixes it for me, all right!" cried Sam. "I was the blacksmith."

"But you weren't blacksmith in 1913, when the bonds was put there," replied Toggery Bill.

"How can you prove they was put there in 1913?" countered the deputy.

"What I say is," interjected Ma Best, "that whoever thinks some feller left those bonds there in a tin can while he was gettin' his horse shod is a darn fool!"

"Good for Ma!" yelled several of those present, and in another moment the local sea lawyers were all arguing hammer and tongs over the validity of the respective claims of Gookin, Bellows and Mason—which was precisely what Mr. Tutt intended.

V

IT WAS about half-past six o'clock, and the Crandall family, including Mr. Tutt, who had dropped in to meet Carrie and the children, were still at the supper table, when Sheriff Higgins entered.

"Sh-h!" he said, laying his finger on his lips. "Mason's out there with a writ of replevin, and if he finds Len he's going to serve it. If you want to beat it ——"

"We have nothing to be afraid of, sheriff. Ask him in," said Mr. Tutt.

"That man in my house!" cried Carrie Crandall. "Never!"

"You forget it is his house," answered the lawyer.

"All the same, he shan't come in here!" she declared defiantly.

"Then suppose Len and I talk to him outside."

Mr. Tutt followed the sheriff out to where the squire was sitting in the latter's motor.

"Good evening, Mr. Mason," he said pleasantly enough. "Is there anything I can do for you?"

"Instruct your client to turn over those bonds. I am the owner of the land where they were found, and I have bought in whatever interest other parties may have claimed to have."

"Quick work, squire!" Mr. Tutt threw a convincing note of admiration into his voice. "You are certainly Johnny on the spot! But don't you think Crandall has a pretty good case?"

"Case nothin'!" answered Mason condescendingly. "There may be some freak decisions lying around that might seem—if the facts were different—to give him some rights, but the law in this state is absolutely settled by Burdick versus Chesebrough in 94 Appellate Division, Page 532, that personal property found buried in the earth belongs to the owner of the soil. And outside of New York, the leading decision is Ferguson versus Ray in 44 Oregon, Page 557, to the same effect—that recent gold-quartz case, you know."

"Yes, I've read it," admitted Mr. Tutt.

"To say nothing of the long line of decisions in the mislaid-property cases. These bonds had either become a part of the soil under the two cases I spoke of or are mislaid property."

"I see that you have made a thorough examination of the authorities," Mr. Tutt complimented him. "But you must admit that the famous case of Weeks versus Hackett, in the one hundred and fourth Maine Report, and of Durfee versus Jones, in the eleventh of Rhode Island, rather look in our direction.

"I admit that if it were not for the two cases you have just recalled to my attention, I should have thought that Weeks versus Hackett settled the matter. In that case the plaintiff dug up a tin can full of gold coins and the court said that the owner of the soil had no claim to it whatever against the finder; and that the reason of the rule giving the finder of lost property the right to retain it against all persons except the true owner applied with equal force and reason to money found hidden or secreted in the earth as to money found on the surface—in a word, that there was no distinction between treasure-trove and lost property.

"So in Durfee versus Jones, where A bought an old safe at auction and offered it to B for sale and left it on his property, and B refused to buy it, but, before A could take it away, found a package of bank notes which had fallen down a hole in the lining, the court said that B was entitled to the money as against A, the owner of the safe, that the notes had never been in the custody of A or within the protection of his house before they were found, as they would have been if they had intentionally been deposited there by the true owner; and that it is not essential to the character of treasure-trove that the thing shall have been hidden in the ground, it being sufficient if it be found concealed in other articles, such as bureaus, machinery, and so forth. The owner of the soil acquires no title thereto by virtue of his ownership of the land. Later Oregon cases are to the same effect. . . . Yes, we've got some law on our side, squire."

"Both isolated cases, in unimportant jurisdictions," declared the squire. "Still"—and he leaned confidentially toward Mr. Tutt's left ear—"I don't want to be too hard on the boy. It's only natural that he should feel he has some sort of a claim; and after having had to foreclose on his farm, I'm inclined to be generous with him. Of course I'm taking a terrible risk that the owner of the bonds will turn up and claim them, but I tell you what I'll do. I'll give Crandall a quarter interest in the bonds—that's about two thousand dollars—and trade him back the farm for it."

"But you foreclosed on it for twelve hundred!" cried Crandall indignantly.

"That has nothing to do with it. The fair market value of the place is nigh onto three thousand. I just had the luck to get it for twelve hundred. Anyhow, my price is only two thousand and I'll exchange for your interest in the bonds as finder. What do you say?"

"I call it an outrage!" called out Mrs. Crandall from the threshold. "Mr. Tutt said we had a good case. I don't see why ——"

"Hold on, Carrie!" admonished Len. "Mr. Tutt seems to feel now that Mason has the law on us."

"I'm afraid he has a little the best of it," conceded Mr. Tutt. "At first I thought your position was impregnable, but the squire has brought some other decisions to my attention which I had overlooked, and makes compromise seem desirable. On the whole, I advise you to accept his offer."

"Then come over to my office and we'll sign the papers," said the squire. "There's no use dawdling once we've come to terms."

An hour later Mr. Tutt and Len emerged from the squire's office with a quitclaim deed over Mason's signature to the Crandall farm, and leaving behind them an assignment of whatever interest Len might have acquired in certain bonds of the Beech Creek and Mohawk Valley Railroad Co. as the finder thereof.

"Now, Len," was the old man's parting admonition to his bewildered client, "I've ordered the sheriff to be at your house at seven o'clock tomorrow morning to take you over to Felchville. Pick up the county clerk on your way to the courthouse—drag him out of bed and kidnap him, if necessary—take him along with you and record that deed as soon as the office opens at nine o'clock, unless you want to lose your farm. And then go home and get in your hay. And," he added half to himself, "don't think too hardly of Old Man Tutt. Good night."

Two transactions were promptly executed as the clock struck nine the following morning. Squire Mason appeared at the Pottsville National Bank, presented his assignment from Crandall and received immediate delivery of the bonds; while Len, seventeen miles away at Felchville, simultaneously recorded his deed to the ancestral farm.

VI

AND so Len Crandall, on the advice of that foolish old lawyer, Ephraim Tutt, sold his birthright to Squire Mason for a mess of pottage and went back to the home of his ancestors and got in his hay; and Carrie and the three children did not go to the poor farm, or even on that visit to the house of Sheriff Higgins, as the latter had proposed. On the contrary, save for an occasional furtive thought that possibly the squire had put something over on Old Man Tutt, everything seemed to be going well for Len, since his new friend had offered to lend him the money to build his filling station and—also upon the lawyer's suggestion—the Brotherhood of Abyssinian Mysteries had elected him a regular member. It was on the occasion of his being raised to the elevated status of a Sacred Camel of King Menelek that the unseemly incident occurred that put the final kibosh upon the reputation of Squire Mason, who had never succeeded in passing the sacred portals of the P. of H. Hall as a dromedary.

"Wherefore now I, as Grand Past Master and Supreme High and Exalted Patriarch," intoned Mr. Tutt, arrayed in chapeau, epaulets, stomacher, greaves and apron, and tapping the kneeling Len gently upon the cranium with his mace—"Wherefore now do I—um—where's that confounded ritual, Mose?—Now do I—um—um—now hereby declare you to be a duly elected and installed brother of the Purple Mountains of Abyssinia and one of the Herd of Sacred Camels of our Beloved King Menelek, and—um—entitled to all the privileges appertaining thereto, including that of paying two dollars per annum to Grand Exalted and Supreme Keeper of Wampum Meachem. Rise, oh, Sacred Camel, my brother!"

It was just then that the terrible thing happened. The lodge door burst violently open and in the aperture appeared the flushed face of Squire Hezekiah Mason, struggling with Grand Supreme and Exalted Master of Arms Gookin.

"I don't give a damn what you're doing!" he yelled. "All this flapdoodle's nothin' to me! I want my money—two thousand dollars that Crandall and Old Man Tutt swindled me out of! I see you, spite of all those falderals!" He wriggled from the clinch of the Grand Supreme and Exalted Master of Arms and sprang into the hall, while the assembled Camels gaped in horror at his sacrilege. "Those bonds weren't worth a cent! You knew it all the time! But I'll have the law on ye! I've got a writ here in my pocket to serve on Len Crandall, Camel or no Camel! I call on you, Mose Higgins, as sheriff of Somerset County ——" Mr. Tutt raised his mace. "I command you," he cried, and his wrinkled face wore a look of outraged dignity that would have done credit to a Richelieu—"in the name of King Menelek and the Brotherhood of Abyssinian Mysteries, I command you to be silent and to leave these sacred precincts."

"Not till I've served my papers!" roared Mason.

"Or in default thereof to receive the just treatment accorded by good and true Camels to all trespassers, crooks, knaves and rascals, whenever we can find 'em!"

"Out with him, boys!" shouted Mose Higgins, purely in his individual capacity and not as sheriff. "Let him have it!"

And unanimously the meeting automatically resolved itself into a flying wedge composed of Sacred Camels, with Len Crandall at its apex, which hurled itself at the unfortunate object of Mr. Tutt's anathema and drove him through the open door and lifted him bodily down the stairs.

Above, in the deserted lodge room, Mr. Tutt having shed his regalia, lit a stogy and seated himself comfortably upon the throne of Menelek, awaiting their return. "I hope you weren't too rough with him," he said sweetly as they came streaming back.

"We only took him as far as the horse trough," grinned Len.

"In honor of which event I declare this meeting adjourned," said Mr. Tutt. "Shake!"

"And now, b'gosh, suppose you tell us what it was all about!" requested the sheriff, as the birch beer went round and the Camels settled themselves in their official stalls. "What's hit the squire so all of a sudden?"

"I think he must have heard something that disagreed with him," answered Mr. Tutt. "The fact is that the bonds Len found in that tin can behind the smithy chimney were valueless; they had been canceled and five others issued in their stead to the owner—the National Hide and Leather Bank of Utica. When bonds are lost or stolen a railroad or other company will, upon the owner's application, affidavit of loss and the filing of a proper bond, issue new bonds in their place. Of course, if the original securities pass into the hands of a bona-fide purchaser for value, the company must honor them, in which case it will call upon the first owner to indemnify it under the bond; but in this case Squire Mason was not a bona-fide purchaser for value. He was a mere speculator in what were in fact stolen securities, for these five Beech Creek and Mohawk bonds disappeared from the vaults of the bank in 1913 at the same time that their defaulting cashier skipped for Europe just before the war."

"Why didn't you tell us our claims were no good?" inquired Toggery Bill plaintively.

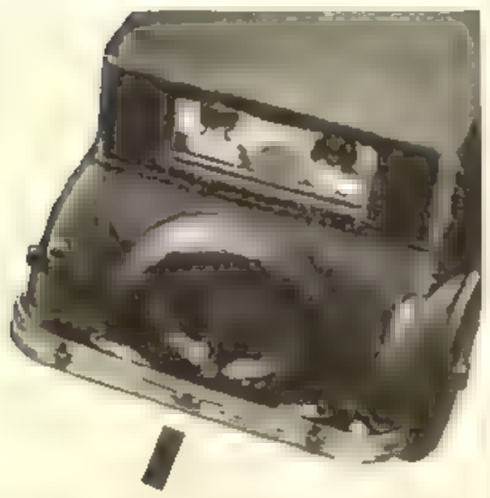
"And how did you find out so quick that the bonds had been canceled?" added Sam Bellows.

Mr. Tutt handed out a fistful of stogies. "I'm sorry you were disappointed, Bill. But I had no choice. As to the rest, the whole thing was simple enough. Of course, if the bonds had been good I would never have let Len part with them; but when I discovered that they were not, I saw a chance to play on Mason's avarice by letting him think that I was uncertain of the law and that he could take advantage of that fact to buy Len out for little or nothing. This I did by my talk in Colson's Grocery, which I took pains to see was promptly reported to him. He was so eager to drive his bargain that for the time being he either overlooked or was willing to take a chance on the question of the bonds' validity. Meanwhile I had telephoned their serial numbers to Albany and found out that they had been canceled and new ones issued on proof of loss.

"Mason did not have the serial numbers, since the bank would not let him see the bonds, and there was no way—unless he replevined them—for him to find out what they were. He could have done that next day, but he was afraid Len and I might change our minds. So I let him think me a ninny and that he was taking a sharp advantage of my inexperienced client. Do the Sacred Camels absolve me?"

"We do! Bet your life!" came the chorus.

"Anyhow," mused Cy Pennypacker, "I'm glad I didn't take no stock in that treasure corporation. I always said findings was keepings."



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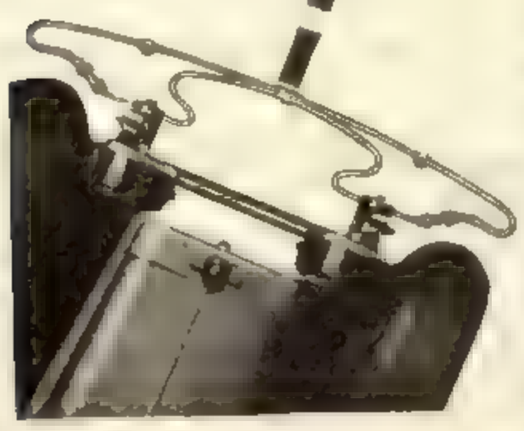

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THE GIRL FROM RECTOR'S

(Continued from Page 4)

landed back in New York his first visit, of course, was to Rector's to greet his old friends. It was just the shank of the evening when Wilson arrived, and I greeted him warmly. The place was crowded with the beauty and chivalry of New York. He stood at the entrance, surveying the crowded room, his gaze flitting from couple to couple.

Then he said, "The same old faces. But they're paired off differently."

But to return to Stanford White. He was a great first-nighter, and on that Wednesday evening had enjoyed his first show since his return from France. He was dressed immaculately, as usual, and was alone, which was unusual. I instructed the head waiter to place Mr. White at a small single table facing the door. Somehow the only thing I remember very distinctly about his evening dress was that he was wearing patent-leather shoes. So was I and so were all the waiters.

A young man entered hurriedly. He also was wearing patent-leather shoes. He gazed around in a wild manner that was noticeable. I assisted him with his light spring overcoat and caused the tails of his evening dress coat to catch on an object in his hip pocket. The object was a revolver. The young man, a scion of a wealthy Pittsburgh family, looked jerkily around the room until his glance fell on White, who returned his stare in an unconcerned manner. The young fellow turned very pale, made a motion toward his hip, hesitated, and then turned and fled. Whatever he intended doing, he had lost his nerve.

He was to regain it sufficiently in a few days to place that gun against White's ear and pull the trigger.

But that is tragedy, and easily forgotten when basking in the reflected glory of one of Berry Wall's new cravats. Berry was one of our most insistent patrons, and rarely an evening passed that he didn't drop in to pass the time of night—and then forget it. He was the best-dressed man in all America and Europe. I never heard of anybody disputing his title, so I imagine that the other great continents were his by default. His waistcoats, cravats and braided coats were the envy and despair of Fifth Avenue. I cannot describe the glory of his raiment, but I think Joseph's brothers threw Joseph down the well for less provocation. Some idea of Berry's grandeur in haberdashery may be gleaned by Marshall P. Wilder's solemn statement that Berry had raglan shoulders in his pajamas and wore lapels on his underwear.

Painting the Lily

Wilton Lackaye, one of our greatest actors, observed Berry promenading into Rector's one evening and blinked at the superb assemblage of good taste. Berry was wearing a pearl derby, white vest, cutaway coat and had a flower in his buttonhole. Wilton stared a minute and then said, in the dry manner that would make the Sahara Desert almost a lush meadow, "Add spats and stir with a cane." Lackaye is a wit who is not properly appreciated in America, which may be due to his refusal to resort to the vernacular. His command of English is so perfect that his victims often wonder what the crowd is laughing about. Wilton is the man who, having lost one of a valuable pair of cuff links in his club, hung up the remaining link on the club bulletin board over this notice: "Lost—The mate to this cuff link. Will buy or sell."

When you had Wilton Lackaye, William Collier, George Cohan and Rennold Wolf all seated in a foursome in your restaurant, then you were a very happy host indeed, because here were four of the greatest wits the world ever knew. Money could not buy a reservation in Rector's at any time if a regular patron first put in a bid for the table. It was only recently at an Army and Navy Club dinner that Collier arose to speak after a dreary hour's lecture by an admiral, followed by an equally gloomy hour's eulogy by a general. Collier's entire speech was: "Ladies or gentlemen, now I know what they mean by the Army and Navy forever."

Just a trifle longer than the famous speech delivered by the same Lackaye at a Tuesday-afternoon meeting of an amateur dramatic society. They had been trying to snare Lackaye for years, but he dreaded amateur theatricals. Finally, after many letters and many telephone calls, he consented to speak, provided that the meeting would not be of more than twenty or thirty minutes' duration. But when he actually showed up in person the chairman of the society was delighted and proceeded to paint the glories of Lackaye in all the colors of an oratorical rainbow clashing with the splendor of a Websterian aurora borealis. The speech went on, while the unfortunate Lackaye fidgeted in his chair. Finally, after two hours, when the chairman felt that the subject had been well done on both sides, he turned to Wilton and with a flourish said, "The guest of honor will now give us his address."

The guest of honor arose and said, "My address is the Lambs Club." And it was.

Dan Daly's Escargots

The remarkable thing about the famous actors and writers of the good old nights—I almost wrote "good old days"—was that with few exceptions no particular dish seems to have been their favorite. That is, they all had well-balanced appetites, were in good health and could enjoy any food their fancy dictated. Of course there were exceptions, and one of these was Dan Daly, who starred with Edna May in The Belle of New York. Twenty-five years ago we had not yet arrived at that bugaboo of the gourmet—the scientific diet.

Just as good wine needs no bush, we figured that good food required no explanation. Therefore I do not know the amount of vitamines concealed within the neat but compact body of an adult snail. There may be plenty and there may be few. But there must be some, for Daly lived on snails for two years! It must have been through some queer quirk of his palate, because he seemed normal and vigorous enough at all times.

He performed on the stage during those two years, and did well. Yet I know that he ate nothing but snails, because he never ate at all during the day and ate but one meal after midnight.

That one meal was in Rector's. He was his own dietitian. He had been a moderate eater and drinker for many years, until he suddenly went on a snail formula and followed it for twenty-four months. Then he passed quietly away, as befitting his singular diet, but not until he had accounted for many thousand snails. Although it may be a little late to mention it now, Mr. Daly always washed the snails gently down with two pints of champagne.

Mr. Daly drank none but the best wine and ate none but the finest imported snails. The domestic animal, or insect, is a hustling individual whose vigorous life in the wide open spaces unfits it for table use in the better class of hostelries. Mr. Daly's snails were the escargots à la Burgundy, the snail of Burgundy, raised from pups in the South of France under the most refining of influences. It comes from the certified escargot stock, for even snails have ancestry in La Belle France. Warmed by the Riviera sunshine and fanned by the Mediterranean breezes, it pursues the even tenor of its way, never hurrying, never getting excited. It feeds on the leaf of the Burgundian grape, from which vine is derived the finest of vintages. Which is why our American snail has been driven off the market. It requires a lifetime of training

(Continued on Page 82)

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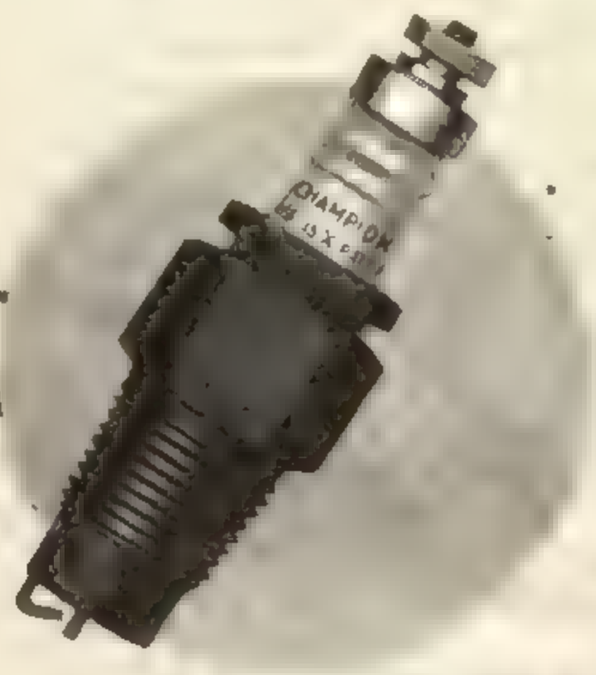

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You know DIXIES as 5c containers of individual portions of only the highest grade ice cream.

You use Individual DIXIES in the stations and coaches of railroads, in offices, theatres, hotels, restaurants and at the better soda fountains. At most drug, stationery and department stores, you can get DIXIES in convenient cartons for home or picnic.

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Nowadays they eat and drink from *Individual* DIXIES

In the Office—In the Home—Out of Doors

(Continued from Page 80)

even to be a snail. Escargots à la Burgundy! All other snails are impostors. It was a splendid diet, and Mr. Daly's demise proved nothing to the contrary. It may have been the champagne. I never tasted a snail myself.

He was the only regular snail connoisseur we had, although some tourists and morbid bystanders would occasionally order a few, just to write home to the folks about it. I might add that we did everything to make the snails happy in their adopted home. Each snail was accompanied by its pedigree, and whenever possible our European agent forwarded its pet name to us under separate cover. We did everything to make our snails happy, even to shipping them in individual barrels, each barrel stuffed with the fresh leaves of Burgundian grapevine. In spite of all our efforts, our snail trade was limited strictly to the diner whose French vocabulary consisted of a doubtful finger pointed at an equally doubtful word in French. So the entire consumption of snails was confined to those unfortunates who had pointed with pride to escargots à la Burgundy and were compelled by the same pride to go through with it.

Another and more famous eater, but for different reasons, was Diamond Jim Brady. I can affirm and testify, after looking over the books of that dim era, that Diamond Jim was the best twenty-five customers we had!

You will probably recall him as the man who offered Hopkins—I mean the college and not the actress—one hundred thousand dollars in gold if the Hopkins surgeons could give him a new stomach—one from an elephant preferred. The Johns Hopkins surgeons could not perform the feat, but I understand that Diamond Jim left the hospital a magnificent sum for prolonging his life several years.

Diamond Jim's Lighting System

He was an odd character, and the first of the successful salesmen who utilized the bright lights of Broadway to promote the sale of his commodities. His name was derived from his jewelry, and when Diamond Jim had all his illumination in place, he looked like an excursion steamer at twilight. He had powerful diamonds in his shirt front that cast beams strong enough to sunburn an unwary pedestrian. He had diamonds in his cuffs and actually wore diamond suspender buttons, fore and aft. The fore may have been good taste, but the aft were parvenu. He wore diamonds on his fingers and there was a rumor that he had diamond bridge work. His vest buttons also were precious stones, and I think that when remonstrated with for his excessive display of gems, Mr. Brady remarked, "Them as has 'em wears 'em."

Although his business life led him among the bright lights, Diamond Jim never smoked or drank. But how he ate! He loved to be surrounded by handsome men and beautiful women at the table, and it was no unusual thing for us to lay covers for eight or ten guests of Mr. Brady. If they all kept their appointments, fine! If but two or three were able to be present, fine! And if nobody showed up but Diamond Jim, fine! Mr. Brady proceeded gravely to eat the ten dinners himself.

It is possible to obtain some idea of his terrific capacity by his average menu under normal conditions. When I say he never drank, I mean intoxicating beverages. His favorite drink was orange juice. I knew just what he wanted, and before he appeared at the table I always commandeered the most enormous carafe in the house. This was filled to the brim with orange juice and cracked ice. He tossed that off without quivering a chin. It was immediately replaced with a duplicate carafe, to be followed by a third, and possibly a fourth before the dinner was over and the last waiter had fainted in the arms of an exhausted chef.

The next item was oysters. Mr. Brady was very fond of sea food. He would eat two or three dozen Lynnhaven oysters, each measuring six inches from tip to tail, if an oyster has either. Wilson Mizner, observing Diamond Jim eating oysters, remarked, "Jim likes his oysters sprinkled with clams." Observing the same dinner from a near-by listening post, Mr. Mizner also continued his observations with "Jim likes his sirloin steaks smothered in veal cutlets."

After Diamond Jim had nibbled daintily on three dozen papa oysters, it would be an even bet that he would order another dozen or so just to relieve the monotony. Then would follow a dozen hard-shell crabs, claws and all. There was no soup, which discounts Mizner's statement that Jim fanned the soup with his hat.

Diamond Jim was a gentleman, even though he did wear his napkin around his neck. But this was not due to lack of etiquette, but rather to the conformation of Mr. Brady's topography. A napkin on his knee would have been as inadequate as a doily under a bass drum. Diamond Jim's stomach started at his neck and swelled out in majestic proportions, gaining power and curve as it proceeded southward. Therefore the only place where a napkin would have done him any good was around his neck. And there he wore it. It looked like a bookmark in a tome of chins.

An Earnest Eater

After the crabs, then would come the deluge of lobsters. Lobsters were Rector's specialty and I took special pride in serving none but the finest. Six or seven giants would suffice. Diamond Jim ate them like an expert and cracked their claws like a man. There was no waste except the actual bony structure, which was dropped gracefully aside. A bus boy removed the débris as rapidly as it accumulated, otherwise Diamond Jim would have been in the same fix as the American gunboat in China.

This is a story told me by Doctor Kaveney, now a surgeon on the flagship of the Pacific fleet, but then an interne at Bellevue. He relates that after the Civil War, two side-paddle gunboats, originally destined for the conflict but finished too late, were detailed for duty in the Orient. The first was anchored outside Hong-Kong for a year. During that year all the sailors ate was beef. They dined on beef broth, beef stew, roast beef and beef croquettes. The beef bones were discarded over the side. At the end of the year the first gunboat was ordered home and the second side paddler moved in to take her place. Kaveney swears that the second gunboat ran aground on the beef bones and was lost with all on board. In corroboration of his story, he says that to this day the reef is known as Beef Bone Ledge.

Anyway, we removed all the victims of Jim's dinner as fast as we could bring up the ambulances. Then he would order a steak and toy with it until it vanished. But steaks and chops were not his hobby. He loved sea food. Coffee, cakes and pastry would follow. He selected his cakes carefully—in handfuls. When he pointed at a platter of French pastry he didn't mean any special piece of pastry. He meant the platter.

Then he would order a two-pound box of bonbons from the candy girl and pass them around among his guests. If any guest took a piece of the candy Diamond Jim would then order another two-pound box for himself. In fact, so great was his love of sweets that he bought a controlling interest in the biggest of candy factories of that time.

He tipped very liberally, because he loved life and wanted everybody to enjoy life with him. I never saw the man do an unkind thing during all the years I knew him. There is no exaggeration in the details of his dinner, because I served him many and he relished every one. He was more of a gourmet than a gourmand, if you can perceive the line of demarcation between the two. If there is any reader who thinks that I am taking a ghoulish delight in rehashing the account of Diamond Jim Brady's personal habits, all I can say is that I wish I could have enjoyed Rector's cuisine as Diamond Jim did. Furthermore, he was a man who spent his money lavishly. Anybody could get a thousand from him in the days when a thousand dollars was an incredible sum. If you don't think it was, just hark back to the diaries of Rockefeller and Ford and read their stories of how they saved their first thousand. Today a thousand is nothing.

His friends used to remonstrate with him and caution him against the many leeches who preyed on him. Even I, although merely a servant seeking to please my patrons, took advantage of our friendship and said, "Mr. Brady, you shouldn't encourage these people. They haven't the slightest intention of paying you back. They are trimming you."

Mr. Brady said, "H'm"—he was munching candy—"what do you mean?"

I replied, "Just what I said. They are making a sucker out of you."

He answered me with the retort that proved the business acumen that lay under that massive frame. His rejoinder was a thorough analysis of his entire character, which was a desire to be a free spender and at the same time know what he was accomplishing with his money. He had no illusions about the butterflies who hovered around the gleaming torches in his shirt front. He knew them far better than they knew him, because every night he wasted with them was not a night wasted for him. He piled up millions while spending thousands.

What he answered was: "Being a sucker is fun—if you can afford it."

It is a classic. It is a good thing to remember. And he was right. Remember that remark. It applies equally well to the collector of antique furniture, ancient paintings or investors in the relative speeds of horses and the pulling power of strong-armed jockeys. It's fun if you can afford it.

I almost forgot to add that when Diamond Jim had dinner in Rector's it was the usual prelude to an evening at the theater. On the way to the show he would stop his cab at a store and purchase another two-pound box of candy manufactured by the company he controlled. That would be finished before the curtain rose, and it was nothing unusual for him to buy another box between acts. After the show he would return to Rector's for a midnight snack.

Oysters in Tin Shells

He was an unusual personage, but then we dealt in unusual personages at Rector's. And of all the odd characters, I think there was not one more commanding and unusual than my own father, the founder of Rector's in Chicago and New York. He was a remarkable man.

And here I have a confession to make. In spite of the foreign atmosphere and elaborate French menu, the Rector family was intensely American. My grandfather founded the famous Frontier House at Lewiston, on the Niagara River, in 1825. Here, under the sign of the griffin, which was to be our family trade-mark almost a century later on Broadway, he served the French, English, American and Indian woodsmen and trappers. Then he moved to Lockport on the Erie Canal, and it was in this little town that my father was born in the second Rector hotel.

When the Civil War began, father enlisted in the Ninth Heavy Artillery, New York. His older brother was a captain in the same company and was killed at Fredericksburg. Father and grandfather called on President Lincoln in Washington and received his personal permission to have Captain Rector's body removed from the Fredericksburg cemetery to New York State.

A few years after the war father married Louise Petersen, daughter of William Petersen, in whose home on Tenth Street Lincoln breathed his last. The young

Continued on Page 85

"We came in for the great balls and always stopped there for several days"

—a southern belle's recollections of the old Maxwell House

SILVER haired ladies with a look of eternal youth in their eyes, the beauties of long ago. It is they who can best tell you of the Maxwell House and of its glories.

For years its stately ball-room brought together all that was loveliest and most gallant in old Dixie. From the great estates of Tennessee, from all parts of the South, the notable men and women of the time came to this fine, old hotel.

"When I was a young girl, the Maxwell House played a part in my life that I shall never forget," are the words of one southern lady. "We used to drive in by carriage for each of the balls and stop there for several days. To me and to all my friends it was always a place full of enchantment."

Throughout the southern states the Maxwell House was justly celebrated. Each of the beautiful, courtly balls held there, was an event of widespread importance. But even more talked of in that land of good living was its food and its coffee. It was its coffee which

"Good to the last drop"

brought to the old Maxwell House, in Nashville, the most enduring fame.

How the whole nation learned of this coffee

Those who once stopped there always remembered the coffee served at the Maxwell House —a special blend full-flavored and mellow like no other kind. Year after year the great folk of the South carried the news of it to their homes.

In state after state those who most appreciated the best things of life took steps to secure Maxwell House Coffee for their own use.

Today this same blend of fine coffees from the old South is known and served in all sections of the country. It has pleased more people than any other blend ever offered for sale. And the same firm of coffee merchants who perfected it years ago still blend and roast it today. Maxwell House has become the largest selling high grade coffee in the United States—the first choice in a long list of America's leading cities.

The smooth richness and rare fragrance of this wonderful blend are now offered to you. Just as to the guests of the old Maxwell House it will bring to your family a new idea of how tempting a cup of coffee can actually be. At breakfast and dinner it will add a new and very real pleasure. Plan now to serve it tomorrow. Your grocer has Maxwell House Coffee in sealed blue tins. Cheek-Neal Coffee Company, Nashville, Houston, Jacksonville, Richmond, New York, Los Angeles.

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Over the mountain rim—under the broad eaves of the sky—swelling streams—a shimmer of sunlight—dancing shadows—a summer day undreamed of—that's real vacation.

(Continued from Page 82)

couple came to New York, where father became a conductor on the Second Avenue surface line, running through the famous Bowery.

A few years later he was in charge of the first Pullman hotel dining car that ever ran across the continent. A man who could step from horse cars to Pullmans would naturally have no timidity about opening up a dining room in Chicago. Which was just what father did, in the basement on the southeast corner of Clark and Monroe streets, where the Rector Building stands today.

He decided to specialize in sea food, and ancient Chicagoans remember him as the man who parlayed a fifteen-cent oyster stew into a million dollars. At that time all fish and oysters, traveling west to see America first, were controlled by the Booth Fisheries. Father determined to make an experiment, as he was tired of getting his oysters in hermetically sealed cans. No Chicagoan had ever seen an oyster reposing in state on its own mother-of-pearl throne. So we arranged for the first barrel of oysters ever to be shipped West in their own shells.

The experiment was a success. We tried it with the Rockaway oyster, and I still remember the day they arrived and we knocked the lid off the barrel in fear and trembling. A trial oyster was quickly opened and proved to be in full command of its faculties after thirty hours' journey. The barrel lasted about ten minutes.

George Ade, Sam Bernard and Elbert Hubbard were among the vanguard of loyal Chicagoans who rushed into Rector's and defeated the invading bivalve. After that, any oyster entering Chicago did so under its own cover. We next showed the amazed citizens of Illinois their first live lobster, and then topped that with the first live green sea turtle from the West Indies. It weighed three hundred pounds in its stocking feet. It celebrated its debut in the Middle West by knocking over a lamp in the freight depot and setting the building on fire. The blaze didn't reach the magnificent proportions of the conflagration sponsored by the left hind foot of Mrs. O'Leary's cow, but it was not so bad for a turtle's first effort.

Tea Time at the World's Fair

But that turtle had sung its terrapin song, for once again Chicago mustered its reserves and attacked the maritime expeditionary force. Mr. Turtle lasted about three days in the form of turtle chowder, soup and steaks. Chicago ate and talked turtle for three days, and some disappointed customers appeased their unrequited affection for turtle meat by carving their initials in the shell. However, enough oysters and terrapin arrived in the next ten years to satisfy all. It started as a fad, but is now a necessity to Illinois health, owing to the fact that the rivers of the Middle West are draining the soil of iodine, and iodine is strongly predominant in all sea food.

Chicagoans must have been grateful to the Rectors, for we obtained the privilege of operating the only restaurant inside the World's Fair grounds in 1893. It was the Café Marine, and its specialties, of course, were the treasures gleaned from the fishing banks.

Would it be betraying an old secret to say that the ladies visiting the Café Marine seemed to be very fond of afternoon tea? I doubt that Sir Thomas Lipton ever grew this tea on his plantations in the Far East. And although the teacups were beautiful Chinese porcelain, the contents had a Scotch aroma which was more thistles than heather. After two or three cups of this tea, I have seen the ladies walk away, clinging to their flimsy parasols like parachute jumpers to the cross bars of their trapezes. It may have been tea, or it may not, but it was in teacups. You can settle the question for yourself by remembering that kittens born in an oven are not necessarily biscuits.

A Restaurant Gridiron

It was also in the Café Marine that the first lady smoked the first cigarette in public. It created a furor among the monitors of late-Victorian morals, but as the lady happened to be Princess Eulalie, of Spain, the Chicago flappers of that decade immediately followed the fashion. The princess smoked in her own home, and she doubtless felt at home anywhere. I do not remember seeing the princess dabbling at one of our demi-tasse teacups, but she often ordered soup in a very deep dish.

The growing fame of the Chicago Rector's attracted every prominent man or woman who ever visited Chicago. We had also introduced vintage wines with fine results for us, if not for our customers. This brought us into contact with George Kessler. He told father that the Rectors should move to New York, as we had become known through the word-of-mouth advertising spread by our friends in the theatrical profession. He had the spot on Broadway picked out in advance. It was a building designed for a restaurant, built by Charles T. Barney, president of the Knickerbocker Trust Company, and leased to Jack Dunston and Thomas Healy, both of whom were to become well-known Bonifaces in later years. The deal had fallen through owing to some dissension. Dunston opened the historic Jack's restaurant, only recently closed. Year after year, athletic victories of all kinds were celebrated in Jack's. Year after year, Yale, Harvard and Princeton struggled for the football championship only to have the victorious team defeated on the night of victory by the renowned Jack's flying wedge of waiters. Healy opened his own place also, only to succumb to the modern kitchenette and the keener competition of home-brewing.

Bert Shaw, of Chicago, who organized the National Biscuit Company, and was the man who put the first custom-made soda cracker on the market, joined with Kessler in urging us to go to New York. We went. The New York Rector's was opened on September 23, 1899. About a week later Manhattan Island was celebrating Dewey's return from Manila. We were told that our Chicago reputation had preceded us, but there was no way of advertising in those days, although we had plenty of notices in theatrical trade papers.

Although the building had been erected by Barney as a restaurant property, we had an advance expense of more than two hundred thousand dollars—nearly a quarter of a million dollars invested in hypothetical goodwill. We opened our doors on a fine day in late September, not knowing whether anybody was going to come in or not.

While I am speaking of firsts, I may as well boast that the Rector front door was the first revolving door in New York. We sat back and wondered whether it would revolve. It did. It spun madly and father and I bowed and scraped our first welcome to our first New York patron. But nobody entered, although the revolving door continued to whirl like a mechanical dervish.

We investigated and discovered that the delighted youth of Manhattan was throwing itself into the revolving door just for the trip. All that afternoon the curious crowds continued to pack the compartments of Rector's revolving door. At least five thousand people pivoted around and around in a joyful, if belated, Maypole dance. Some folks even went home to bring their relatives down to enjoy the free journey, while Rector père, and Rector fils, dealers in marine food, gazed upon the queer fish trapped in their spinning aquarium.

Another Round-Tripper

Twilight of the same afternoon seemed to have arrived a year later as a solitary horse cab stopped in front of our place and a figure in formal evening dress stepped out. It was a fine-looking elderly gentleman who alighted and dismissed the cabby with a tip. As the leader of our Russian symphony orchestra stood with baton poised to give the signal that was to launch the musicians on their career, and fifty waiters stood on tiptoe ready to pounce on the first patron, the elderly gentleman gingerly entered the revolving door. He took a deep breath as if expecting the air to give out before he completed the trip. We stood by, taking much deeper breaths, as we did not know whether he would prove real or whether he was only another excursionist. The door swung halfway. Would he come in or would he complete the round trip? He came in, the music struck up, and father took his coat while I grabbed his hat. He sat down and ordered—an Italian dinner!

We bowed him out gracefully. The music stopped automatically, the waiters relaxed and father turned to me and said, "I'd like some spaghetti myself."

Then the door whirled again, but not so quickly as the two Rectors.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Mr. Rector. The second will appear in an early issue.

THE TAIL PULLER

(Continued from Page 40)

a-flirtin' his tail an' proclaimin' that he felt powerful good. Here come Mr. Hawk, and Mr. Jaybird couldn't make it to the big woods. So he dived into a hole that Mr. Peckerwood had bored in that stump. But the hole was shaller, and nigh half of him stuck out behind. Mr. Hawk swiped off that end and went on. When Mr. Hawk had flew away, Mr. Jaybird backed out of his hole and seen what happened to him. All the south end of him was gone. He give hisself a twitch or two and said, 'Yah! Yah! Saved my life, but I lost my tail.' Yah! Saved my life, but I lost my tail. Gents, that jaybird is me. I've done lost my tail, but I'm fixin' to save my life."

In the uproar of laughter Jud moved his chair from the table—a hint that small fry might drop out and leave the fight to plungers. Without a word, Mr. French gathered up his money. So did Doctor Frazee.

At which Crow apologized: "Gentlemen, Mr. Longmoor and I were not serious." And he began shoving their wager across the table, which Longmoor pushed back.

For a long while Deacon had said nothing. Now his pecuniary eyes followed that pile of cash which nobody seemed to want, and he hitched his chair a little closer to the table.

"Shall we continue?" Crow inquired.

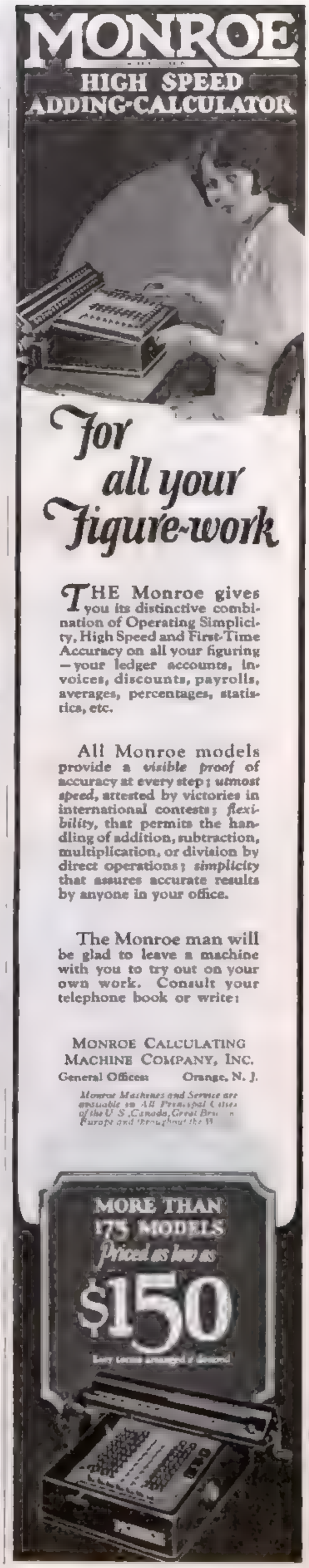
"Not now," Major Fontaine shook his head. "After supper."

"Then," Harry Longmoor suggested eagerly, "Captain Saltoon and I might try a few hands."

"At your service." As a gentleman and a winner, Crow could not honorably decline.

Their single combat started at the insistence of the sucker, and Jud Brill knew how it would finish. In a short while young Longmoor went to the clerk for another stake—from a wallet which belonged to his uncle in Louisville. A second trip, still more money. At his third trip Harry fetched the depleted wallet.

Everybody saw that their jocular game was now grown serious. The sucker sat tight-lipped, with puckered eyes, fighting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hard. Then Crow cleaned him on one final spectacular pot.

"That's all, captain," Longmoor said, rising steadily and trying to smile. "That ends our game—my last dollar."

"I'm sorry. We had no intention of playing for such high stakes. Won't you let me ——"

Again Crow seemed to proffer a restoration of Longmoor's losings, which no man of spirit could accept.

"I thank you very much." The boy turned away, passing through the white and gold of the cabin, underneath the crystal chandeliers, with head erect like the thoroughbred that he was.

"Most unfortunate"—the gambler's eyes followed him—"we should never have raised our limit."

This clever operator was past grand master of his craft. Before the eyes of twenty onlookers he had plundered a sucker of thirty-one hundred dollars. Yet far from rousing suspicion, he had only fastened himself more firmly in their minds as a man of honor; had only smoothed his path to the three-card game, where their biggest money lay. The iron was hot. He struck.

Crow's elbow rested on the table. He fumbled with the cards, seemed to be musing over what had occurred. When he spoke, it was half to himself, half to his audience: "That proves the danger of getting in too deep before you realize it. Last year as I was going to New Orleans on the Reliance one of these slick professionals caught me for a thousand before I could bat an eye. I had to give him a bill of sale for twenty bales of cotton that I had on the boat."

"How was that?" Major Fontaine inquired as other passengers pressed forward to listen, none more interested than the Deacon with his glittering eyes.

"Another instance of wagering large sums without intending. That professional sprung a brand-new trick on me. Called it the one-eyed jack."

"One-eyed jack?" There was always a sucker to ask. "What's it like?"

"I'll show you." Crow turned and took up the cards, saying, "Probably you have never observed that this jack, spades, and the jack of hearts are one-eyed. Both the others are full-faced." At once he caught the suckers' attention for a demonstration. "The professional held this one-eyed jack in his right hand—so, the deuce of diamonds and seven of clubs in his left, throwing all three together on the table, face downward, like this. Now! Can you pick the one-eyed jack?"

"Yes." Doctor Frazee proved his assertion by turning the proper card.

Crow seemed astonished, and smiled. "But if I had nimble fingers, like that gambler's, I don't believe you could pick it."

"Think I could," Judge Thornton volunteered. "I have excellent eyesight."

"Maybe so, but the hand is quicker than the eye. Let me practice a little. You know"—he laughed apologetically at his clumsiness—"after that fellow robbed me, I went home and tried to throw the cards as he did. But my little girl caught me nearly every time. . . . There! That's better."

Again and again Crow flung the cards, sometimes so awkwardly that his new friends laughed, none louder than the mule drover, when Crow exclaimed, "Now! There's a good throw!"

"Think so, mister?" Jud sneered. "I kin pick yo' jack. Here's him." His capper reached over Major Fontaine's shoulder, turning the one-eyed jack. "I kin do that every clatter—for money. I'll bet you I kin. I'll bet you."

"I'd rather not." Crow showed barely a trace of annoyance in putting Jud aside. But the mule drover shoved himself against the table and persisted, "I'll bet you! Money talks!"

This pair of accomplished actors produced the desired effect—of an ignorant blunderer making himself offensive to a gentleman. Elbow to elbow, at Jud's side, stood a man from far upriver, with very narrow eyes and a glint of finance in them. He, too, was studying the trick, and saw a certainty.

"I'll risk two hundred, or thereabouts," this new goat butted in.

The crowd was getting started. Jud would lead off with the first wager, win five hundred and toll on the sheep. He was digging into his pockets when the Deacon's slumbering conscience woke. A holy ardor possessed him. His fingers pulled at Jud's coat tail as he whispered, "Don't bet! Don't bet!"

"Lemme 'lone." Jud detested all tail pullers, and he swept this one aside.

Swarms of rich fish swam round their hook. Already the narrow-eyed sucker was stripping money from a roll that looked fat enough to choke a bull. Then somebody jerked his coat tail.

"These boats is full o' gamblers," the Deacon warned him. "You'll lose."

"Lose?" The narrow-eyed man hadn't thought of such a calamity and hesitated, growing cautious over the moral principle. Other weak bystanders showed their interest in the game, so the Deacon slipped around the edges of the crowd, snatching at all the coat tails, as a chime ringer jerks his rope.

Although Crow seemed unconscious of these maneuvers, he knew to a nicety what was queering his game. Business could not be transacted on this boat until Mr. Tail-puller had been silenced. No ruffling brow betrayed his wrath as Crow arose and remarked, "The stars are wonderful upon the river at this season." Then he strolled outside.

A clear dark night. The wheels splashed. Unseen waters rippled. From midstream, Crow could scarcely discern a blacker line of shore. Above him twin columns of smoke puffed upward, to merge in a tumbling cloud behind. A trail of frothy water spread fanwise in their wake. Presently Crow glimpsed the Deacon and approached with a most disarming smile.

"I'm sorry, brother, that you broke up my fun a while ago. I tried to tip you the wink."

"Tip me the wink?" The Deacon stiffened like a suspicious virgin.

"Certainly. You were the only man who caught on, and I wanted your help to catch Doctor Frazee—for a joke."

"Joke? Ah, I see."

"Of course," Crow confided, "I recognized in you the leading spirit of this boat. Wherever you go, other men will follow." This simple tribute mollified the Deacon, who opened his mouth and gulped down all that Crow was saying. "That's why I tried to tip you off—for you to bet me five hundred and win it."

"Me? Win five hundred?"

"I'll get it back. When Doctor Frazee sees you win, a man of your standing and character, he'd bet and lose. Wouldn't that be a good joke on him?"

"But the five hundred?"

"You'll keep that for a souvenir."

"Ah, I see. Perhaps I was in error," the Deacon confessed. "What do you want me to do?"

The service was quite uncomplicated as Crow explained it—merely that the Deacon should wager five hundred dollars, turn over the card at his left and win, then enjoy a laugh on Doctor Frazee.

Five hundred dollars tickled the Deacon's sense of humor in five hundred different places. He fidgeted on the guards, squinting through a glass door, until Crow settled himself at the same table, chatting with Doctor Frazee and other guileless persons. The situation seemed propitious when the Deacon strolled into the cabin, sanctimoniously innocent. Then that meddlesome mule drover got ahead of him. Already Jud stood towering above Crow and badgered him to bet—which annoyed the Deacon's accomplice.

"All right," Crow agreed, "if you insist, I'll make just one wager—five hundred dollars." *(Continued on Page 88)*

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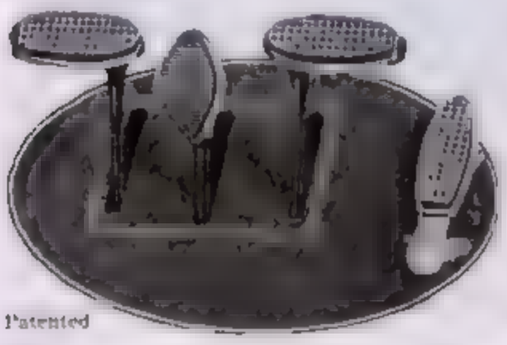

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(Continued from Page 86)

"Five hundred?" The ejaculation burst from Jud, and bystanders chuckled at the planter's stratagem to get rid of him. "Jerusalem, mister! Ain't you climbin' powerful steep?"

"I'll take that bet! I'll take that bet!" The Deacon struggled to squirm in between Jud and the table.

Jud refused to be bluffed, saying, "Mister, that's a heap o' money, yit I got my horns bored to call you." And he counted out the stake, while ice water dappled the Deacon's brow.

"You understand, my friend"—again Crow attempted to scare him off—"I have two chances to your one?"

"You ain't got nary chance, not ef I keeps both eyes on that one-eyed jack. Fling them pasteboards!"

It made the Deacon sick. He clutched his roll and sweated. Crow bungled the trick. Nervous fingers ranged his cards, face downwards, three in a row, and Jud inquired, "Ready, mister?"

"Yes."

Breath refused to come as the Deacon saw Jud's unhesitating hand swoop down and turn the jack of spades.

"Thar he!" the drover hollered, and raked in five hundred, which by rights belonged to the Deacon.

"You can't do that again!" Crow's voice rose angrily. "I'll bet you another five!"

"Not me." Jud drew back. "I've got mine."

Then the drover nudged the Deacon's elbow and whispered, "Anybody kin pick that jack. Sh! Look! I bent his corner."

Deacon did look, and saw. The one-eyed jack lay face upward. Its corner was bent, almost imperceptibly. No chance to miss it.

"I'll bet you another five." Again Crow addressed the drover, apparently forgetting a certain conspiracy on the guards until the Deacon reminded him.

"I'll bet."

"Oh! You? Very well."

The Deacon feared that somebody else might notice the twinkle in Crow's eye when they sprung their little joke.

Both men put up, a cool thousand, no colder than the Deacon's fingers. He didn't need to watch the cards when Crow threw them on the table. His winning jack would be at the left, with a corner bent.

Monte affords quick action. Things happen right now. The cards fell. Twenty men leaned forward to see. There were three cards. The Deacon saw only one, at the left—a crumpled corner. He could barely wait until Crow marshaled them in a row and announced, "Now! Pick the one-eyed baby!"

"Here it is!" The Deacon promptly turned—not the jack of spades. The left-hand card, with bent corner, showed up as the seven of clubs!

With bulging eyes the Deacon stared at the seven, stared again and again.

"That's not the jack!" he exclaimed.

"No," politely Crow agreed with him, and to the Deacon's amazement gathered up the thousand dollars.

"But—but ——" the Deacon protested.

"You lost," said Crow. . . . "Well, gentlemen, it's about time to dress for supper."

Drops of sweat hardened on the Deacon's brow like sleet. He stood rigid, a frozen man. Glassy eyes followed Crow, who went strolling toward his stateroom. Then the Deacon began to stir, as an automaton that stalks without volition.

Crow had scarcely disappeared within his stateroom when somebody knocked.

"Come," he invited.

The gambler frowned at sight of the Deacon, trying to smile and rubbing his anxious hands together as he said, "Thought I'd drop in to get my money."

"Your money?"

"Yes, our little joke."

"Joke's on you," Crow answered without concern, as he filled his water basin.

"On me? You don't aim to keep my money?"

"No"—the gambler laughed—"I'm going to spend it."

"Ain't you figgerin' to give it back?"

"Not one thrip!"

The florid face went white as the Deacon stammered, "I'll—I'll—I'll expose you!"

"Very good." Crow whirled and laid a hand upon the door knob. "Call Doctor Frazee and Major Fontaine. Expose me. Say that I am a common gambler. Say that I agreed to let you win five hundred dollars—while you agreed to set a trap for your friends to lose."

Already Crow was opening the door when the Deacon gripped his wrist. "Wait! Wait! Don't!"

"Wait? For what? . . . Get out of here!"

The Deacon went stumbling from the room, and Crow nodded to himself in the mirror. "Now he'll stop pulling coat tails."

Having squelched his tail puller, the gambler's toilet proceeded undisturbed until a second knock came upon his door, and Harry Longmoor entered.

Another whine? Another squawking loser? Crow knew better. Longmoor had come for no such purpose.

"Captain Saltoon," the Kentuckian inquired, "I lost more than I can afford, and ask my chance to win it back. Would you be generous enough to lend me three hundred dollars on this watch? I'll redeem it when we reach New Orleans."

The gambler had seen that same expression on the face of many a harried man, and knew that Longmoor had lost money which did not belong to him. All in the day's work of a gambler. And Crow only said, "Let me see your watch."

Already he knew it to be a fine one, worth from six to seven hundred dollars; and he might well spend twenty minutes in winning such a handsome timepiece. So he made no hurry about opening its case, then gave a start, almost an exclamation of astonishment, for within he saw a woman's portrait.

"This—this lady?" he asked.

"Oh!" The youngster reached out to reclaim it. "I'll remove the miniature, if you please."

"Beg your pardon," Crow persisted gently, "but I imagine that I once saw this lady at the Lexington races."

"Perhaps"—only three words, and Longmoor hated to say that much. "My mother."

After the Kentuckian had left him, with three hundred dollars and an engagement to play again that night, Crow stood pondering upon an identical miniature in his own watch case, the same young girl, evidently painted by the same hand.

"His mother!" the gambler whispered. "Judith's son!"

Through all their years of teamwork and perilous adventure, Jud Brill had never learned to understand his partner. Fearless, generous, clean as a hound's tooth, Crow yet remained a mystery. He did the most unaccountable things. On this boat, for instance, folks had plenty of cash, and the pair laid their wires to get it. Crow was cheek by jowl with all the big bugs. Nevertheless, when the suckers finished supper, instead of going after Major Fontaine or Doctor Frazee, Jud failed to comprehend why his chief settled down to a single-handed session with Harry Longmoor. They already had his money. No sense in fooling with a busted man. Yet there sat Crow, playing head and head with the boy, when he might have got a game worth twenty thousand dollars. It didn't trouble Jud to see young Longmoor winning. Whenever Crow got ready he could take every cent away from him on a single deal.

Other travelers merely looked on, and left the struggle between those two, sitting opposite each other at a small table, while Jud kept thinking every minute that Crow would break Longmoor and hook the fatter fish.

However, Crow pursued his own method. At the start young Longmoor laid three hundred dollars before him, all he possessed. Crow showed near thirty-five hundred. Steadily the gambler's pile dwindled until the antagonists had about even stakes. Of course Jud figured that Crow had planned it so that each would bet his last cent on the last hand.

Doctor Frazee was leaning forward on his crutch beside the Kentuckian when their last hand came, on Crow's deal. Jud knew that Longmoor held three jacks, while Crow had dealt himself an ace full. Cleverly, the gambler contrived it so that their raises swelled the pot to eighteen hundred dollars. Longmoor must stick. Each player had approximately a thousand before him, when Crow shoved in his entire balance.

Longmoor hesitated a moment, then called, his face tense and white. Now came the draw.

Crow was dealing, and he asked, "Do you want any cards?"

"If you please, two."

"Two?" It seemed to astonish Crow that, after such a large bet, Longmoor did not stand pat. He paused in the deal to observe, "Luck has run against you all day. As neither of us has another thrip to bet, I'll let you see my hand."

The youngster flinched imperceptibly when Crow displayed three aces with a pair of fours, then mastered himself and said, "I have only these three jacks. I must draw."

"Face up?" Crow inquired.

"Might as well. It's a show-down for the pot."

Two dozen pairs of eyes fastened themselves upon the long slender fingers with which Crow flipped the top card—a nine of hearts. Then, even more slowly, with dramatic suspense, he turned the next one—the jack of spades.

"Four jacks!" a voice burst from the crowd. "Beats the ace full!"

The blond-haired boy sat dazed. That pile of money belonged to him. He could now restore what he had taken from the wallet. Then, out of the stillness, Harry heard his antagonist say, "Here's your watch"; and he passed the timepiece across the table.

After Longmoor had paid his debt and Crow had the money, the Kentuckian inquired, "Shall we continue to play?"

"No," the gambler decided, "we are about quits."

That ended it, and Jud Brill simply could not comprehend. Neither could he understand why his partner whispered to Doctor Frazee, then led the crippled physician into Crow's own stateroom. Behind that closed door Crow began abruptly:

"Doctor, you are a gentleman. I want to ask a service."

"A service of me?" Frazee queried in wonderment.

"Yes. It concerns that boy. Doctor, I am not a planter, but a professional gambler ——"

"You? A gambler? I don't believe it."

"True. Please don't interrupt. This afternoon I swindled young Longmoor, then discovered a reason why I must restore his money. Sometimes it interferes with my trade for the old instincts to crop up. Every black sheep, I suppose, clings to some tatter of his former code. Anyway, I once knew his—knew his family. He would never permit me to give back his losings, so I arranged for him to win them back."

"You—arranged that play?"

"Quite easily, sir. After I leave this boat, will you impress it upon Harry that any gambler can rob him as I did? He's helpless. That knowledge may save him trouble in the future. But, doctor, I trust your honor—he must not suspect that I ever knew his—ever knew any member of his family. Good night, sir, and thank you very gratefully."

"Why good night? Are you not going to New Orleans?"

"I had intended to, but will now drop off at St. Joe during the night. Not a word of this until I am gone."

4 Wonderful New Breakfasts

Which Come to Prove Food that's "Good for You" Can be Supremely Delicious, too!

You prepare them in an instant, and serve them to win back wayward appetites when just ordinary deliciousness fails to attract

HERE are four ways to add a new interest to breakfast. Try one tomorrow. Note how simple it is to stop the monotony of ordinary breakfasts, to convert that frequently colorless meal into a gay adventure.

Quaker Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice are different from any other cereals known.

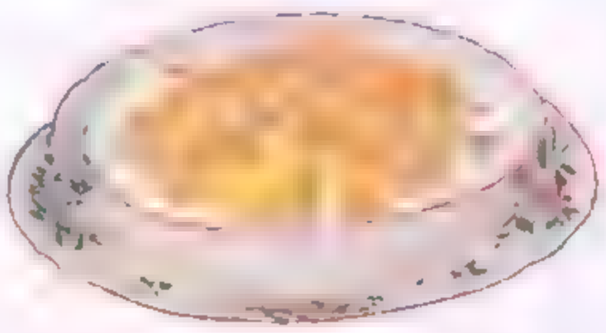
They're toasty, crunchy grains that taste like toasted nutmeats. Their food value is that of rich grain foods.

They digest easily for they are steam puffed, and thus every food cell broken. Each enticing grain is eight times its normal size. No other grain food enjoys this puffing process. It is exclusive to Quaker Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice, and makes them totally different in form, flavor and deliciousness from any other cereal that comes to your table.

Besides the important minerals and other essential food elements of wheat, the Puffed Wheat contains approximately 20% of bran; but you would never guess it, so delightfully is it concealed. The Puffed Rice is rich in carbohydrates, making a dish decidedly nutritious and delicious, both.

For that "something different" you crave get either the wheat or the rice today.

Besides the ways pictured here, there are many other delightful ways to serve . . ."food that's good for you, that you eat because you love it."



With peaches, a delightful variant from the routine breakfast. And yet supremely "good for you," too

Puffed Grains with sliced bananas and cream, or "half-and-half" —try this to start mornings right.

Blackberries, strawberries, raspberries —any kind of fresh berries with Puffed Grains, each brings added goodness to the other. A summer breakfast treat, incomparable.

THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY

health wins again!

Two Out and the Bases Full!

THE NINTH INNING and the score tied! The home team fans in the crowded stand let out a roar as Tony Baker went to the plate. With two out and the bases full, would his nerves "crack" under the strain or would he—? Then pandemonium broke loose—Tony had made another home run!

It was the old story—health, stamina, nerve, made fit and kept fit on a balanced diet, with plenty of rich bottled milk, that carried Tony to victory.

You, too, can become fit and keep fit by proper eating and healthful living. By all means, include in your diet plenty of pure, rich bottled milk—the greatest health food in the world. Authorities say drink bottled milk at mealtime and between meals, too. Milk bottled by your dairyman, in Thatcher Superior Quality Milk Bottles is your guarantee of full measure, always. Look for the trade-mark on every bottle.

Thatcher Manufacturing Co.
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Always use bottled milk in cooking. Fresh, rich bottled milk imparts to foods that savory, healthful richness all good cooks demand.

THATCHER
BOTTLES *for* MILK
A Bottle of Milk is a Bottle of Health

THE UNSPANKED THIRD

(Continued from Page 19)

have speech with the old cook. Lina adored him, but her cackles of delight did not appease Mr. Raines' hunger much.

None of the grandchildren showed any haste. They merely remarked in casual tones "Are we late, gran?" and without waiting for an answer, sprawled their lengths somewhere. Jake's blood pressure must have touched two hundred and fifty; but after a while everything was ready, and they went in to supper.

Tribal gatherings like this were of frequent occurrence. Never a week passed without the children paying their respects to their mother and father two or three times; but it required special inducements and strong parental pressure to bring the grandchildren.

The Raines connection totaled sixteen, but two of Clay's sons and one of Jake Jr.'s daughters were at prep schools in the East, so that the tally of those who sat down at table was thirteen: Mr. and Mrs. Raines, Clay and his wife and their two girls; Jake 3d, who seemed more at ease with his grandsire than anybody else present, except Mrs. Raines; Charlie and Ida, who had no children; and Mr. and Mrs. Jake Jr. with their eldest daughter and boy of six. When it was discovered there were thirteen at the board, loud protests broke out, and all the children except the youngest volunteered to eat at a separate table. In fact, they disputed hotly for the privilege. The youngest did not volunteer; he wanted close connections with the turkey. This boy bore the name of Claude, after his maternal grandfather.

Well, Jake 3d finally settled matters by forcibly taking possession of a side table, and Mr. Raines started in to carve the turkey. It was his custom to serve the men first, then the women, and work down through the others according to age. But in about a minute Claude began to pout and whimper and at last he let out a howl.

"Help Claude, dad," said Mrs. Raines. "The poor child is hungry."

"So'm I hungry," retorted her husband. "Say, when I was his age, kids didn't get helped first. They were lucky to get the neck."

Nevertheless, he cut off some breast for the boy. It was easy to see from the way he eyed him, however, that Claude provided no solace to his grandsire's declining years.

After everybody was helped, Mr. Raines took no further part in the conversation; but once the main purpose of the gathering had been achieved, his face cleared, and when they rose from the table he settled down to his smoke in the living room with great content. The men bunched on one side of the room, the women on the other. As for the grandchildren, Jake 3d began to mutter vague references to a date he had and presently drifted away without answering his father's query as to where he was going. Clay's two girls were bound for a movie show, and at the sound of their escorts' siren in the street, shook off the apathy which had kept them dumb and bored throughout supper, and fairly sparkled as they ran out.

"You be sure to get home by eleven o'clock, girls," called their mother.

They shouted back, "All righty. Don't sit up for us though." Then one laughed, and the other muttered something.

Mr. Raines glanced from one to the other of the parents in stern surprise. That was a fine way to let kids run loose, wasn't it? In his day —— But the supper had been good and he refused to spoil it. Instead, he addressed his son-in-law.

"Well, how's business?"

Charlie shot a swift look at him, but Mr. Raines' face was imperturbable.

"Pretty fair," he responded. Why had the old fellow asked that? How much did he know anyhow? One could never tell what he might be up to. "Pretty fair," he repeated. "Why?"

"Oh, nothing." His next question was directed to Clay. "Well, did you play golf today?"

"Yes, I got out late for a little round," was the uneasy answer.

"Humph! I reckon you manage to get in that little round most every day, don't you?"

"But Clay needs the exercise, papa," Mrs. Clay put in. "He's getting fat."

"Exercise? If I want exercise, I can get it chopping wood."

"Why, everybody plays golf nowadays," protested his daughter-in-law.

"Don't I know it? That's just the trouble. Who's going to do all the work that needs to be done? That's what I want to know." As nobody offered to settle that point, Mr. Raines changed the subject. "Did you close that deal for the Shortredge piece?"

"Not yet."

"Then when the Sam Hill do you aim to do it, hey? I want that done right now. Old H. H. never stood hitched in his life, and if he gets half a chance to think it over, he'll back out."

"I'll see him tomorrow," Clay promised. His face was red, his manner apprehensive. Jake Jr. came to the rescue.

"Well, dad," he began, "what do you think of the market?"

"Too high," grunted Mr. Raines. "Nobody can tell me steers're worth all that money."

"I meant the stock market, not cattle."

His father removed the cigar from his mouth and turned full on him. "What're you doing in the stock market?" he demanded gruffly.

"Nothing much. I just took a little flyer."

"What in?"

"Kite Motors."

"Where'd you get the money?"

"Oh, I got it all right. Don't worry."

"How much did you buy?"

"A thousand shares," said Jake, beginning to feel apprehensive.

"A thousand shares? Well, of all the—— Say, how could you buy a thousand shares? You speculating on margin?"

"Of course. Everybody does it."

"And everybody's a blamed fool!" cried the old man. "What do you know about the stock market anyhow? Nothing! Less than nothing! That a son of mine—— Why, boy, it's just plain foolishness. Would you play poker with somebody away off in New York dealing the cards? I never bought a share on margin in my life."

"But things're different now, dad. Everybody ——"

"Human nature ain't," retorted his father sternly. "I've watched it forty years. When the bottom's dropped out and things're cheap, not one man in a million will touch a share of stock with a forty-foot pole, but just let 'em skyrocket a stock and —— Say, it looks like the higher the price, the more they want it. You leave that speculatin' alone, understand? You aren't going to shoot any of my money away like that."

"Who's shooting your money? This is my own."

"You borrowed it, didn't you? And do you suppose they'd have lent you anything if I wasn't back of you? Huh? You never earned a thousand dollars in your life, unless I throwed it your way."

This sounded like strong talk, but the family was accustomed to it, and presently the conversation drifted into other channels, whilst old Jake brooded and smoked. So the bank had been lending that boy money to gamble with, hey? Well, he would see about this monkey business.

"What did you want to scold that way for?" demanded his wife after the children had gone.

"Because they need it, that's why. They'd be in pretty shape, wouldn't they, if I didn't keep an eye on them?"

"But you didn't need to get mad about it. They're good boys."

"That Clay's a lazy no-account ——"

"He's nothing of the kind," cried his mother. "There never was a finer boy."

"That's just the trouble with him," persisted Jake. "He's so nice he ain't good for anything. Look at the way he lets that wife of his run it over him. Why, he daresent open his mouth."

"You don't like Claire. That's the trouble."

"Yes, I do. She's all right, but she's too bossy. That woman would try to run the whole world if she got half a chance. Why don't Clay stand up to her?"

"Well, he likes to have peace, I reckon."

"That's just what I've been saying Clay has no more will of his own ——"

"Well, supposing he hasn't. Whose fault is it? If he'd had a will of his own, how would you and he ——"

"Let's go to bed, mamma."

"No, I want to talk," she insisted. "It's a wonder to me Charlie ever comes near the house—the way you sit and watch him."

"Shucks, I do nothing of the sort. I've got nothing against Charlie."

"Well, you ought not to have. Everybody except you says he is a fine young man and ——"

"You can never tell how a man'll turn out till he's thirty," Jake rumbled, limping as he got up from his chair. His rheumatism was bad tonight.

Mrs. Raines did not pursue the discussion. She usually got her way with her husband but she did not get it by nagging.

During the night a norther blew up, and when Mr. Raines opened the back door at six o'clock next morning, a gust of wind buffeted him, biting to the bone. He looked at the thermometer hanging on the porch—five below zero. Then he put on an overcoat and prowled around until signs of life in the servants' quarters indicated that the cook was up. They breakfasted at half-past seven. Jake rose from the table and shouted from the kitchen door, "Sam, bring the car around."

"For goodness' sake, dad, you aren't going out in this weather?" protested his wife.

"Why not?"

"Well, it's Sunday, for one thing."

"I want to look at those cattle."

"But you can go tomorrow just as well."

"No," said Jake. "I'm going today. If Newt feeds 'em this kind of weather, he's feeding 'em regular."

A few minutes later he was headed for town. The feedlots were just off the Elmwood Road, fourteen miles west of the city, and he had to traverse the business district. Nobody was out; the streets were silent canyons of brick and mortar—great office buildings twenty, twenty-four, twenty-eight stories high; traffic lights at every corner. Jake chuckled as they passed a building under construction—a new skyscraper which would overtop them all.

"See that building?" he inquired of Sam. "Well, thirty years ago I used to put up my horse in a corral there. It was way outside of town too. And the only traffic signal I ever heard of," he added, as the car came to a halt at a deserted corner in obedience to the red light, "was when some fellow pulled a gun. That meant 'go.'"

"Well, I declare," murmured Sam.

"Why, I've brought herds of cattle across country where these streets run and —— Say, see that hotel?"

Of course Sam saw it. He could hardly fail to do so, for it covered most of a block.

"Well, ol' Gus Rutter used to keep an eatin' house where that stands. We used to tie our horses to a hitchin' rack outside; and you could buy as fine a steak as a man'd want for a quarter."

"Well, I declare," said Sam again. Then he had a thought. "But in them days a quarter counted more'n it does now, didn't it, Mr. Raines?"

(Continued on Page 92)

How Many can Appreciate this New Delicacy?

OUT of each three families who give Nucoa a trial, probably only *one fully appreciates* its remarkable delicacy.

But that *one family* in three appreciates it *very greatly* indeed.

And this is the highest position in public esteem which a food producer could ask. The preference of the critical public, to the *exclusion* of all other foods of the same general class, or used for the same purposes.

Let any woman make these *two tests* of Nucoa, and see if it is worth while for *her*.

On the table, dainty little Nucoa Pats with bread. In the kitchen, to prepare other foods.

Let her fastidious palate test it critically for *delicate Flavor*.

The first pound or two will satisfy her as to that point.

Then let her give it a *more thorough* trial for a month or more. Especially for *Uniformity*.

As to *Vitamin* abundance and *Nutrition*—these are both unusually *rich* and *constant* in Nucoa.

Finally, its *Economy* makes it possible to cut one of the most vexing table costs practically in *half*.

Nucoa is naturally pure and wholesome. Made from palatable, nutritious cocoanut and peanuts, milk and salt—under model conditions of sanitation.

To the thinking woman, it has everything to recommend it. And an especial appeal to the *more fastidious palate*.

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NUCOA is a natural pure white product made from delicious cocoanut, peanuts, milk and salt. A Nucoa Color is also approved by the Government of the United States is supplied with every package. You may color Nucoa any shade of yellow you like, for table use, cooking or baking. Nucoa is obtainable at any of the best grocers in your community.

Serve dainty Nucoa Pats on the table with bread and use Nucoa in the kitchen to prepare other foods

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Edward Bok built success on friendship

EDWARD BOK, famous editor and creator of the American Peace Award, has thousands of friends all over the world. And as a result his life is rich and complete.

There is no asset like the asset of friendship. The man who does not know you does not exist for you. But your friend is real; you know his strength, his weakness—above all, his earnest desire to make life more pleasant for you.

FRIENDSHIP DAY IS AUGUST 1

In this hurrying age, how easy it is to forget the opportunities we have for "keeping our friendships in repair."

That is the reason for Friendship Day—to remind us that *every* day is a good day to remember a friend; that if we have not formed this pleasant habit, here is a good day on which to begin.

Send Friendship Cards on Friendship Day—and remember, there are Greeting Cards equally suitable for every other appropriate occasion.

* * * *

Anne Rittenhouse, noted social authority, has written a most interesting book on the modern use of Greeting Cards, which includes fifteen pages for lists of people to be remembered. Mail 25c with the coupon for your copy.

Scatter Sunshine with Greeting Cards

The Greeting Card Association
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Enclosed is 25c. Please send me, prepaid "Greeting Cards—When and How to Use Them."

Name

Address

City State

(Continued from Page 90)

"Not with me," replied Jake. He added, "It took longer to earn it, of course, and it bought more; but a quarter's still hard to get, Sam, and don't you forget it. It means work—all money does. Whenever you spend a dollar, you're spending time—somebody's time."

Sam made no reply. He wasn't worrying over time, except when he wanted to get the afternoon off.

"Drive by the building," said Mr. Raines.

His glance took it in with fond pride. No better located piece in the city—no, sir—worth eight thousand a front foot, if it was worth a cent. And only twenty years ago they had laughed at him for paying less than three hundred a foot. Nothing but nigger shacks there then, with the business district all at the lower end of town. And everybody saying with pity that he'd been a good cattleman, but now he was going broke sure enough, when he put up that building. Well, perhaps they thought differently about it now. Yes, he guessed they did. Mr. Raines smiled complacently and rolled his cigar in his mouth.

About the hour when most city folks are coaxing themselves to get up for Sunday breakfast, old Jake arrived at the feedlots. Newt betrayed no surprise at seeing him. The boss rumbled, "Good morning. How are they?" and the two started on an inspection of the steers.

"Not so bad," remarked Jake gruffly, as he noted the cottonseed meal in every trough.

"They're in pretty fair shape," Newt admitted.

"We'll ship Saturday, eleven o'clock. And don't forget to tell Clyde what I told you. I want them cars here on time."

"Yes, sir."

Next morning Mr. Raines' secretary was amazed to receive an order to sell short a thousand shares of Kite Motors in his own name. What was up? Jake did not offer the least hint of explanation; it was not his habit to explain anything. After he had cleaned up his correspondence and disposed of the most pressing callers, he walked down to the bank, where he remained an hour. Just as he was going out he ran into his son-in-law, who was bound for the cashier's desk. Charlie appeared worried and harassed, and he hesitated when he saw Mr. Raines, but the old gentleman paid no attention to him. All he said was good morning, and passed on.

Sharp at half-past ten the following Saturday, Mr. Raines drove up to the shipping pens, where he first inspected the arrangements and then stood impatiently snapping his watch at minute intervals until Clyde's arrival. The steers were in A-1 shape—there was no fault to be found on that score—but he discovered a dozen things which could be improved. There were three loose doors in the train; one of the cars needed cleaning out; a chute gate was too frail; and why had Clyde neglected to take the tips off the prod poles?

But at last all things were ordered to his satisfaction and the work of loading went forward. The old man superintended operations from the top of the corral fence, clicking away with a tally machine as each bunch went into the chute and yelling at the helpers not to be too rough—to quit prodding so hard and tearing them—and say, Newt, wasn't he loading that last car too light? They'd get down if they had too much room.

For an hour he contented himself with bossing the job. Then the fever of work overcame him and he took off his coat and pitched in with the men on the swing gates. Perhaps they appreciated his help and perhaps not—he certainly speeded the pace.

"Seventy-two years old," said Newt, as he borrowed a chew of tobacco from Clyde, "but lookit the way he flies at it."

"That ain't nothin'," Clyde rejoined. "Did you hear what he done last fall? Well, he climbed aboard a broom-tail and rode three days in the rain and mud to look over a timber tract he was figurin' on buying—seventy thousand acres—that's what he done. A guy had made a report on it, but the old man wanted to see for himself."

Newt nodded. "Sure. He don't pay any mind to guesswork. He wants to know."

At this juncture the boss paused in his labors to wipe the perspiration from his face. A car had just been filled and he seized the momentary respite to take another look at the cattle.

"Say," he called to Newt, "what do you reckon these steers'll average?"

A holy joy filled Newt. He and Clyde had weighed a bunch of those steers to settle an argument of their own.

"Well, it's hard to say. They's hog fat, most of 'em," he began, as a lure; but Clyde interrupted under his breath, "Let me do the talkin'. Here's where we get even, me and you both."

"What's your own idea, Mr. Raines?" he inquired with crafty frankness.

"You say first. Tell you what I'll do. I'll bet you each a box of good cigars—ten-centers, mind—that I can guess 'em closer than you can."

"We get two guesses?"

"Say, you don't want much, do you? Of course not—one guess for both of you."

He was beaming. His soul was at peace in a feedlot, and he felt a glow when inspecting a range; but it took the turmoil of the branding ground and the shipping pens to make old Jake exultant. This was work for men. Here was life, surging and furious. So he grinned from ear to ear at those two longhorns.

Newt led Clyde aside. "Let's see—the average of that bunch was 1064, wasn't it?" he whispered.

"Yeh, but we didn't weigh only a few, Newt. And they've put on since."

"The whole lot'll run mighty near that figure. But if we guess 1064, the old man is sure to smell a rat and won't bet. Suppose we say 1055 and let 'er go at that. That's near enough."

"Shucks, yes."

They walked over to where Mr. Raines was perched on the fence.

"Well," he exclaimed, "how about it? Is it a go?"

"We'll take you—a box each, ten centers."

"What's your figure?"

"1060," said Newt, improving on the agreed estimate.

"Well, I believe you're mighty close to it," remarked Jake, looking over the cattle in the corral again, "but I think you're a little too low. This stuff is in fine shape—best we ever shipped, Newt."

"What's your guess?" demanded Clyde.

"I'd say these steers'll average 1075 pounds, allowin' for shrinkage. Yes, sir, that's my guess."

"You're on," they chorused. All three made memorandums of the bet, and throughout the remainder of the day Mr. Raines would punch and feel of each animal that passed him up the chute. Yes, they were in fine shape; he saw no reason for changing his estimate.

A couple of days later Sid Bassett called to see him. He found the boss in a bad humor.

"What's on your mind?" asked Sid.

"Old Zed Muma was in to see me awhile ago."

"Yeh? What did he want?"

"Wanted to buy my building."

Bassett whistled. "He sure must've cleaned up."

"I reckon so. I declare," exclaimed Mr. Raines irritably, "it beats me how men get rich nowadays."

Sid replied, "Why, less'n a year ago, Zed used to sit out there waiting his turn to borrow money from you. And now he's got millions."

"Sure. And there's a dozen others like him in this town. Here I plan and work and save all my life to make my money, and one of these fellows grows rich overnight because he strikes oil on his place. It don't seem right to me."

The cowman, who had hopes of one day finding an oil field on his own property, remarked comfortably, "Well, that's life."

"Everything's changed," went on Mr. Raines. "The prices they ask for real estate these days are just ridiculous, Sid. And look at the rents. I tell you business can't stand 'em. If they keep on gouging like they're doing ——"

"They're a fright, sure enough."

"Do you know why I renewed that lease for the Spiegel store like I did? A lot of people tell me I could've got twice as much." Bassett admitted his puzzlement.

"Well, I'll tell you. I wanted to hold 'em here. If a store like Spiegel's was to decide they couldn't pay such rents and get up and move half a mile farther uptown, they'd take the whole retail district with 'em. And then where'd all my stuff be?"

"It'll always be good."

"Not if I don't take care of it," said the boss.

It was just eight o'clock when he strode into his office next morning.

"Get Newt on the phone," he told his secretary.

"Say," he rumbled, when Newt answered, "how about those cigars? You fellows ready to pay up?"

"What did they weigh, Mr. Raines?"

"Ten seventy-three. Just got the report."

"I might've knowed it," said Newt mournfully, and the old man chuckled. Then he turned briskly to the morning's mail.

He had barely started on it when Clay entered. His father glanced up in surprise, for none of his children was accustomed to be down at such an hour. Clay was perspiring and agitated.

"I've been trying to find you for the last hour, papa."

"I left the house early to drive by and take a look at some property. What's up?"

"It's Jake."

"Young Jake?"

"Yes."

"What's he done now?"

"He's in a jam."

"What kind of a jam?"

"Well, his car turned over on the Elmwood Road last night and ——"

"He ain't dead?" The boss leaned forward and shot the question at him; his hands had started to tremble.

"No, he isn't dead. He isn't even scratched."

"Then what's eating on you? Quit wiping your face that way. You carry insurance, don't you?"

"Sure. But ——"

"Anybody else hurt?"

"Yes. That's just it."

Mr. Raines drew a deep breath. "Who was she?"

"How did you know it was a she?"

"Anybody could guess that. Besides, that boy's been running wild lately. Of course you don't know it, but everybody else in town does."

"Well, he had a woman with him—a Mrs. Glidden."

His father nodded. He knew who Mrs. Glidden was. "Hurt bad?"

"Pretty bad. The car turned a somersault near the bridge at the bend. It knocked Jake cold at first, but when he got his senses back, he dragged her out and carried her a quarter of a mile on his back."

"Good for him!" exclaimed his grandfather fervently.

"It's like she'll sue for damages—a hundred thousand at the very lowest," said Clay, "and her husband'll sue Jake for alienation of affection—if he doesn't shoot him."

"He won't shoot him."

"No, I reckon not—from all I hear. What can we do?" asked Clay helplessly.

"How do I know? It's not my affair. Jake has got himself into this fix and he can get himself out too. Those people won't get any of my money—no, nor a bunch of shyster lawyers either." The old man's voice rose angrily.

"Well, I just wanted to tell you about it before you heard it from anybody else," said his son, getting up to go. "I've got to hustle now."

(Continued on Page 95)

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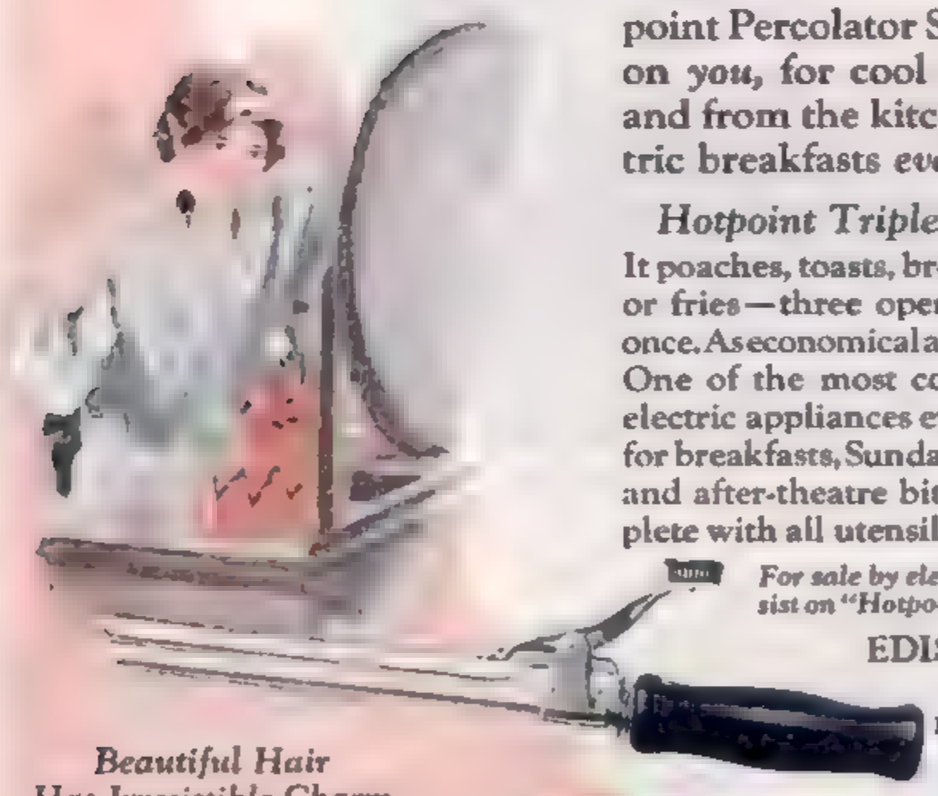

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(Continued from Page 92)

"If you had raised that boy right, this'd never have happened," his father declared.

"Aw, shucks, papa. How could we help it? It was an accident."

"Accident? It was a certainty. If you'd ever tried to discipline —— Was he drunk?"

"He says not. They had a coupla drinks at the Chicken Farm, but that's all. The car ——"

"Coupla drinks!" snorted his father. "I know what that means. Of course he was drunk—stewed to the eyes probably. You and Claire'd never know it if he was drunk—you're both blind. Why, everybody in town knows what kind of a young rooster Jake is, except his own father and mother."

When Clay had gone, Mr. Raines told his secretary to call up Jake Jr. and ask him to come over at once. So Jake 3d was in trouble, hey? Well —— A pang shot through him at thought of his grandson's plight. He loved the boy; despite his wildness and irresponsibility, he saw in him every day the fighting qualities of his own youth. All the same, they weren't going to shake him down just to square up a jag. No, sir. But while he was at it he would straighten out the whole bunch.

Presently his namesake hurried in.

"What's this I hear about Bertine?" demanded Mr. Raines.

"Well, what about her? You're always hearing things, papa."

"I'm not like some folks—I don't shut my ears and eyes. Don't you know what happened out at that picnic Wednesday night on the Upshur farm?"

"Pahaw, you can hear so much idle gossip nowadays —"

"There's no gossip about this. You'll admit Bertine was there, won't you?"

"Yes, she was there."

"Well, old Upshur was at the house to see me last night and wanted to know what he ought to do with that crowd. Seems like he was afraid to prosecute, because a lot of 'em were swells."

"What's that got to do with Bertine?"

"How about the way they acted at that picnic, huh? How about gettin' drunk, and a lot of 'em going in swimmin' in Upshur's lake without any clothes on?"

"I don't believe it," exclaimed his son.

"Upshur says he caught 'em. And you know Bertine drinks, don't you?"

"She takes a cocktail now and again—yes. Everybody does."

"They didn't in my day. A nineteen-year-old girl didn't get stewed when I was young. If she did, we knew where she belonged. But Bertine ——"

"She doesn't get stewed, and I won't stand for your saying she does."

"That's all you know about it then. Didn't you have to take her home from the country club New Year's Eve? And didn't you have to load her into the car like a sack of meal? You see, I keep up with things."

"But the way you tell it makes it sound ——"

"I'm giving you the facts, ain't I? And just because they hurt, you can't stand hearing 'em. Answer me this: Did that girl ever do anything in her life she didn't want to do?"

"Of course."

"I'd like to see you call one instance."

He waited, but Jake Jr. made no reply. He was fooling uncomfortably with a pencil.

"The way these children have growed up, I don't wonder they turn out like they do," Mr. Raines continued. "They've never had to do without. They never had any discipline. Why, you and their mother haven't even bothered to learn 'em manners. They act like they were raised in the kitchen."

"Oh, shucks," said Jake in disgust, "I'm not going to sit here and listen to this."

"No, but you'll be sitting somewhere and regretting it the rest of your life if you don't watch out, young man."

His son flung out of the office without replying. Didn't his father know about Jake 3d yet? Well, there was something to worry about! What did all this fuss about Bertine mean anyhow?

He went home and told his wife. Mrs. Jake remarked, "Oh, he's just having one of his fits, that's all. Bertine's no angel, but she's a good girl. Your father doesn't understand how times've changed."

"That's so," Jake agreed. "That's just the trouble."

At the end of the day's work, Mr. Raines drove out to his stock farm, where he tried to forget family worries by looking at the Shorthorns and sheep. He would walk around an animal for half an hour, prodding its ribs, feeling its back, inspecting it from every angle.

He stayed there for supper and did not start home until long after dark and it was almost ten o'clock when the lights of the city came into view. The boss was tired and dozed a little, awaking with a jerk each time his head sank forward.

"Take the short cut," he said sleepily.

"Through Lovers' Lane?"

"Yes. I reckon that road'll be all right, don't you?"

"Yassuh."

The car went purring along between rows of bois d'arc. Suddenly their headlights picked up a coupé parked at the edge of the road

"That's what the automobile does," grumbled the old man.

They passed the coupé and Sam remarked hesitatingly, "Say, boss, that looks like our car."

"Our car? We haven't got a coupé, boy."

"I mean Miss Bertine's," said the darky.

The words stabbed Mr. Raines like a knife. "Back up," he shouted. But Sam was rattled by the tone, and did it awkwardly. Before he could reach the spot, the coupé was in motion and went tearing past them at forty miles an hour. Old Jake tried to get a look at the occupants, but the shade next to him was jerked down.

"Go after 'em," he ordered.

Sam did his best, but he was accustomed to a leisurely gait, and the coupé had turned into a paved highway before he could catch up. In another ten seconds it had vanished in the stream of traffic.

In a steady and casual tone—"I reckon we were mistaken, Sam."

"Yassuh. We musta been, sure enough. What'd Miss Bertine be doing out there this time of night?"

Yes, what was she doing out there this time of night? To think that a grandchild of his—his own flesh and blood —— And who was it with her? He would have given a thousand dollars to know. Well, he'd soon find out. He'd have it out with Bertine and—yes, her parents too. They were to blame. If they looked after their children properly, this could not happen.

"What's the matter?" inquired his wife when he reached home. When he had told her, Mrs. Raines declined to be upset. "Well, I don't see what you're making such a fuss about. They just went for a ride, didn't they?"

"Went for a ride?" stormed Jake. "Do you call parking the car in Lovers' Lane at ten o'clock at night goin' for a ride? Why, in my day it'd mean shootin'! In my day ——"

"In your day," she rejoined calmly, "young people went buggy riding, didn't they? And I've heard they used to stop the horse now and again too."

"What's that got to do with it? This is different."

"No, it isn't. You just think it is. That's all."

Mr. Raines grew purple in the face as he listened to this defense, and started in all over again to tell her about the drawn shades, but realizing the futility of it, shut up abruptly and went into the living room to get a cigar.

It was all very well for mamma to take that view of it—that was just like her, she always stuck up for 'em—but he knew how these kids cut up nowadays, and tomorrow ——

On the morrow his son Jake called him on the telephone before seven o'clock.

"Well?" growled his father.

"Got some bad news."

"How much've you lost?"

"It isn't money."

"Then what is it?"

"It's Bertine. She's married."

"Married? When? Where? Who told you? Why didn't ——"

"She just phoned from the Junction. They were married there at six o'clock this morning."

"Who's they? Who did she marry?"

"Tommy Rutter. From what I hear, he's been hanging round her a lot lately, but we never dreamed —"

"How could they get married this early in the morning? Where'd they get the license?"

"It seems he got it yesterday, papa—sort of on a chance, I reckon. She seemed excited when she came in last night, but we never dreamed —— She was gone this morning."

Mr. Raines opened his mouth to utter his mind, but words were inadequate and he hung up with a savage jerk of the receiver. So Tommy Rutter was his granddaughter's husband, hey? Tommy Rutter, whose first wife had been a streetwalker. Old Gus Rutter's boy—he trembled with impotent wrath.

"There was never a one of 'em worth killin'," he exclaimed, gritting his teeth. "Not a one, from ol' Gus to the last sorry loafer of the fam'ly. Tommy Rutter—sure I know him—know all about him. And she will, too, pretty soon."

The others of the family were inclined to accept the marriage philosophically. They conceded Bertine ought not to have run off that way, and maybe Tommy had been a little bit wild, but, of course, he would settle down now. And she was bound to marry somebody, wasn't she?

"But how're they going to live?" exclaimed the old man.

They glanced at one another. Finally Jake Jr. summoned up sufficient nerve to hint vaguely at giving them an allowance—nothing permanent, but enough to take care of them until Tommy could get going for himself.

"Yes, and you'll have him on your hands all your life. Mark my words—you'll rue the day you ever heard his name. What's more, you're going to ruin that couple if you give 'em money, Jake. Young people should paddle their own canoe."

A baffling silence was the only response. Mr. Raines could endure no more. He announced that he washed his hands of the whole business, and they need not come to him for any help; and if people thought he was going to fling away his hard-earned money keeping up a pack of idle loafers—well, they'd mighty soon find out. Then he departed, and the family relaxed with a sigh of relief. The first shock and rush of forebodings past, they even derived a measure of pleasurable excitement from the elopement. As Claire said, it was so romantic.

Old Jake drove downtown. His thoughts seared like fire. For the first time in his life he was beginning to feel helpless—impotent to direct or combat the stream of his life. What could you do with people who wouldn't do anything for themselves?

And what was the use of working like a dog to lay up riches for others to squander—others who had never done a hard day's work in their lives, who did not know what it was to make a sacrifice? And only to ruin them too. Soon after he was gone, they'd be scattering his money uselessly and fighting among themselves over it—yes, whole families of 'em—people whose names he didn't even know at this moment. The Rutters were in already. Who could say what trash might not tie up with his blood, with all these grandchildren coming on? With his granddaughters carrying hip flasks at sixteen, what would they be like at twenty?

"Let me out at this corner," he commanded Sam. "I'll walk the rest of the way. Take the car home and wash it. Wash it good, mind. And don't let me catch you doing any riding round on your own account either. How much gasoline've we got? Nine gallons, hey? Well, I'll remember."

He was surprised to find his son-in-law waiting for him at the office.

"I just wanted to thank you," Charlie began awkwardly.

"What for?"

"Oh, I know all about it—that money I borrowed from the bank. If it hadn't been for that, I'd have blown up. And now I find out it was you who let me have it."

"Shucks, that's all right, Charlie. I've seen some pretty sick kittens get well in my time. Things going all right now?"

"Fine! We've turned the corner and it looks good to me."

The old man smiled and remarked, "I got a dandy on Jake."

"What's that?"

"Remember that Kite Motors he bought?"

"Yes. It's gone down—away down."

"Of course. It was bound to go down. We're in for a depression right now, Charlie. Money's tightenin'. It wouldn't surprise me any day to see a panic."

"Gee, I hope not."

"Well, it's coming. So guess what I did."

"Sold short?"

"For the first time in all my life. I sold Kite Motors short, so whatever that namesake of mine loses, his daddy'll make. I figured we ought to keep it in the family. Don't you tell Jake now—not a word. I want to spring it on him."

"He's mighty worried. The bank wants its money."

"Certainly they do. I told 'em to clamp down on that boy and learn him a lesson."

Within a fortnight his forecast of business conditions was proved correct. The call rate suddenly shot up. The first distress signal in New York found almost instant repercussion throughout the country, and the whole fabric of inflated values, wild credits and frozen loans came toppling down. Then rose weeping and wailing and groans of despair; and emergency meetings of clearing-house committees and bank officials sat far into the night.

In his own town, Mr. Raines was the central figure of these conferences. His step grew brisker, his manner almost cheery. Anybody could thrive in boom times, but here was work for strong hands; here was a situation for which he had been preparing throughout many months.

Their toughest problem was one of the largest firms in the state.

"It looks bad," he confided to Bassett, "but I think we can pull 'em through."

"How much do they owe?"

"About four million. But if they can raise a million right now, those New York fellows'll give 'em an extension and they'll be able to work out of it. This town can't afford to leave a firm like that go broke, Sid. It'd be a black eye. It'd demoralize business."

"Sure. But why don't the banks ——"

"They've already loaned 'em up to the limits their capital stock will allow. So I reckon some of us'll have to get under the load. Dabney!" he called to his secretary.

"Yes, sir."

"Get Louis Blum on the phone, and tell Bill Somers I want to see him."

Things hummed in his office during the next hour. The boss was flushed and happy. The responses he got were a tribute to his standing and judgment, and he knew it.

"Half a million ain't so bad," he remarked. "And I haven't got around to more'n two-thirds of 'em yet. Dabney!"

"Yes, sir."

"Call the bank."

Over the telephone he said: "I can let those people have a million tomorrow morning, Preston. Huh? No, it ain't all subscribed yet, but if I don't raise any more, I'll take a half million of the loan myself." And that was that.

Well, it was all very fine helping out other people, but how about his own troubles? The Gliddens had filed suit against

(Continued on Page 97)

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FRANKLIN

(Continued from Page 95)

Jake 3d. The worst outfit of ambulance chasers in town was representing them, and it looked as though the escapade might cost a hundred thousand dollars.

Mr. Raines resolutely ignored the affair until he had to step in. He had told his son it was none of his business and he washed his hands of it, but there came a day when Clay threw up the sponge and implored his father to see him through—just this once. If he didn't, Jake 3d would be ruined for life. They would have to settle, that was all there was to it. If the case came to trial, things might come out which would hurt the family far more than the loss of a few thousand dollars. And a jury—well, he knew what juries always did to rich people.

"A few thousand dollars?" retorted his father. "You talk like money grew on trees."

However, he consented to attend a conference with the attorneys for the plaintiffs. How he hated even that much surrender. For lawyers of this type he entertained a fiery scorn, and the meeting ended in an open rupture.

The old man left the directors' room, where the conference had been held, and headed up street toward his office. He was fairly champing his teeth with rage. So they thought they would tap him for a lot of money, did they, just to get a fool boy out of trouble? Well, he would show them. No shyster lawyers were going to get their paws on what he had slaved and schemed for during fifty years. No, sir! Let the kid go to jail. It would do him good. If he got him off this time, like as not he would go and do something worse. Let the whole story come out. People could think what they pleased—he didn't care. Nobody could blackmail him.

Sid Bassett was waiting for him.

"What puzzles me is, where do these kids get their meanness?" cried Mr. Raines, after unbosoming himself.

"Well, rich people nowadays ——"

"It ain't that. Look at the Lukes. There never was a finer family. Money hasn't spoiled them. Of course, the Tarwater crowd now—well, nobody expects anything different from them. Old Guy was such a rascal, his children were morally bound to turn out like they did. But my family is good clean strain all through, Sid. So is mamma's. We've never had to get our men out of jail or hush up anything about our women. But here my grandson goes and ——"

"Oh, well, he's only a kid, you might say."

Mr. Raines seemed to be soothed by this attempt at comfort.

"That's so too. But it ain't that either, Sid," he answered quietly. "I'll tell you what it is."

"What?"

"They've never been spanked. This third generation has never been made to mind. They've never been made to do anything except what suited them. Look at the way they treat their parents. I don't just mean the rich, but any of 'em who can afford to live high. Look how my own grandchildren treat me and mamma. I tell you, Sid, this unspanked third generation —— Oh, well, what's the use?"

"Sure," Sid agreed. "Besides, it's bad for your blood pressure. How's the rheumatism, Mr. Raines?"

"Ain't had time to think about it," the boss grumbled, "but my shoulder hurts every time I move." He sat down at his desk and rummaged in a drawer. "I bet you don't know what this is," he remarked, extracting a document.

"Your will, ain't it?"

"Yes. How did you guess?"

"Well, you change it every time you get mad, Mr. Raines."

Old Jake grinned. "You talk too much, Sid," he said affectionately. Then he began to read the document as though Bassett were not in the room. Evidently it did not suit him, for he frowned and made impatient movements.

"It takes a fool lawyer to hide what you're trying to say," he exclaimed. "Why can't they talk straight, instead of all this monkey business of words? Do you know what I think?"

"Uh-huh."

"I believe they fix things up so there's bound to be loopholes for trouble. That's what I think. It's good for their business, see?"

"Well, who gets it all this time?" inquired his friend.

"I aim to leave it to charity."

Bassett threw back his head and roared with laughter. "Say, I'd like to lay a little bet."

"What on?"

"That you ain't signed that—and never will."

Mr. Raines tossed the will away from him with a tragic gesture of helplessness.

"Correct again," he said glumly. "When it came right down to signing—well, I just couldn't do it."

"What's the use anyhow? They'd bust it wide open."

"It'd make 'em sweat awhile doing it though. There's one time they'd all have to work."

"Maybe so, but the lawyers'd get most of it. And I reckon you wouldn't specially care for that, would you, boss?" Jake made a wry face. "Best just leave it where it ought to go," the cowman continued.

"Yes, but where's that?" cried the old man, flaring up again. "You mean my blood strain, don't you? Did you ever stop to think how far that goes? The third generation has only got one-eighth of my blood in 'em. And how do we know who they'll marry? They may tie up with the sorriest lot of rascals you could find in a day's ride. And they wouldn't hardly be kin to me. That's what hurts."

"All the same ——"

"When I think of whole families that are strangers to me livin' at ease off what has taken me and mamma fifty years to lay up, I can hardly stand it, Sid, and that's a fact."

"It's tough—mighty tough," Bassett conceded. "But you can't take it with you, Mr. Raines. Sometimes I wonder if the game is worth the candle, don't you?"

Jake got up abruptly from his chair and strode to the window. He shook his shoulders as though trying to rid himself of a specter clinging there.

For a long while he stood staring out at the street, and Sid did not interrupt his thoughts.

"Worth the candle? You bet it is," he said at last. "Say, Sid, come here. See that kid across the street?"

A newsboy was running up and down the sidewalk, bawling his papers.

"We worry ourselves a heap about the third generation," cried old Jake, "and wonder what the country's comin' to! And all the time we're thinking of our own families. The country ain't going to the dogs because our own stock peters out, Sid. There's others just as good who'll come up to take our places and do the work. Look at that little rascal, will you? Say, there's a fine boy!"

"He's sure a rustler."

There was a wistful look on Mr. Raines' face as his eyes followed the flitting figure across the street.

"He's saved up forty dollars and eighty cents," he said. "Told me so yesterday. What wouldn't I give for that boy's chances! To be young and starting all over again!"

ONE THOUSAND AND ONE NIGHT STANDS

(Continued from Page 5)

those occupied with matinée performances, there is small opportunity for social engagements, or even sight-seeing interests. Except for few outstanding places of marked individuality, like Washington, Boston, Philadelphia, New Orleans and San Francisco, cities mean merely abiding places, but blessed to the actor because he feels at home always when he can unpack his hotel trunk, scatter a few books about his room and plunge into neglected correspondence. I once walked a mile along a Buffalo street to find a well-remembered shop before I realized the haberdashery I sought was in Detroit, not Buffalo.

But for the one-night stand there is marked difference. It may be a touch of the real trouper in me that I should find zest in them.

There was always the desire to push on; to see what the next one would offer; always glad to get there and always glad to leave. Time-tables seemed to be specially arranged that every train left a one-night stand at an ungodly early hour, when the company assembled at the station sleepy but uncomplaining, boarded the train and accepted with resignation whatever journey lay ahead to the next stand. Arrival in a small place where plays were none too frequent often assumed the aspect of some excitement on the part of the townspeople. There would be a crowd at the station to see the troupe, and I have been twice embarrassed by a greeting from the local band. That actors should be stared at was not primarily because they were actors, but that most everybody knew his fellow townsmen and a stranger was at once a marked person; that he belonged to the show that was to appear that night at the "opery house" heightened the interest perhaps. Once, when I asked a policeman where I could find a restaurant, the train having arrived after the hour of the hotel midday meal, I was directed to an oyster parlor down the street, where, the officer informed me, "most of the theoretical folks like to eat at."

And speaking of local bands recalls the place in Michigan where my stage manager went to the theater to rehearse the house orchestra in the music that was essential in the play. We called it "incidental music," but in those days it was an integral part of the emotional situations in the drama. The manager apologized for the tardiness of his orchestra leader, who was also the first violin, and, as he assured the stage manager that he felt certain he would come directly, he kept glancing out the window and up at the sky. Finally the impatient stage manager asked why he was looking in that direction.

"Because," said the optimistic gentleman, "I think it's going to rain. You see, our leader drives the sprinkling wagon and if it rains he won't have to do that job this afternoon." From the rendering of our score that night it was evident that he was neither a good musician nor yet a good street sprinkler, for he had fallen off his water wagon.

It is small wonder the identity of one-night stands sometimes became confused as the procession marched along. The process of marching grew to be almost mechanical. Once, down in Georgia, I was making the customary speech of appreciation always demanded of the star, thanking the citizens of Montgomery for their loyal and enthusiastic support, when a wag in the front row interrupted with, "That's all right, Mr. Skinner, but this is Macon."

Now and then one would find on the dressing-room mirror a message scrawled in soap or grease paint from the member of a departing troupe to someone in the company to follow. One, in a benighted little place—I have forgotten where—read "Clara, one day nearer eternity! Billy." Sometimes there would be warnings like: "Don't go to —— Hotel. Rotten!"

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There was a period in my career when New Orleans was my objective point for Christmas week and Indianapolis for Thanksgiving. Toledo was never more than a two-night stand, but so arranged that there could be a matinée for good measure. Dayton was a one-night stand, and it took only one week to fill out those three important New York State cities of Buffalo, Rochester and Syracuse. We traveled fast, we traveled far. To look at the map it seems a short distance from Youngstown to Canton, hardly more than from New York to Hartford, and yet I recall once occupying three beds in one night while making the journey. There was no direct line; we had to link three separate systems. Leaving Youngstown after the play, we arrived at Warren about one in the morning. I went to bed in a railway hotel and was called in time for the next train, which landed me in Alliance about four o'clock. Another interval. The operation of falling into bed and dropping to sleep became automatic. Awakened again at dawn, I made the last lap, reached Canton by seven and occupied bed number three.

The Jungfrau Crosses the Ocean

Exposure and hardship were always on the track of the trouper. Before the sun rose one bitter morning at Erie, I came to the station through a temperature below zero, to find my company nearly frozen. They had waited two hours for the train; fuel for the stove had given out and they had smashed the benches and general waiting-room furniture to feed the fire. There was a night in Kentucky when we played in a theater from which the overflow seepage from the Ohio River had not receded. The auditorium and stage were dry enough, but the dressing rooms below stairs were tanks. Raised boards were necessary as foot bridges, and the women of the company donned their dainty costumes while standing on kitchen chairs—not only to escape the water, but through terror of rats drowned out of their nests in the ancient walls.

The working forces of the lesser one-night stands were generally inadequate, expert only in tearing scenery and smashing properties, often from sheer wantonness, and we always had to keep our eyes alert for dressing-room thieves. The worst gang of my recollection was in a villainous Minnesota town. The stage hands were drunk. I made a protest when a ruffian addressed a remark to a woman of the company, whereat the house carpenter called his drunken crew to his assistance and started at me with a hammer. The curtain was rung down and I sent for the house manager, only to find him, after some search, prowling along the corridor of the women's dressing rooms. That we finished the performance was only after this pusillanimous scoundrel whined like a cur and agreed to go back to the front of the house, where he belonged, and to send a policeman to keep order among his stage hands, if I would not announce to the audience that the play could not proceed. His whine was chiefly that his wife was sitting in a box and it would break her heart.

More than once we were innocent victims of labor disturbances. In Dubuque, while I was playing Booth Tarkington's comedy, Mister Antonio, we ran into a local teamsters' strike. No truckage could be removed from the railroad yards. Our scenery car could not be unloaded. My business manager attempted to reason with the malcontents, but they only dared him to take a stick of scenery from the car. Finally a concession was granted. Hotel trunks might be taken to the hotels in taxicabs, but not a thing to the theater. Flynn saw to it that hotel trunks meant theater trunks containing our costumes, and meanwhile the stage manager and I rummaged among the battered stuff in the scenery dock of the theater. It was a sad array, with absolutely no properties that could be used as substitutes for things necessary to the play.

The vital necessity was a hurdy-gurdy that played Onward, Christian Soldiers, and our little jackass, Capitano, that drew the cart across the scene. They were part of the plot and action. I went gloomily back to the hotel, and was writing in my room when I heard the familiar strains of Onward, Christian Soldiers in the street below my window. There was the hurdy-gurdy wagon, Capitano in the shafts, and grouped about him were my manager, stage carpenter, property man and an actor of the company, with armfuls of properties, and my dresser pushing a laden baby carriage. Capitano pricked up his ears, emitted a hee-haw and the procession marched bravely along Main Street, shedding joy as it passed.

The first act of Mister Antonio is laid in a New York Third Avenue saloon in pre-Volstead days. In Dubuque it was represented by a Gothic baronial hall decorated with American flags from the five-and-ten-cent store. The bar was a refreshment table that had been used at a church supper, and the set was further ornamented by cigarette, beer and whisky signs borrowed from a saloon in wet East Dubuque, Illinois, and brought across the Mississippi in a taxi to prohibition Iowa.

The rest of the play transpires in Avalonia, Pennsylvania. In Dubuque this spotless town was represented by a mediæval castle on one side of the stage, wherein dwelt the mayor's family, while the minister lived in a Swiss chalet across the street. These two residences were lovingly joined by a cable from which hung the Stars and Stripes. On the back drop flowed a river and in the distance rose the virgin snows of the Jungfrau.

We had salvaged our sold-out house, saved a transfer bill, and, I hope, brought pleasure to the theatergoers of Dubuque. The only one to view the proceedings unfavorably that night was Capitano. After contemptuous inspection of his environment, he threw back his ears and gave vent to a bray of disgust.

We were fond of that patient little beast. He knew his cues—when to start on, dragging the hurdy-gurdy; when to expect his reward of carrots. He followed the property man about as a dog would do, and frequently came nosing into my dressing room if the door was open. In spite of care and veterinaries along the way, his constitution became undermined. Still, he never failed a performance, true actor that he was. At the first note of Onward, Christian Soldiers he would strain at the traces of his cart and press on to his duty, but in St. Paul he was too weak to keep his feet. He lay on a blanket backstage, desolate and labored of breath. The sounds of the hurdy-gurdy struck his ear; he struggled to raise himself; the effort was too great. He gave us a look of farewell as Joe, the crazy boy in the play, and I put ourselves in the shafts and dragged the cart on the scene.

Nature Supplying Scenery

There was another time when we gave a performance without scenery. It was during the tour of Prince Otto, when our coming to a certain town in Arkansas, was regarded as such an event that the local manager had had the programs printed on satin, a souvenir custom not unusual for rare occasions, and had even lined the passage from the dressing rooms to the stage with cheesecloth to protect the women's costumes. Getting to that town meant crossing the Mississippi River on a transfer boat, and this day the boat with our scenery car chose to get stuck on a sand bar. Members of the company were carried over in a small ferry, and the trunks were also transported, but the production stayed safely moored in the middle of the river until the next day. One proud beauty of the company stood article deep in the clay mud of the levee, vowing that nothing would induce her to risk her life in a leaky skiff, but there was no alternative. I couldn't blame her for sobbing that she only lived to get back to New York.

This town was a depressing spot over Sunday and every member of the company pleaded to get to Memphis, when it was found that a river packet would leave sometime after the performance. We stayed up all night, for there were no sleeping accommodations, but it was worth the experience. The mystery of the dark river, cotton bales taken on at small landings that suddenly sprang into the glare of the steamer's searchlight, and the barkeeper doing an active night's business in small flasks tossed to shadowy persons on the banks in exchange for money tossed back to him.

Whenever my tours took me into the sunny South it was sure to be a season of untimely and unnatural blizzard. Such a season was that of Rosemary, which was a serial story of snowstorms, belated trains, drafty hotels, unheated theaters, exposure and general demoralization. In a Carolina town the transfer system collapsed under the stress of weather and refused to haul the scenic outfit to the theater. During the afternoon I saw the property man battling through the snow with the Rosemary production under his arm. It consisted of a large umbrella and a milestone.

Sidetracked With Other Freight

By the time we reached Alabama the snow had turned to a dreary drizzle. I hold an unforgettable mental picture of a hotel where we arrived too late for supper after a dragging journey in a day coach; an unspeakable room, with rain seeping through a crack in the window, and Mrs. Skinner, who was traveling with me to play Dorothy Cruickshank, worn with fatigue and rather frail, sitting on the edge of a creaky bed, starved and hysterical after the performance, a soggy sandwich in one hand, and in the other a glass of milk into which her tears were falling as copiously as Niobe's over her slain children.

The members of the company were cheerful under the avalanche of hardships; none more philosophic than old Mary Bryer, who could look back to days when she played all the romantic heroines. But the pace was telling on her strength. In one refrigerator of a theater—Augusta—the only heat supplied to the dressing rooms was from diminutive grates that mainly radiated smoke from a soup-plateful of coals.

Coming down from the stage at the end of an act, I detected the aroma of fragrant burning wood. Mary Bryer had found a dilapidated mahogany chair frame—a genuine antique, I fear—and was feeding it piecemeal to her Lilliputian fire plate. Nightly she grew weaker and shakier, but the good old stager never faltered; she would totter to the theater, determined not to give up. At Nashville she could struggle no more and we were obliged to leave her. She lies peacefully sleeping in the Nashville cemetery.

It is the old player who never gives up. Only a few seasons ago, while playing in A. E. W. Mason's At The Villa Rose, Jeffreys Lewis, who in the 70's had been a courted beauty of the stage, slipped on a broken stair tread and was precipitated down an entire flight of stairs to a concrete floor.

When she regained consciousness she would not hear of the understudy going on in her place, but completed the performance with a broken wrist bone and her body horribly bruised.

It isn't all beer and skittles, this life of the theater. Death stalked more than once along our route of the thousand and one night stands. We were coming into the town of Richmond, Indiana, in the bleak dawn of a winter morning, where we were to present my play of that season, The Harvester. A little group of men had beguiled the time from the last town over a poker game in the stuffy and overheated smoking car. About five minutes before the train reached Richmond the game broke up and one of the players rose, saying the air was stifling. He went to the platform and stood taking in drafts of frosty air through his wide-parted lips; then suddenly reeled back into the coach, unconscious. We carried him to a waiting cab at the station, and it was opportune that the city physician was standing in the hotel lobby as we drove up. But nothing could be done. A quick hypodermic injection, a spasm of breath, a flutter of the eyelids, and Ben Ringold had closed a long career on the American stage. It was an awe-struck company that played The Harvester that night.

Once I rode for eight hours in the caboose attached to a string of empty freight cars. It was in Georgia. Intrigued by the warm sunshine of a Southern Sunday, I decided to enjoy a restful day in Savannah and go on to my destination at night, first sending the company on ahead. I was to change at Atlanta to a different road, and was assured that the connection could be made in the morning. Soon after leaving Savannah, at midnight, I began to have misgivings as I lay in my berth, with my watch in one hand, a time-table in the other, and noted the growing lateness at each station's halt. I called the conductor. He vowed to me that the connection for Chattanooga would be held at Atlanta—and he lied. It was not. Arriving there an hour and a half late, I leaped from the steps of the Pullman, caught a rickety cab drawn by a spavined horse and promised the African jehu double fare if he would get me to the other station in time. Needless to say, he did not earn his fee. The station was deserted—only a negro sweeping the platform. Frantic inquiries merely made the situation more hopeless; not another train until evening, and Chattanooga, where I knew a sold-out house awaited, a good six hours away by fast express. At the superintendent's office my woes fell on deaf ears. The obligation to me on account of the profit of my company's transportation meant nothing. I had not the money for a special engine. Toward noon someone discovered that an unscheduled train of empty freight cars was to be sent to Chattanooga. I could take my chances, but nothing could be guaranteed, and a permit was given to me which read:

> To the Conductor of Train Number Extra: You are instructed to permit the bearer, Otis Skinner, to travel on your train to Chattanooga at his own risk.

After a hunt along a half mile of freight cars, weighted down with hand luggage, magazines, sandwiches and cigars, I found the outlaw train and climbed into its freshly painted caboose. The pleasant young Georgian conductor took my slip of paper and we started, but at the edge of the yard we halted for an hour. My sold-out house in Tennessee seemed a vision never to be realized. Finally we crawled cautiously out on the main line, but at each water tank we shunted to a siding to allow all sorts of south-bound trains to pass, while at each telegraph station, as we awaited orders, I sent a telegram to my manager and then strolled ahead to the panting engine to force bribes of cigars upon the engineer and fireman.

Ten-Twenty-Thirt in Real Life

It was beautiful that afternoon in the mountains, but beauty had no appeal for me. I was being rattled about in the careening caboose and smeared with its fresh paint. To beguile the time I tried to read, only to see the lines of type vault over each other like acrobats in a circus ring. I observed a fire bucket in the corner with a tin wash basin hanging above it, and I decided to shave. After the ordeal the face-distorting looking-glass nailed to the wall reflected a gory vision more resembling a film close-up of something left on a battlefield than a human countenance.

Night came on miles and miles from Chattanooga and still we crawled and halted. I pushed the train so hard that I was lame. The blithe young conductor was sympathetic but powerless. Perhaps food would help, he thought. Starting a fire by

(Continued on Page 103)

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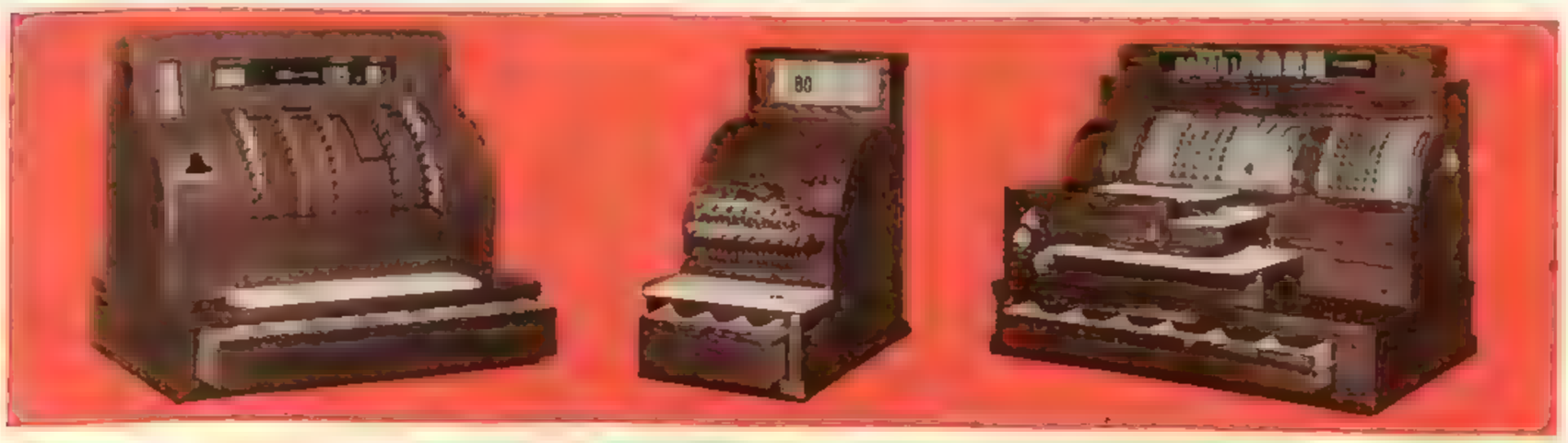

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(Continued from Page 98)

pouring coal oil on some lumps of soft coal in a rusty stove, he split a few repellent saleratus biscuits with his pocketknife and proceeded to fry them in cottolene oil in an iron skillet. "Supper's ready!" he called cheerfully. It seemed ungrateful to decline such hospitality. It took courage, but I did eat one of his biscuits, while he in turn accepted one of my lunch-counter ham sandwiches, and gastronomic horrors were even. I had given up hope and was now resigned to any fate.

At the next station he came beaming from the agent's office with a yellow paper in his hand. "We've got right of way!" he shouted. "Send a wire to have yourself met at the main crossing outside Chattanooga." I did so. "Now get up in the cupola and watch that old engineer pull his fire wagon open." I climbed with difficulty to the zigzagging lookout seat and watched the miracle. Up grades, around curves, through forests, we tore like mad. A steady stream of sparks poured from the smokestack over the back of the train. I sat, or attempted to sit, thrown in every direction and getting more and more daubed with paint, staring alternately into the night and at the galloping minute hand of my watch. Now and then a glare of red on the pine woods rushing past told that the fireman had caught the excitement and was cramming fuel through the open door of his fire box. I might yet make Chattanooga!

At half-past eight the engine slowed down in the outskirts of the town. I jumped from the still-moving caboose; my paint-daubed impedimenta were hurled after me. Across the tracks a cab was waiting, and a little after nine o'clock I walked on the scene as the Abbé Daniel in The Duel.

The melodrama of missed connections does not always have so happy an ending. During a tour including Illinois towns, in Clyde Fitch's play, His Grace de Grammont, my leading lady, Laura Hope Crews, took occasion to visit her sister in Chicago without notifying me that she was going. About six o'clock a telegram came, announcing Miss Crews as being abandoned at some forlorn junction and the best she could do was to approach Decatur by a circuitous route which would still leave her at a station far away from her destination. My manager, inclined to be sympathetic, had sent an automobile to her rescue and begged me to delay the performance, but I was provoked at the lady's breach of discipline and declared that the curtain must go up on time. The understudy, Sarah Padden, was playing a waiting maid, but she had no understudy!

Crushed by a Gallery God

The only way out of the tangle was to change the waiting maid into a serving man and send on an actor who did a soldier in the third act. He didn't know cues, but he could muddle through with prompting, as he did, with somewhat grotesque results. The understudy was getting along bravely when, during the second act, Miss Crews, disheveled and hysterical, her nose and eyes red with weeping, reached the theater. Her humiliation was profound! Only an actor knows the agony of a missed performance. I hope she has forgiven me the brutal thing I did in demanding that she get into the maid's costume and let the actor who had been called into the breach go back to his own duty as the soldier. In vain was her plea that only God and railway officials knew that a new schedule went into effect that Sunday. I was adamant, but she was game and took her punishment without a murmur.

Few who have seen the adept and brilliant performances of this charming comedienne in recent years could picture the distraught little thing that stood in the wings, quite without make-up, her hair in disorder, her costume thrown on helter-skelter, trying, through her tears, to learn the speeches from the manuscript she grabbed up after each exit from the scene. Miss Crews and I are still friends.

Audiences of the thousand and one night stands brought fresher susceptibilities to the playhouse than do the hard-boiled theatergoers of Manhattan and the big cities. To be sure there was always the untimely giggle in overstressed emotional scenes; the prolonged "Ah-h!" of pretended admiration of the bravery of the hero; and resounding exhausts of imitation kisses from village cut-ups in the gallery in response to the silent embraces on the stage. But for the most part audiences took the illusion of the play credulously, absorbingly. There was no sentiment, however, in the breast of a youthful spectator of Romeo and Juliet in Topeka. When the searching eye of Capulet's daughter strove to pierce the darkness of the garden for further sight of her lovelorn Romeo, longing for

"a falconer's voice,
To lure this tassel-gentle back again!"

and she leaned over the balcony, looking from right to left, whispering, "Hist! Romeo! Hist!" this gallery god shouted with fiendish glee, "Rubberneck!" And Verona's flower wilted.

A Treasonable Offense

Perhaps my earlier plays of romantic and melodramatic character, having been liked, may have blazed a trail of confidence for the more serious things I later produced, but looking back, I am a little surprised that such a theme as The Duel has, for example, was not more often misunderstood by the average audience. There were two or three incipient riots because of its religious argument, and I remember one most disturbing gallery in Knoxville, but generally there was respect, even though the ears of the groundlings were not tickled.

Audiences listened more patiently than they do today; they had not the hurried habit of jumping to conclusions—a habit which is being bred into this generation by the rapid action of the moving picture—nor did women brush away their tears in self-conscious recourse to their vanity cases.

My own favorite play in all my career is The Harvester and, as I look back, it seems delicate substance for a general public, and yet it is still remembered with appreciation. My wife, who has a bad habit of keeping my letters, seems to find no complaint of the way in which it was received in its country-wide adventure, and yet it was presented in some weird places. One letter is marked Huntington ——

The train left at five and we journeyed to a place on the map where two railways cross, and there we stayed for five hours! Nothing but a shed for a station and a half dozen stunted dwellings. One of the female inhabitants gave us breakfast and we ate that breakfast for five hours; there was nothing else to do. After sunup the melting snow and ice commenced to leave the roadways in a condition of corn-meal mush, and the only opportunity I had for stretching my legs was along the four arms of the railroad crossing. Then the train—and finally Huntington! We drove to the hotel; the kind of hotel where the guests sit about the one writing table in the middle of the office floor and play cards. The landlady, however, has a soul charged with kindness. She has given me her room—the only one with a bath. She has piled her medicine bottles in one corner of the said bathroom to get them out of my way. She has generously left me her toothbrushes. There is also a cuspidor which seems to contain not only cigar stumps, but hairpins. The kind lady has just knocked at the door to inquire after my comfort, and has given me her copy of The Simple Life to read.

Another letter in my wife's archives:

I have been suffering with a lame foot. The boots I wear for Petruchio are too tight and have caused a callous, or, if you will, a common or garden corn. Yesterday, in ——, I had the matter looked into by The Corn King. The palace of the King is located on the main street of ——, in a business block. When I was ushered into the Presence I thought his majesty was a policeman, for he wore brass buttons, and something resembling a coffin plate was pinned on his breast, that looked like a detective's badge, but which on inspection revealed the inscription:

PROFESSOR BLANK
THE
CORN KING

The audience chamber lay back of the kitchen, from whence the voice of the Corn Queen could be heard conversing with her Gossip. While I was seated before the throne, the Queen came in and asked the King for twenty-five cents for them potatoes. The king was dirty; so were his methods. After heating some awful-looking salve on an old knife blade with a match and daubing the charred mess on my toe, he bound up my wounds, charged me a dollar, saying: "Leave that on there for three or four days, till ye have to wash yer feet again." I bowed myself out of the Presence and went home and washed my foot. This act may lay me open to the charge of lese majesty.

Calvé and Cash

Traveling about the country during the so-called "Bankers' panic" of 1907 brought peculiar experiences. The country was not poor, but money was stored in banks that issued a sort of local currency in cashier's checks. My company had come up through Texas to Oklahoma, where we gave our performances and were able, with some confusion but no serious difficulty, to settle our profits. Then, having a free night, we anticipated the pleasure of attending a concert given by Madame Calvé, who was booked for a tour along the route we had followed. I do not know if the enormous house represented the culture or the curiosity of Oklahoma. One richly dressed lady who sat near me called out quite frankly to friends sitting several rows back, "I hope I'll have brains enough to appreciate this."

The audience waited impatiently for the concert to begin; meanwhile drama was being enacted back on the stage. Madame refused to utter one golden note without previous payment in hard cash. Cashier's checks, bank drafts, certified checks on New York or Chicago meant nothing. The Elks had engaged her; the Elks must pay her!

The Elks hadn't the currency. An alarm squad was dispatched for a house-to-house canvass and finally, after long waiting, the cash, from pennies to bank notes, was poured into the diva's lap and the situation was saved.

When we left in the morning prominent merchants assembled in the hotel to buy our hotel bills. They gave their notes to the proprietor and pocketed the cash we had brought to Oklahoma.

There are theaters I am glad never to see again, many hotels I am glad to forget, yet I can truthfully say there are but few audiences against which I hold a grudge. Some were bounteous, some were meager, but almost always they were cordial. My thousand and one night stands are not so thrilling as those the lovely Scheherazade recounted to save her life, but I think perhaps mine also saved my life—at least, my dramatic life. And so they are precious to me.

New Travelers on the Road

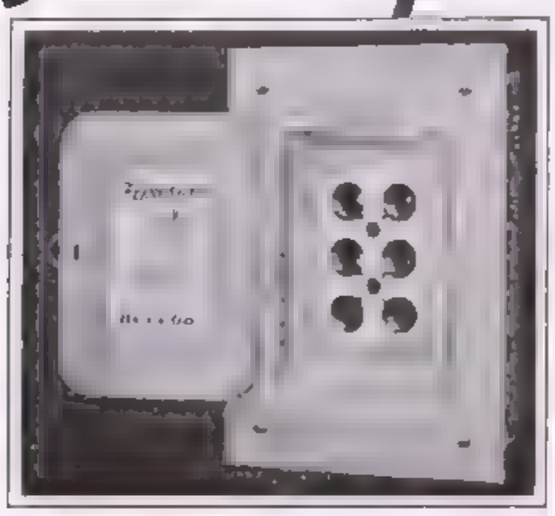
The veteran at the Soldiers' Home theater at Hampton, Virginia, who watched our play through a spyglass from his gallery seat and disconcerted the actors by passing his glass to various comrades that they too might take a squint, marks an amusing memory of that night. Oshkosh was a pleasant landmark in the pilgrimage. Birmingham always means for me a call I had from Admiral Schley, who was being fêted there, and an afternoon I spent at the circus with George Ade. Charleston, West Virginia, where a patient audience waited until after ten o'clock for our belated curtain to rise; Charleston, South Carolina, that city of rare charm, where only the theater radiator was cold; Montgomery, whose audience was never without its beautiful women; Lincoln, Nebraska, where Buffalo Bill paid me a dressing-room visit. The university towns—Madison, Ithaca, Ann Arbor—where students make fine auditors; Sioux City, where the electric power gave out and we acted in candlelight; Evansville, where I spent a night of terror at a night editor's desk, reading the lists, as they came over the Associated Press wires, of hundreds who had been burned to death in the Iroquois Theater, and at daylight starting for Chicago, when word finally came of my family's safety.

And on and on my memories rush. But all is changed now. The highroad of freedom, the gypsy trail that Stevenson sang of, is now paved like Fifth Avenue! Limousines, trucks, char-à-bancs and the motor bike of the traffic cop stream along it in unbroken procession by day, and at night the bootlegger, the flying gunman, the petting party flash their lights through the dark and tear over its concrete. The open road is no more for the carefree Romany, nor for his next of kin, the actor. Moving-picture palaces have supplanted his shabby theaters. There are hopeful signs, however, in the attempt to infuse fresh vitality into the old form of the stock company, but the more hopeful outlook is in the Little Theater Movement, which may expand into definite artistic value. It will not reach all classes as the old theater did; it will lack the zest that was felt on the coming to town of the traveling company, but it has an opportunity of becoming a real and cultural force. I wave my mask in welcome to these young wearers of the sock and buskin.

Little Mr. Smithins (Assigned the Nursery at a Crowded House Party): "'Pleasant Dreams,' eh? Fat Chance!"

Stop Fire Danger and Accidents

Keep Fuses Out of the Cellar



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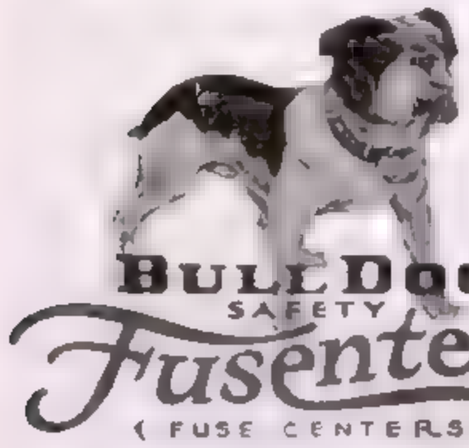

BULL DOG SAFETY Fusenters (FUSE CENTERS)

HOW TO COLLECT OUR FOREIGN LOANS

Continued from Page 26)

ANY AMERICAN *(thoughtfully):*

A Swedish chair,
An Irish broom,
And over there
A Russian loom;
An English desk, a Spanish comb—
Say, Mister Man, where was your home?

HONEST SHOPKEEPER·

Ah, eminent stranger, don't ask me to tell
A secret which causes my bosom to swell
With painful, importunate
Thoughts of unfortunate
Days ere the stringency forced me to sell.
But listen, Your Lordship, and take my advice ——

SWEETHEART:

He called you Your Lordship, pa. Isn't that nice?

HONEST SHOPKEEPER:

Yes, truly, Your Lordship should take my advice
And buy the whole lot,
Which, likely as not
You can sell in New York for double the price.

ANY AMERICAN:

What, double?

HONEST SHOPKEEPER

No, treble!

THE PEASANTRY:

Quadruple!!

THE WIFE·

Why scruple?
That German tureen when we fill it with soup'll
Look grand on the dining-room table at home—
The one uncle bought when he visited Rome.

HONEST SHOPKEEPER:

Ah, Ladyship, Ladyship! Loftily placed,
How the Nine Muses have given you taste.

THE WIFE:

Tee-hee,
That's me!

ANY AMERICAN *(morosely examining the lot):*
Combien? Quanto costa? Wie viel? Durn the Dutch—
Be that as it may,
I'm trying to say,
How much?

(The HONEST SHOPKEEPER *sidles over and whispers something in his ear. The* AMERICAN *swallows a heart stimulant, which he carries for such purposes, and resumes feebly):*

I'm just a poor, lost Yank and I've cabled to my bank
Beseeching that the mortgage be renewed.
It won't do any harm if we sell the house and farm
Just to pay for this amazing interlude.

HONEST SHOPKEEPER.

Ah, where beauty is concerned, gold to heavenly light is turned,
And madame will understand me when I say
Just to make our meeting pleasant I am giving you a present—
What I charge you, sire, is merely by the way.

ANY AMERICAN:

Why this sacrificial impulse, by the way?
Are you desperate for money as they say?

(The HONEST SHOPKEEPER *removes his hat.)*

TENOR SOLO *(by the* SHOPKEEPER*):*

You millionaire Americans
Who come in pomp and pride,
Who ride in gilded limousines
With your diamond-crusted bride,
Sneer not upon our poverty
From your exalted state;
You made us what we are because
You went to war too late.

CHORUS:

Don't ask me what it's for
When I charge a little more.
Cold hunger gnaws,
And that's because *(harmony sob)*
I
was
roo-ined
by
the war!

[While four PEASANTS *join in a male quartet, the* AMERICAN *bursts into tears and begins signing thousand-dollar travelers' checks which he tosses among the chorus. The* HONEST SHOPKEEPER *stops him before the last ten checks are gone.*

ANY AMERICAN:

There, there!
There, there!
From open grief forbear.
I'll subsidize
The enterprise—
At least I'll do my share.
I'll buy the lot—
Just show me what you've got.
My, my!
Don't cry!
I'll purchase on the spot.

(Gives the rest of his money to the HONEST SHOPKEEPER.)

ALL:

Huzzah! Huzzah!
He'll simply take the lot!

HONEST SHOPKEEPER *(eagerly):*

If bargains, sire, you seek,
My house is quite antique;
The plumbing made
Ere the First Crusade,
And a medieval leak.
I'll sell it cheap,
With the dungeon keep
And all the ghosts that haunt it.

ANY AMERICAN:

Don't want it.

HONEST SHOPKEEPER *(gloomy):*

Pourquoi? For why?

ANY AMERICAN:

E'en though I did approve it,
'Twould cost too much to move it.
Your price, no doubt, is high—
Come, momma. Say good-by.

THE SHOPKEEPER *(in a rage):*

Now ain't that like Americans?
They talk as sweet as honey.
But all they seem to think about
Is money, money, money.
Their hearts are sold for minted gold,
They eat it and they love it.
I hope you bust with your lucre-lust—
Thank heaven, I'm above it!

YOUNG-MAN-SWEETHEART-MET-ON-THE-BOAT

Come, Sweetheart. Let's beat it. This gives us a chance
To sneak up the road to a place where they dance.

[Exeunt AMERICANS *while the* PEASANTRY *change back into their working clothes and the* HONEST SHOPKEEPER *gallops toward the First National Bank to see if the American's checks are good.*

SCENE II

[Smoke room of the ocean liner Melancholia. ANY AMERICAN *is puffing cheap cigarettes and saving money by keeping out of a poker game. A* PHILOSOPHER *approaches him and sits down.*

PHILOSOPHER:

Tomorrow's the Custom House. Gosh, but I'm scared.
How many trunks did you say you've declared?

ANY AMERICAN:

A second-hand suitcase I borrowed from Myrt,
Containing a toothbrush and one dirty shirt.

THE PHILOSOPHER·

You travel quite light.

THE AMERICAN:

Yes, I do. That's a fact.
You won't find the Custom House crabbing my act.
But of course there's The Wife. She has seventeen trunks
And Sweetheart has twelve. Two are under their bunks.
I don't bust my back with big luggage, you bet;
The thing that I carry around is the debt.
(A solemn pause.)

You know we've heard bushels of hollers and groans
On the ways and the means to collect foreign loans,
With Borah demanding immediate pay,
And Senator Smoot speaking soft for delay.
But I've been on the ground,
And I think that I've found
The quickest and sanest and easiest way.
Let our government agents just go to the ports
Where American tourists convene at resorts;
Let U. S. collectors stand guard at the door
Of restaurant, music hall, curio store;
Let Uncle Sam furnish municipal guides
To lead the poor Yanks up the steep mountainsides,
Or garner huge sums
To show us the slums
And the rat cabarets where you look at the bums;
Let a fishy-eyed corps of our Federal cops
Run the summertime trade in the milliners' shops;
Let the U. S. collect for a year, let us say,
The cash our rich yokels are throwing away;
And I swear by my bones,
In the solemnest tones,
That the proceeds would wipe out our foreign war loans
And leave us a surplus so perfectly grand
That Idiot Institutes over the land
Could soon be erected
For people affected
Like me. Understand?

THE PHILOSOPHER.

The measure you mention appears, first and last,
Less silly than many that Congress has passed.
And would you contribute to such a design?

ANY AMERICAN

Gosh, no! *(with a groan.)* I've contributed mine.

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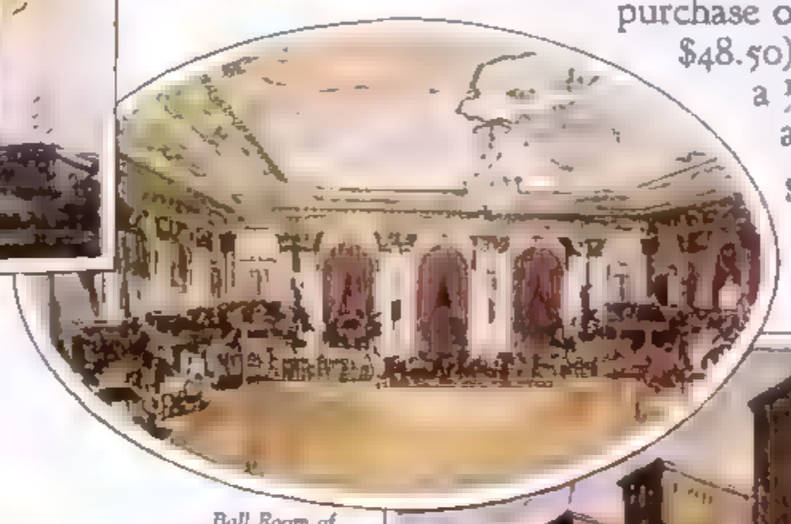

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JOHNSON'S WAX
Electric floor Polisher

LITTLE MARY MAE

(Continued from Page 21)

I did not engage a truck driver in battle. Concerning my job at the Arcade, which she mentioned, there was nothing disgraceful, although the pay might have been better. The following night I carried her a valentine with a lace trimming and a calendar with a celluloid wheel cleverly concealed. She was flushed and looked annoyed.

"John tried to kiss me again," she said. "Some day I am going to lose this position and John is going to lose the rest of his hair."

"I'll stop him," I said furiously.

"No, you won't. He might strike you."

That was the night I sprang to my own defense, and during the nine o'clock walk I ran rapidly over a handful of facts, the idea being to demonstrate that I was something more than a second-class fiddler in a side-street movie house. We strolled slowly up the avenue, unmindful of the Elevated noises, and I uncovered sections of the past.

What did she know about me? Was she aware that I, Lee Peppers, was the Lee Peppers who had written the words and music of that popular success, Little Mary Mae, of several seasons back? She was not.

"Not Little Mary Mae?" she asked, turning her lovely blond head toward me and looking at me with her solemn eyes.

"Yes, Little Mary Mae."

"You wrote that?"

"And no other," I said.

I told her the full story of that particular song, which, of course, is and always has been the bitterest pill in my young life. I did that one five years ago, maybe six, along with half a dozen other songs, long before I came to New York and when it seemed to my relations that the family had at last produced a true genius. Six of my early songs were sent on and died in Moe Stinburg's office, for Moe knows the public taste and was my publisher. Presently I came through with Little Mary Mae, which had a fine catchy air and a strong note of melancholy, beloved by the public.

"This song," Moe wrote me, "might do and it might not. I will give you twenty-five dollars and take a chance."

He mailed the twenty-five, which is a magic figure that seems to follow me around through life, and Little Mary Mae was published, and all it did was to sell a million copies the first six months. My relations called at the house in Erie, shook hands and said that I was a credit to the name of Peppers. The song tossed Moe into Easy Street and he moved to larger quarters, with a rug in the reception room, hired a Fifth Avenue advertising agent and today is one of the pillars of the song industry.

When I naturally wrote, asking about my share, there was some desultory correspondence, stating that in as much as I had sold Little Mary Mae outright and in toto, they all regretted, from Moe down to the office boy, that I had no legal claim whatever in the royalties, which as time went on proved to be the entire truth. I broke down that year from worrying over it and had indigestion until Christmas. Not another thin dime ever came my way.

I heard Little Mary everywhere and it sickened me. It sickens me slightly to this minute. In my anger, I wrote a dozen other songs, after the disaster, and sent them to a new publisher; but not one of them went over. I presently gave up song writing and began playing in movie theaters, which is not bad if you can connect with a first-run house.

"These are the bitter facts," I told Addie Belle Ronk. "So you can see that I am a song writer."

"You were one," she said. "Moe Stinburg stopped you. Later on, the truck driver stopped you."

"You think I'm a failure? You won't marry me because I'm getting twenty-five a week?"

"It isn't the money. It's something spiritual, something inside a person, that decides whether he is going uphill all his life, or down. Anyway, Lee, we can always be good friends."

"You can't be good friends with me," I declared. "I'll be around a while longer, because I'm not giving you up just yet. I will keep on coming to John's."

"For the spaghetti," she said, laughing.

About this point in my courtship, progress began to bog down noticeably. Love's happy caravan slowed to a mere saunter, and I gave up all hopes of three or four sunny rooms and a comparative stranger cooking one's breakfast. To be sure, I saw Addie Belle every day, and she seemed to grow more beautiful as she sat up there behind the cash register, tinkling her little bell and handing the wholesale druggists correct change.

John's is a place where men go to eat; mostly men devoting their lives to manual labor. The glass of fashion never reflects in John's, and a limousine drawing up at the curb would throw the entire street into a furore. I liked the food, I admired Olaf the Swede and I adored Addie; but there was one thing about John's beanery that drove me to distraction and kindled the flame of homicidal mania.

I refer to the two-thousand-dollar piano player and violin. It was an ingenious mechanical contrivance, run by wires, playing the violin and the piano together, and as an instrument of torture to a sensitive person, it made the Spanish Inquisition seem mild and jolly.

I was able to stand this devil's device only by the exercise of great will power, buoyed up by Addie and the spaghetti. John's Restaurant was a long, narrow room, split into two parts by a high partition, and the piano player stood at the very front, near the door, hurling its mangled harmony upon the just and the unjust. It was the apple of John's eye, John being a gross fellow with a prominent abdomen and a family consisting of himself, his wife and three young *ravioli* eaters. It was his custom to stand in petrified admiration before the blasted machine and feed coins into a slot until the human mind tottered upon its throne.

The walls of the eating room were embellished with paintings and general art work by unknowns who are still unknown. There was an inspired fish in a glass box, a large picture showing a bowl of fruit, a portrait of a man broiling a steak and a small colored boy eating what was either watermelon or a piece of pie.

The ceiling was done in imitation of the sky, dotted with stars, and the rear wall, nearest the kitchen, was given over to a large scene in oils, showing seven running angels in light yellow, chasing themselves around the edge of a purple moon. In each corner was a basket of permanent flowers, and on the right wall was a shining fire ax in a red holster, this being John's concession to the city fire laws.

To make the piano player readily accessible to feeble-minded lovers of harmony while they dined, money slots were scattered about the room. One would thus have a Hungarian rhapsody and a broiled chop at the same time.

"How do you like the music?" Olaf once asked me.

"How would you like both legs broken?" I replied; and from then on Olaf knew that if nobody dropped nickels, it would be all right with Lee Peppers.

Addie Belle, to my surprise, said that she loved good music and sometimes deposited nickels when the customers were laggard. I have a particularly sensitive ear, and the jangling tunes from the shining music box caused me to suffer untold agonies. I examined the blank thing with considerable bitter interest.

It was a complicated machine without doubt, the violin part being attached to the piano, and it was the violin that interested me. Little steel fingers leaped into life and pressed down upon the wires and revolving wheels of emery stone were lowered and raised at the proper intervals, scratching the four strings. Wherever one's eyes rested, wheels revolved, bars of metal slid about, doing this and that to make music, lights came on and went out and the machine whined. The steel fingers fascinated me. Behind them, the piano keys tapped away endlessly. The entire device was incased in heavy glass and perfectly lighted.

"Isn't it lovely?" Addie asked me, coming out of her private coop and smiling.

"If you think it's lovely," I said, "it is."

I noticed Olaf signaling that the meal was ready and retired to my spaghetti. The next evening I brought Addie a Japanese fan and resumed the old discussion.

"No," she said kindly and yet in a firm tone; "I like you, Lee, and you are a generous boy. You are a little too plump, but that could be cured in time. You have a nice romantic streak in you that a girl would like, and you are the kind that remembers anniversaries; but I hate timid men."

"You will wind up by marrying a prize fighter," I said sulkily. "What if I am not so very brave? A lot of good husbands are not so very brave, but they show up with the rent money Saturdays."

"Courage is a noble thing," she murmured. "If you had it, you would not be working at the Arcade."

"So that's what it is. It is my job that makes me ineligible."

That evening the usual walk up Sixth Avenue was more or less acrimonious, and I did nothing to advance the cause. In fact, when I said good night I as much as told Addie Belle that the whole deal was off and that one suitor for her hand withdrew from the arena. I stated that she could go and find herself a steeple jack if she was looking for heroics and a large salary.

Time passed dismally and I continued to consume spaghetti at John's for several reasons. I slowly got over the notion of marrying Addie Belle or anybody else, informing her one night that the sea was and would be always pretty full of uncaught fish, both blondes and brunettes.

When a man once gets into a fever over a girl and slowly recovers, seeing the same girl right along while recovering, the next state he enters is a sort of peaceful numbness—that is, if the man is not a jealous type. I am not jealous and never was. At John's I saw enough flip stuff to make me pretty sore, but I passed it all by with never a word and let many a customer get out unrebuked.

Naturally, I continued to walk home nights with Addie, and to talk generally, but refrained from any more about marriage and allied topics. At times it seemed to me she expected me to go on arguing; but I know when I am licked, and no girl is going to make a sucker out of me for her own amusement. I did not say another word about marriage or how gloomy I felt, and I think this reticence began to pique the lady, though I am not sure.

I was quite suddenly discharged by Martin Gross, the orchestra leader at the Arcade, very suddenly and without any good reason, as the facts will show the unprejudiced. Martin Gross never liked me from the start, and the one song I will never play for anybody, anywhere, is Little Mary Mae. Why should I? I hate that blank thing worse than I hate poison. I have had to listen to it on excursion steamers, where I could not get off the boat; and in theaters, where I could not crawl over the other customers and flee. It has always made me violently unhappy, like a man crossing the ocean the first time. A man once hit a dog I owned when I was ten years old and I hated him and used to lie awake nights thinking up terrible curses, and next to that dog hitter, I hate Little Mary Mae, my master triumph.

"I am not going to play that," I said to Martin Gross, about three in the afternoon, which was when he tossed me the music.

"Oh," he sneered sarcastically, "you ain't?"

"Yes," I said in a cold tone, "I ain't. You can hear English, can't you?"

Saying which, I threw the music on the floor and kicked it violently aside, leaving him in no doubt.

The violin is an important instrument in the Arcade orchestra, for the only other instrument is the piano, played by Martin Gross. I could see his viewpoint perfectly, but it did not change my intentions. I have never played Little Mary Mae since the day it moved Moe Stinburg into larger quarters, and I never will.

"We will see about this," threatened Martin, rising from his piano, in spite of the fact that a comedy was coming on. "If I'm the leader of this orchestra, you're fired, Mr. Peppers; and if I'm not the leader, I quit."

He walked into the office of the managing director, Jacob Zann, and they sent for me to join the conference.

"Ask him," said Martin, tapping the piece of music angrily.

"Why do you refuse to play this?" demanded the managing director, looking at me bellicosely. "Is this mutiny?"

"It certainly is," I answered. "I don't like that piece, and I will not play it for anyone. If you will notice the author on the cover, you will see that the words and music are by L. Peppers, and that's me, which is why I refuse to sully my fiddle with the blank thing."

They both looked surprised at this statement and glanced at Little Mary Mae. Their surprise only lasted a moment and turned to indignation.

"If Mr. Gross asks you to play it," declared Manager Zann, "you certainly will do as he says, or else you are fired off the job."

"Then I am fired off the job right here and now," I stated succinctly, thinking of Addie Belle and feeling more like a man every instant.

"Hand him his money," directed Mr. Zann, turning to his desk, "and get a new violin player."

This was done, with regard to the pay, which was twelve dollars and some cents; and twenty minutes later, carrying my fiddle, I walked from the portals of the Arcade Theater without a care on earth and as jobless as a wine taster in Wichita, Kansas.

Having nothing to do, I returned to my simple lodgings and talked with Mrs. Soames, but said nothing about my personal affairs, for there is no sense in alarming a landlady. I reflected bitterly about Little Mary Mae, which, not content with blasting my early years, had now come around and tossed me out of a steady job. About six o'clock I started gloomily for John's, framing up a little speech for Addie Belle in which to inform her that I was now a man, and worse off than ever. She was in her usual place, and greeted me with a smile.

"Good evening," I said. "I will meet you at nine o'clock and tell you some important news."

She looked interested and I passed on to my usual table, at the rear, as far away from the noise machine as I could get.

"Nice evening, Mr. Peppers," Olaf stated. "The spaghetti is very rare tonight."

"Bring me a large bowl," I ordered, "with plenty of catchup."

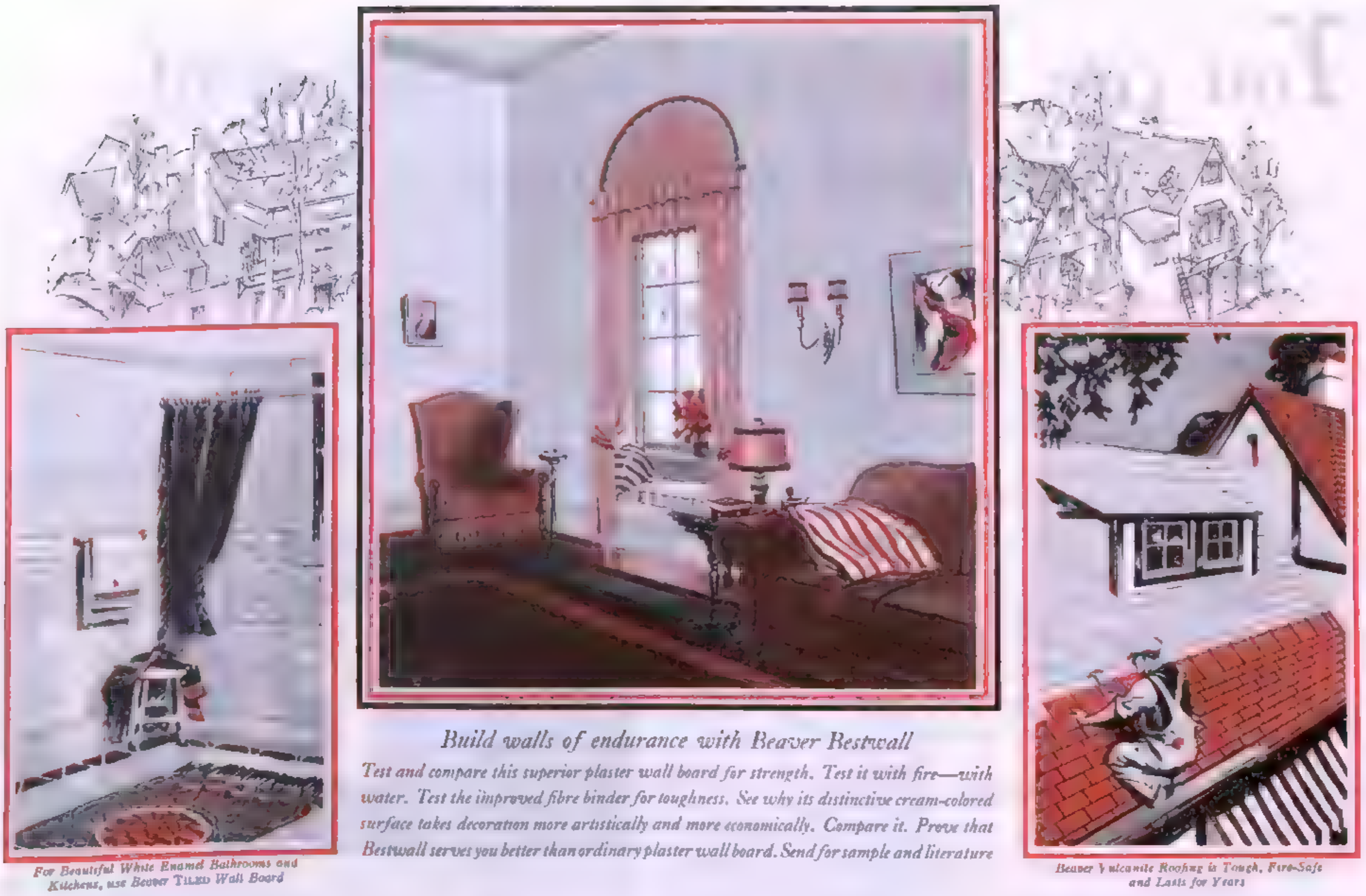
"The new tunes go on tonight," added Olaf, as an afterthought.

"What new tunes?"

"On the piano. Six new ones, instead of the old ones."

"That will be fine," I said grumpily. "Anything else must be better than what there was, no matter how bad it is."

(Continued on Page 111)



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HOOD

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(Continued from Page 106)

Naturally, I was not stirred by any paltry change in the musical arrangements, knowing that all noises coming from the thing would be about the same in painful discordance.

Mr. John Bezzo was present in all his glory and gave me the usual chill glance, but I did not know then that he had a little wine in him, it being some feast day in his native land. Olaf brought me my spaghetti, which was ample and unusually flavorous, and I ate my meal contentedly, looking in the newspaper to see what movie houses were advertising for a first-class, experienced fiddler who could keep in tune with any picture, whether comedy or straight drama.

The piano man came up from the cellar, where he had been rearranging the wires, and informed John that the new program was in place and that the hellish piano could be started. It was John himself who dropped the first nickel and began the agony, standing by to listen proudly whilst the blank thing dashed off Hearts and Flowers, or some other ancient piece, mutilating the harmony beyond recognition.

John strolled into Addie Belle's private cashier's booth, and seemingly overcome with harmony and wine, again tried to kiss her, his family being over at the Arcade for the early run.

I did not know that this amorous attack was going on. I had the rear table and not my old table, and from where I sat, it was impossible to see the cashier's booth, except the back end of it. John, it later was announced, went inside, closed the door and stated to Addie that he was now going to kiss her, and that she might as well get ready for it. This led to a spirited argument, which lasted for some time, with Addie Belle trying to dissuade the innkeeper and at the same time avoid the loss of her job.

It makes my blood boil even now to think of this dastardly outrage, and me sitting there innocently at the rear table, where I could see nothing except the piano player and part of the front ice box.

While the argument was going on inside Addie's booth, with the poor girl pleading for a square deal and trying not to lose her job at the same time, weak-minded customers, truck drivers and music-loving button makers were throwing away their money and listening in awed delight to the gruesome melody. Nickels dropped into the metal slots and upon each face was the silly expression of a man thawing out his feet, and meantime an innocent girl was near at hand, struggling to preserve her self-respect and keep the sixteen a week with two meals.

I finished my coffee in complete calm, little suspecting that Addie Belle needed me, and was about to look in the Brooklyn advertisements, when the fifth of the new tunes concluded, a very scratchy song from a comic opera that did well in 1905. A musically inclined meat cutter dropped another nickel in a slot and you will never in the world guess what the last and final tune was. Yes, that was it—Little Mary Mae, by L. Peppers.

I hope to die if the last tune was not Little Mary Mae, and me just fired off my job on account of it, with practically less than ten dollars and no rent paid. With both hands shaking, I dropped the newspaper and could feel myself growing cold and numb, especially in the legs. My mind seemed to be swaying upon its throne, and little black spots appeared, but I fought to remain calm and to keep control of my emotions.

"Keep calm," I said. "This is no time to let go of yourself."

I sat there trembling at the rear table and my whole life passed in review. It was bad enough to hear that blank song under any conditions, but to hear it being ground out by John's diabolical machine was more than I could stand. Though outwardly calm, I was not myself for the next five minutes, and it is with difficulty that I recall what passed.

I only know that I arose unsteadily from my seat and with a feeble hand reached for the fire ax. Taking the fire ax, I started forward, no doubt with a glassy look in my eyes, and as I came around the corner of the front ice box on my way to the piano, I heard a sharp sound of a person slapping somebody and the voice of a woman raised in what was approximately a shriek.

It was Addie Belle. She was just at the point of pushing John away from her, after slapping him, as I appeared from behind the ice box. He stood in the entrance to her booth, wearing a terrified expression and looking at the fire ax. Addie was behind him, her face flushed and her eyes sparkling, and without saying a word, John leaped for the front door, which was near at hand, and went through to the street. It was a screen door, and part of the screen clung to him and waved as he ran.

These various incidents happened with great rapidity, almost, you might say, while I was covering the distance between the ice box and the piano, which was still grinding. I strode forward about three steps, lifted the ax, and I have never heard a sweeter sound than the crashing of glass that followed. Wire strings flew into the air and one of them hit me. Piano keys popped out and bounced off the ceiling. The framework came apart and metal bars fell upon the floor with a low thud. I worked rapidly and yet skillfully, and the electric lights went out. In twenty seconds the piano was gone. It would never again play Little Mary Mae or anything else, and I do not excuse myself for this radical act, but merely state the facts as they were, being at the moment in a mental state that is very well known legally and is defined as dementia præcox. I then laid down the fire ax.

"There," I said, turning to Addie Belle, who was more flushed than ever, "that will teach somebody a needed lesson."

To my astonishment, as I expected nothing of the kind, she rushed suddenly to me, flung her arms around my neck and I staggered back into the wreckage. I believe that she kissed me, but I am not certain, as I was a little excited at the moment. John Bezzo returned with two policemen, both Irish in appearance.

"There he stands!" John shouted, breathing hard. "Arrest him!"

I stepped forward to be arrested, because I had it coming to me. I had taken my fling and was ready to pay the piper.

"No," said Addie Belle, "you will not arrest him. You cannot! You dare not!"

She said this with her voice rising higher and higher, while the two Irish officers looked impressed.

"Addie," I said gently, "this is an affair between men."

She thrust me aside, her lovely face blazing with some inner emotion, and confronted John Bezzo, who quailed.

"Would you arrest a man who came to the defense of a woman?" she cried, appealing to the Irish police. "And not only that, but would you jail a brave lover, coming to the rescue of his bride-to-be, who was being grossly intimidated in the cashier's cage by this degraded scoundrel, the father of four children?"

"Three children, Addie," I said.

She here pointed at John Bezzo, who cringed perceptibly. The two officers turned, said "Oho!" and both fixed their eyes upon John, continuing to stare at him accusingly while Addie Belle explained.

I was as surprised as anyone present, including all the customers, for this was the first I knew of John's ungentlemanly conduct. I listened in growing indignation, while Addie recounted the details, going back into the past and showing how John Bezzo had three times a week threatened to kiss her, though never actually doing so; and how on this night, being warmed with wine, he had gone a step too far, in his boldness even ignoring the presence of the girl's lover and promised husband, Lee Peppers, the well-known song writer and artist.

"Do you officers blame my affianced husband for rushing forward to defend me?" she asked the law. "Have you not a beloved wife of your own? Wouldn't he be less than a man if he did not seize the fire ax and dash forward to protect his bride? And when this cowardly foreigner ran into the street to escape his wrath, is it anything that my future husband should hit the piano a few cracks with the ax in his blind rage?"

"This is not a case for the police," announced the larger officer, "unless we arrest the spaghetti" —meaning John. "What do you mean by annoying your help?"

John cringed further.

"Young lady," said the other officer, placing his hand on John's shoulder, "do you feel like pressing the charge against this masher?"

"No," said Addie quietly, "I will let bygones be bygones, resigning my position immediately."

"Two jobs gone in one day!" I said.

She reached for her hat and coat and Olaf brought mine. We emerged directly in front of the officers and shook hands with them at the corner, everyone present agreeing that New York mashers grew more intolerable every day and needed a good lesson, particularly the ones that annoy their help. Leaving John among the débris of what had been a music machine, Addie and I strolled up Sixth Avenue towards Seventeenth Street.

"Now I know my heart," she said in a strangely altered voice. "I realize that you and I are intended for each other."

"Yeah," I said, wondering.

"I have wanted to marry you from the first, in spite of the fact that I knew you, or thought so. Tonight, when your true colors came to the surface, you proved that you were a brave fellow, ready to defend a girl, and it made me very happy, for that was the only obstacle. I always wanted to be married in June, and this is June."

"That certainly is pretty slick," I said warmly and uneasily. "You want to get married right away?"

"Why, yes, Lee. Don't you?"

"I should say I do, but you haven't heard the news about me being fired off my job at the Arcade."

We happened to be passing a store window, showing a display of wall paper and domestic scenes. Addie stopped and faced me.

"Did you lose your job?"

"Today," I said.

"I'm glad of it," she cried happily. "It was not a job for a man of your ability. It was beneath you, Lee Peppers."

"You want to be married anyhow, with neither of us working?" I asked feebly.

"Yes, indeed!" she replied. "I always said I would be married in early June; and as far as jobs go, you proved tonight the sort of man you are—the kind a girl can depend upon."

"That's right," I said, slow and thoughtful.

We strolled onward, looking in more windows, all designed to make a person think of a flat.

"You are no cheap fiddler, wasting his talents in a movie house," she said.

"You bet your life."

"You are a song writer, Lee."

"And you know it," I said.

"A good song writer," Addie rejoined decisively. "And you have the spunk to step out and make the world realize it."

"You and me both," I said. "I'm as good a song writer as there is in America today. Didn't I write Little Mary Mae?"

"You did."

"I can write better ones than that," I said, feeling a warm glow, and taking Addie's arm as we crossed a side street. "Now that we are going to be married, I will leap in and write a song that is a song. When do you want to be married?"

"Any time this month," said she, pausing in front of her house on Seventeenth.

"Make it two weeks from tomorrow," I decided.

"Fine!" said she, and we sealed the compact with a kiss, more of a friendly matrimonial kiss than anything else. I walked rapidly back to my room, feeling a rising sense of responsibility. A beautiful young creature was going to trust her entire future in my hands. A gentleman in a third-story window began playing something on a sick saxophone, and as I listened, I again heard those familiar strains and the mangled tune of that popular refrain, Little Mary Mae.

I merely smiled, and feeling inspired for the first time in years, I entered my room and sat down at the washstand, thinking of Addie Belle and how love can lift a man up to better and higher things. There was a piece of paper on the stand from the laundry referring to a missing shirt, and still feeling the fever of inspiration, I took a pencil and began. In the next half hour, if I do say so myself, musical history was made in America, for I then and there dashed off Love is a Dream; which, as you probably know, if you own a radio, is the one big knock-out of the present season and is already going like wildfire, though only a month old.

Naturally, Moe Stinburg has nothing to do with my affairs, and my new publisher is Hymie Samuels, of Samuels, Samuels, Samuels & Siskind, a square-shooting man if there ever was one. He writes me that we are going to sell at least a million copies in the next four months, because this new one contains that indefinable something the public demands. The radio stations are singing it eight times per evening, paying in advance to Mr. Samuels.

"I will give you five thousand dollars outright for this song," Hymie wrote me the other day, "or else we will go ahead on a royalty basis. Give me a ring about this."

"What shall I tell him?" I asked Addie Belle, who is beginning to be important in my life.

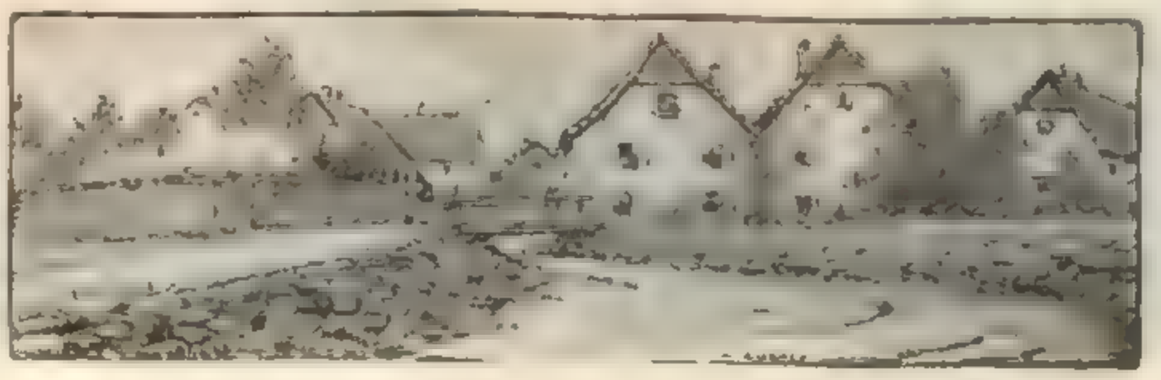
"Tell him you don't want his five thousand," she said firmly. "A man of your talent can afford to gamble with fate, especially when the royalties are coming in weekly."

"You are right," I replied. "If a man happens to know what the public craves, as I do, he is sitting pretty."

Most likely you have heard the new song, and if so, I need say no more; but if by mere chance you have not heard Love is a Dream, by L. Peppers, forty cents at all drug stores, kindly cast your eye over this chorus:

Love is a dream of purest gold;
Love is so sweet it can never be told;
Nothing to fear, dear,
When you are near, dear ——
That's love, love, love.

To be sure, a man doesn't do a thing like this offhand or without inspiration. I must have had it in me all the time; but even so, I give a great deal of credit to Addie Belle Ross. If I had not strolled into John's for the spaghetti, I might never have met her, and would probably still be down at the Arcade at twenty-five a week. She, most likely, would have married some ordinary man that nobody could inspire to reach out for the loftier things in life.



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DECIDEDLY BETTER

THE INTENTION OF THE TESTATOR

(Continued from Page 9)

Penelope, according to custom, went up alone to that huge second-floor front where her hostess preferred to spend her time. It was such a big room that its massive furniture did not overcrowd i , and when one sat at the Governor Winthrop desk—Anne's own gift to her aunt—one mercifully had one's back to the former evidences of an elder taste.

Penny made her curtsy and kissed the old lady's cheek with sincere affection. Her copy book and ink and pen lay on the big blotter on the open desk, and the two volumes of Ridpath supplemented the altitude of the chair seat. The stage was set for the quaint struggle to record the queer words that Mrs. Prophet chose for a child's exercise. The best hat and coat were neatly laid on the bed, and Penny, smiling, addressed herself to her customary gradual absorption of writing fluid.

"Well," said her hostess comfortably.

"Well," said Penny with a little laugh.

Mrs. Proudfitt let her knitting lie—she was never without an unfinished strip of afghan on her needles—in her convex lap. She still wore the stays and basques of an earlier day; but though they contrived to suggest an inward curve at the waistline, they could not reduce her abundant girth. She was, however, comfortable in her odd garb, and her rheumatic feet in soft black heelless shoes rested at ease upon a red carpet hassock that had ears like a little dog.

"What was our last word?"

"'Entire,'" said Penny, looking back a page.

"Yes," agreed Mrs. Proudfitt. "Now let me see." She looked out of her window for inspiration and apparently found it. For she said presently, "Thousand," and lifted her worsted work again.

"I know how to spell that," declared Penelope, and spread out to the task. "It's on a card I got in Sunday school: 'Ten thousand times ten thousand in sparking ramment bright'—angels," she added in an explanatory undertone.

The hour wore away pleasantly in the warm sunny room, at a task quite congenial to a philologist whose years had but lately begun to need the fingers of more than one hand for counting, and to an eccentric old nescient. To anyone who could have guessed Mrs. Proudfitt's jealously guarded secret it would have seemed that she had determined to make sure her little protégée was never to be tricked as she once had been—ah, and by her very own husband!—in the days when she could only make an unsteady cross beside the seal on a document.

It had been a trifling matter of a sale of property she had opposed, but she had never forgotten it. The departed Proudfitt had justified himself in the act by reminding her it was the merest legal quibble that she should sign the deed at all, it being his property to sell as he saw fit. But, like King Philip, she had listened to one agreement and signed another—a hoodwinking that in both cases resulted in warfare, each in its own degree. It was a strange series of incidents she looked back upon, linked together to make what is called a life, as she rested there in the safe backwater of her final anchorage; but not one of the many more interesting, sometimes exciting, events of her history stood out so plainly in her memory as this slight treachery. She had, of course, forgiven it and often had laughed over it, as the Proudfitt fortunes passed the landmark she had set such store upon; but forgotten it she had not.

Penelope was going to school next year, where she would learn under far more helpful teachers. She would fill many ruled pages with aphoristic gems of sound advice, but would Mrs. Prophet be there to see?

Nothing less psychic, to all appearance, than this stout old party could well be imagined; yet she knew, in some queer way, that she was not again to see the spring. It did not make her melancholy; nothing had ever done that. She placidly let her last days slip past her, sitting with her lamed feet on the hassock and knitting her strips of afghan.

She had no desire to meddle with Anne's future, yet she dearly wished that Stephen Vane would propose to Anne before she had to close the book, and half admired him at the same time because he wouldn't.

It was no secret to her, this love between these young people—did not all Fair Meadows know about it? Fair Meadows knew a great deal. Even on this very day it was rocking from one end to the other and holding its sides over Penny Vane's interpretation of the Christian pandect. But Fair Meadows loved Penny and she should never hear its laughter. Mrs. Proudfitt and Anne had heard the story, for Stephen Vane had no more than told it, with a tender smile in his eyes, to Mr. Pruyn than it had seemed to leap the length of Main Street; and, if anything, it confirmed the pleased old lady in her fondness for the child and in her conviction that one couldn't be too much on one's guard in the matter of the written word. She was not to be called distrustful, for did she not leave a great many business matters in the unhindered hands of Mr. Pruyn? But she had crotchets, as she called them, and perhaps this was one of them.

Penelope's hours of the December days were very full. There was a great practicing of Christmas carols in the Sunday school, with not nearly enough books to go round, where her frequent misapprehension of the words of a song passed unheard in the general volume of piping voices; there were sundry small presents for her father and the Proudfitts to be toiled over with the slender assistance of June Pepper's clumsy hands; there were old toys to be collected and refurbished to supplement her annual donation to the children of the tenements across the railroad tracks; and there was, as always, the copy book with two or three pages to be filled every week.

It was one day when she sat on the floor in the dining room, deplorably communicating smears of paste to the rug as she patiently, silently endeavored to induct a cardboard doll into fresh crêpe-paper flounces, that she, quite innocently, listened to a private conversation in her father's study beyond. She had not heard Anne Proudfitt come in, but she knew her voice, and was fully intending to go in and kiss her just as soon as the pink ruffles stuck to the paper instead of to her fingers. As this they utterly refused to do, the talking went on in the next room undisturbed.

"Well, Stephen Vane, you might say you are glad to see me, you know."

"But is this so customary that the usual opening remarks apply? I never heard of a young woman calling on a man. What will Fair Meadows say? Unless perhaps you have come to see me professionally ——"

"Even if I had, you might ask me to sit down."

She heard her father's pleasant easy laugh. "It is not nice to walk into a body's house and begin badgering a body about a body's manners. Do me the honor, Miss Prophet, to take a chair." There was a long silence. "I suppose you really have come to say—well, something, haven't you?"

"Yes, I have, Stephen. Only it's hard for me to begin. You make it harder and harder."

"My dear girl, I? How?"

"By sitting there so like a lawyer, so quiet and smiling."

"Anne, I cannot look at you and frown. But I am not quiet. I am not even in this moment much of a lawyer. You must have a little mercy on a poor devil."

"I won't then," said Anne softly but very firmly. "Stephen, is it just a fancy of mine that you care for me?"

"Oh, Anne!" Penny could hear her father walking across the floor which June Pepper kept so smartly waxed. "Anne!" It was a sort of groan.

"Does that mean that you do? Turn around from that window and let me see your face. Well, you do then. Wouldn't it be better to have told me so than to make me come and ask you?"

"Anne, is this fair?"

"I'll tell you what it is, Stephen. It is sheer unadulterated stuff and nonsense. Do you think my aunt's money is of more importance than I am?"

"All the money in the world isn't worth your little finger. But—I wish you wouldn't say things like that, because it sounds ——"

"—— as if my happiness lay with you? Well, doesn't it?"

"Anne darling! But ——"

"Stephen darling—but! How do you like the sound of it?"

"I don't. Let me say, however—however, you must look at this with a coldly dispassionate eye."

"As if I'd got such a thing! Let go of that window sill!"

"I don't dare."

"Really, Stephen Vane, I'd no idea you'd be like this. Here I come shamelessly asking you to marry me, and you hang onto the woodwork and look at the floor. Is it only coyness?"

"Anne, if you laugh at me, I shall slap you."

"I shouldn't mind that, Stephen—dear."

"Good Lord, what can I do, darling? Look at me, a poor country lawyer, with nothing to offer you!"

"Nothing but the love I want most in the world. Shall I give Aunt Fanny's money to the Home for Indignant Widows? Would you marry me then?"

"But I want you to have the money, with everything it can give you, don't you see?"

"Except you."

"Oh, Anne, how can I live in your house and be waited on by your servants and eat your bread and jam? I have no money for jam, darling. Only—well, oleomargarine, say. Can't you see it? You'd be quite happy—oh, Anne—perhaps for a year. No, don't interrupt me. You would buy me some silver hairbrushes and a fur-lined overcoat and I should stab myself some day with my bill file in the office. Or I might slide downhill and get fat eating your squabs and riding in your automobile, and begin to talk about my peacocks, my lotus pool. My beloved, it's too perfectly awful to think of."

"Stephen, you silly, we could make them legally your peacocks! Would that do you, as a lawyer?"

"No—and ten times no. I want you, Anne; there's nothing in me but a big ache for you. But I am not so insane—I'm pretty far gone, but I am not so insane I cannot see where it would end. You would despise me in your heart."

"There's no room in my heart for anything but love of you, Stephen, and not enough for that."

"Look here, Anne, I can't stand much of this. You'd better go away. It's quite bad enough when I'm alone. My strength is dripping off the ends of my fingers. Anne, Anne, I love you so!"

Penelope sucked her sticky fingers and did not like the taste. She also wiped them on her frock. If Anne were going she must hurry in to kiss her. But she heard no movement in that other room of Anne's obeying orders.

"Stephen, if the money were yours, if I hadn't a dollar ——"

"Anne, what is the use of talking about it? If I had even enough money to keep my end up I'd be weak enough to risk it. But I haven't."

"You'll make it."

"What—when Pruyn shoehorns me into the legislature? You've heard about that, have you? No, there's no money to be

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made there, not honestly. Oh, what's the use?"

"Then you won't marry me because the money isn't yours?"

"Yes—no—— Anne, have pity on me!"

"Pity! Is that what you want?"

"No! Anne Proudfitt, go away before I—— Oh, Anne, don't cry!"

Penny's eyes went wide. Wasn't Anne too big a girl for tears? She had gathered from various admonitions that only babies, and not the best kind of those, ever gave in to that humid phenomenon. The thought of Anne crying curiously deterred her from making her presence known. She was a sensitive little soul, and though her heart streamed sympathy toward the dear Anne, she shrank from intruding on her. What had made her cry? Because her father didn't own Mrs. Prophet's money? Couldn't she give it to him? She didn't understand it at all. But one thing was clear—Anne wanted her father to marry her, mysterious performance; and her father wanted to, but wouldn't because he was poor.

There wasn't much more talking in that other room. Anne had run away, sobbing. And Stephen Vane, with another groan, had collapsed into his study chair. Penelope sat on the floor with the paper doll. They stared at each other.

Christmas coming nearer brought no festivity to the Proudfitt mansion. A sudden hiatus in her frequent invitations to luncheon resulted in questions from Penny and the answering information that old Mrs. Prophet was sick abed.

"Mustn't I go to see her?"

"I'm afraid not, my lamb."

"It's very sorrowful," said Penelope.

"So it is, but perhaps she will be better soon."

He did not really think so. Nobody thought so. All Fair Meadows knew that old Mrs. Proudfitt was soon to leave the mansion on the hill. She had not had that third stroke, so dreaded by the elementary mind clinging to the superstitious power of magic numbers, but some obscure function had broken down and the end was only to be a matter of days.

Mr. Pruyn, among other notables of the town, called at the house to express concern and sympathy.

"I suppose you know," he said to Anne, who looked infinitely weary and more heartbroken than even this sad but inevitable event seemed to warrant—"I suppose you know your aunt has never made a will."

Anne shook her head. She didn't appear to care very much.

"Well, she never has. She's told me often there are no other relatives."

"I never heard of any—or there was her husband's half brother. But I think he's dead."

"So I understand. You'll hear of relatives soon enough if there are any! I don't like it, Anne, but it seems inhuman to go up there and ask a sick old lady to make a will."

"Don't give it a thought. I wouldn't have you do it for worlds. Let a whole deck of relatives spring up and take every cent. I should be glad of it."

"My dear Anne, you're overwrought."

"I'm undernourished," said Anne cryptically.

But Mr. Pruyn was wrong. Old Mrs. Prophet was even then engaged upon her last will and testament. She lay in her great walnut bedstead, covered with one of the inharmonious afghans of her own manufacture. Under the many blankets, and in spite of the glowing fire of coals in the chimney place, her fading body felt cold, and her face wore the shadow that falls from the hovering of the great wings. But her eyes were quite calm and intelligent. The nurse had been sent out, and little Penelope Vane, summoned that morning to a visit she did not suspect to be her last, had wonderingly locked the door under Mrs. Prophet's direction. She now sat at the old Winthrop desk, head and shoulders on the blotter, writing her very roundest and most scrupulous letters at the dictation of her ancient friend.

This was not to be a disjointed page of separate words, but to look like the page of a book. It was a step up for a young scribe, and a task she might have faltered in had it not transpired that luckily enough every word was one she had previously practiced. Mrs. Prophet had had her husband's will read to her more than once and had memorized its formal preamble of mental soundness; for the rest she depended on the plainest of plain English.

To that relative of sorts, out there in the Far West, whom Mrs. Proudfitt had never liked and never forgotten, though she never spoke of him, she left one thousand dollars. In case he or his heirs tried to break her will they were to get nothing. She made it quite clear and binding, although Mr. Pruyn would have deplored the lack of legal redundance of phrase. She was careful to impress upon Penny to write, when the sentence demanded a he or she, that person's name in full.

Penelope's little ink-stained fingers toiled on, her lips moving only to her silent spelling of the words. But once when Mrs. Proudfitt said, "I direct my niece, Anne Proudfitt, to give a reasonable sum of money to the Fair Meadows Hospital," Penny interposed.

"Why don't you say how much?" she asked. She took pride in being able to spell "thousand."

"The child's right," said Mrs. Prophet. "Very sensible of you, Penny dear. Write 'to give the sum of five thousand dollars.'"

On what slight encouragement does confidence in one's better judgment grow! Penny began to feel that this document gained by collaboration.

It was not a long will and testament, not nearly so long as it would have been if Mr. Pruyn had drawn it up. Yet old Mrs. Proudfitt was growing very weary toward the end. The pauses that had begun as giving Penny time to set down the words, became longer, and once or twice the dictator dozed at her task.

It was one such momentary somnolence that followed on a musing thought, one she had been quite unconscious of uttering aloud, and one which Penny, sitting with her back to the bed, had quite innocently incorporated in the text. She had not seen the old eyes wander to the window to stare out at the cold blue sky as she spoke, or even a child might have guessed it was mere self-communion to which she listened. No, Penny set it down, and sat looking at it, waiting.

It was all very well, so far as it went, but Penelope's pride was up in the matter of making this fascinating instruction quite perfect, and she suggested an additional clause.

Old Mrs. Proudfitt was roused by her voice, and sleepy senescent memory prompted a repetition of her words, "The child's right. Very sensible of you, Penny dear."

Penelope's pen, black now to its upper tip, toiled on; but though her little fist was cramped and aching, she forced the letters to come out roundly and legibly upon the page.

"Is that all now?" she asked when she had finished this extraordinary sentence.

"I reckon so," said Mrs. Prophet drowsily. "Come sit by me, child, and read it to me."

Penny rose and spread her cramped hand, subdued, like the dyer's, to what it worked in. She came over obediently, bearing her masterpiece, and sat down in the nurse's chair. But so was that final sleep encroaching upon life that before she had come to her first proud achievement concerning the hospital fund, old Mrs. Prophet had slipped away again into one of those silent foretastes of eternity.

"And shall I sign my name to it?" asked Penny as the reading came to an end.

"No, dear." Her old friend's eyes opened. The words reminded her that before her lay the hardest part of this dying business. "I want you to get Miss Thurber—that's my nurse—and someone else. Let's see——"

"Anne?" ventured Penny.

"No, not Anne. She ought not to sign it. I don't think one of my maids would do either." Mrs. Prophet had certainly heard that a beneficiary should not serve as witness.

"There's my June Pepper," said Penelope. "She's waiting for me in the kitchen. Would she do?"

"Yes. Call her up," said Mrs. Proudfitt. "But get the nurse first. I shall have to sit up a bit, and I want my drops."

Penny left the big sheet of paper lying on the bed, and as she unlocked the door and sped away on these errands, the dying testator picked up the will and looked at it, smiling. This, at any rate, was not a deed she could suspect! It was fairly and cleanly written, she could see; and though it might not follow the most approved forms, it was not one of those lawyers' messes, so twisted up you couldn't be sure it said anything like what you meant, all full of whereases and aforesaids. And in truth it was, though being a most extraordinary document, one perfectly sound and binding.

The nurse came in and gave her the drops, and bolstered her up more comfortably. The stimulant for the time banished that stealthy somnolence, and truly June Pepper could find it easy to smile with cheerful encouragement when Penny brought her in and it was explained to her what she was asked to do. The old lady looked bright, and good for another year at least.

They brought her a clean pen and the ink, and before their watching eyes she laboriously sketched at the bottom of Penny's round chirography that unforgeable signature of which she knew not one letter. Miss Thurber and June Pepper appended their solemn witness, and then the nurse folded it for Penny and sealed it in an envelope.

"I wish you would please send for Mr. Pruyn," said Mrs. Proudfitt, when Penelope had been permitted to write a superscription on the packet.

"Mr. Pruyn is downstairs with Miss Proudfitt," said the nurse. "You would better rest a little now, I think."

"After I've seen him," said the invalid inflexibly.

June Pepper took the hint and bundled up her little charge in her jersey and coat. Penny wondered to find they still fitted her, her recent important employment having given her a sense of growing at least seven inches. She gently and cheerfully kissed the soft old cheek.

"Can I come again tomorrow, Mrs. Prophet?"

"Ah!" said Mrs. Prophet softly. She would not belie her name by an agreement she felt sure she could not keep. She merely smiled and watched the child nearly to the door. Then—"Wait," she said. "Come here, Penny. Come back, June Pepper—the queerest name I ever heard. Open that upper drawer in my bureau and give me that red morocco box."

Miss Pepper did so, taking no offense at what was, after all, no new criticism. She seemed to have the queerest name that anyone had ever heard. The red morocco box proved to be a large one, disclosing, when the lid was lifted, a tray of fascinating little compartments, each full of tucked-up tissue-paper lumps. Mrs. Prophet took out this section, and from a miscellaneous heap of trinkets below selected a wonderful golden bracelet, woven like a ribbon and clasped with a sort of waffle-iron set with square turquoises and little pearls. This memento she bestowed upon a breathless Penny. There proved also to be a cameo brooch for Miss Pepper, which produced a grateful duck and a bashful thank-you-ma'am. Penny went home feeling like a princess in a fairy story who had encountered a powerful genius in one of its more philanthropic moments.

If Mr. Pruyn was surprised and pleased at getting permission to enter the sickroom without asking for it, he was destined to a greater astonishment when old Mrs. Proudfitt handed him the sealed envelope.

(Continued on Page 116)

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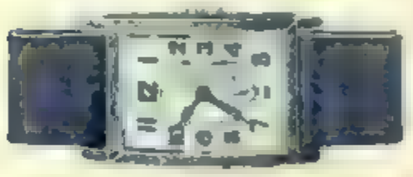

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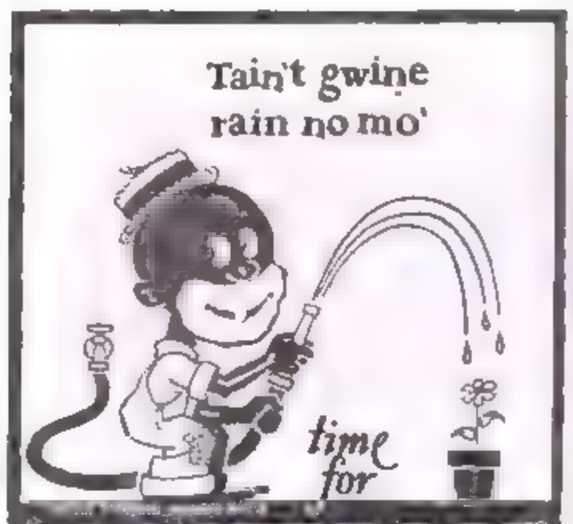

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(Continued from Page 114)

"It's my will, Pruyn," said the old lady. "I want you to see it carried out to the letter. You'll be able to say I was in my right mind when I made it. I'm dying, I know, but I never felt less like it these many years."

"My dear friend!" gasped Mr. Pruyn, sitting down and staring at the packet. "Who drew this up?"

"I did," said his client. "Oh, it's not all full of flapdoodle, but it is quite simple and plain. Penelope Vane wrote it out for me."

"That child!"

"She writes a good plain hand. It was all I wanted. There's nothing in it but what I said—no lingo, just straight English."

Pruyn looked puzzled, not to say pained. "But, my dear woman, any lawyer would have done as much for you!"

"Ah," said she, "too many whereases and aforesaids. I don't like lawyers much, except you and that dear Stephen Vane. I believe I love him better than Anne does. But I didn't want any of 'em mixed up in this. No, I keep on the safe side."

"But I don't understand you!" protested he. "You don't distrust us, surely? Nobody could draw up your will in any different way from what you wished it."

"Ah," she said again, "it's perfectly legal, ain't it, even if a little girl did write it out?"

"The amanuensis does not matter, if you've signed it in the presence ——"

"—— of two witnesses, neither of 'em bene-what-you-call-'ems."

"But has the child—my soul, she's only a baby!—has she not left out any words, any names?"

"No."

"You've read it over?"

"Let be," said the old woman somewhat crossly. "Let be. You just bear witness that I handed it to you myself today. You can go through all the flummery of getting it probated. But see that it is stuck to, word for word! Now one thing more: I didn't leave you anything, because I'd rather give you a check. You draw one now for ten thousand and I'll sign it."

"It's all so frightfully irregular!" wailed Mr. Pruyn.

"I suppose," said the dying woman waspishly, "this is what they call 'the moaning at the bar.'"

Pruyn had to admit there was no question of her being in full possession of her wits.

Penelope was allowed that evening to sit up—more correctly, to stand up—and walk down with her father after dinner to the Settlement House across the tracks. This was not an occasion when it was tactful to wear one's best coat and hat, but it was exciting enough, even in a blue reefer and tam, to make her forget the important part she had played that afternoon. Her father carried a bundle of mended toys and sundry serviceable garments she had outgrown, and in his pocket was much too large a check for a man to give who had no money for jam. Penny carried a small bagful of her namesakes, amassed since her Easter donation. She felt like skipping instead of walking, but there was frost underfoot and it was not to be risked.

"And will Sandy Claws go to the Semelent House too?"

"He surely will."

"Tell about Sandy Claws."

"Well, he's the jolliest sort of spirit," said Stephen Vane. "He's the spirit of Christmas love."

"Isn't he a man?"

"No-o! He couldn't be just a man and get all over the world in one night. He gets everybody to help him. You are a little piece of Santa yourself tonight."

Penny gave a little prance and slid alarmingly. "And will all the little children be a piece of him?"

"Every one."

"He must be awful big."

"Why, Penny, he's the biggest thing there is. He's enormous!"

"'Normous!" breathed Penny.

The Settlement House was busy with overdriven women, receiving money and bundles, but they were all laughing and apparently happy in the midst of distraction. The air was spicy with the tang of the great tree in the corner, as yet untrimmed. Snatches of talk were caught up in tangles: "Johnny needs mittens and some stockings, Mrs. Schwartzmeyer? I'll see to it." . . . "Yes, they are sending the ice cream." . . . "Where is that hammer?" . . . "I can't count in this racket." . . . "Could we have the step-ladder one moment ——"

Penny's eyes were round with excitement, and her cheeks pink as she solemnly gave her chinking bag into the hands of one of the counting women.

"It's two whole dollars and a part over," said she.

"That's a lot!" smiled the lady, with a glance over her head at Stephen Vane.

"'Normous," agreed Penny. She loved her new word.

"We thank you very much—'normously," said the lady. "And for the check too," she added over the red tam o'shanter.

"The dolly hadn't only one shoe," said Miss Vane. "I buyed her new ones. They costed twenty cents. So there would have been more centses in the bag but for she had one shoe."

"I see. Well, it was sweet of you to give a dolly of your own."

"Her name is Julia."

"I'll remember. Of course, she wouldn't like to change. You've heard the news from up on the hill?" This, too, went over Penny's head.

"No," said Stephen Vane. "Not -"

The lady nodded. "She gave the tree and the candy, you know. . . . Yes, late this afternoon—very quietly, in her sleep. Anne's usually here, and we miss her help."

"But there is Anne," said Penelope. And there she was, to be sure, with her arms full of evergreen wreaths and paper parcels hanging from her elbows. That was so like Anne, everybody was saying. No down-drawn blinds at the house, no withdrawal into a black dress.

She was looking fagged and her eyes didn't smile when her lips did. But otherwise she was just the same Anne.

To Stephen Vane, she was the only Anne, the only woman in the world. He was at her side in a moment, helping to lift the burdens from her arms.

"I've only just heard, Anne dear. Could I have done something for you?"

"No, there was nothing to do. She just didn't wake up. She dozed off after Mr. Pruyn left and slept without waking. Penny had a nice long visit with her today, and wrote her will for her."

"What?"

"They're a sly couple. I see now that Aunt Fan has been coaching her for weeks"

"Penny! Well, of all legal quips, that's the oddest!"

"Mr. Pruyn was fairly dazed, I can assure you. We are going to have a service on Wednesday, and Mr. Pruyn will read her will to me afterward. Will you come?"

"Of course, Anne."

"It isn't going to be a funeral," said Anne. "I don't like them." And she moved off calmly, with a smile, to hand her wreaths. For a disappointed suitor, she told herself, she was behaving very well.

And it was not a funeral. Old Mrs. Prophet had been quietly laid in her grave on Tuesday, and the house was full of beautiful flowers that had nothing to hide. Doctor Graeme, taking the new generation in its own stride, read the promises of the resurrection and the life, and the full choir sang, "Awake up, my glory; awake, lute and harp!"

It may have been like Anne, but it was like nothing Fair Meadows had ever seen. There was no distressing pageant to wend its way from the house afterward, only scores of stunned and excited people going away with their arms full of the roses Anne had given them.

"My dear girl," said Mr. Pruyn, "it's the most astonishing ceremony I ever attended. I indorse you heartily. It was"—he cleared his throat—"it was magnificent. Where shall we go to read the will?"

"Do we have to go somewhere? Why not sit here by the fire?"

"Well—very well."

Anne smiled a little. She could see that Mr. Pruyn could fall in easily with churchly innovations; not so facilely with any curtailment of the trappings of the law.

"I asked Stephen Vane to stay. Do you mind?"

"But not at all. The servants are remembered, your aunt told me, and should be present."

"I'll tell them."

Mr. Pruyn sat down near the fire to face his little audience. He felt shorn of his proper setting, unsupported by the customary library table and inkstand before him. But it was a very imponderous envelope that he held in one hand, his pince-nez in the other. The servants, four rather fluttered women, took their modest places near the door, and presently Anne came in with Stephen Vane.

He had been of two minds about staying, but concluded that he might as well hear Anne's fortune settled upon her, might better brace himself to realize the fact that she was now a very wealthy woman, and he as ever a small-town lawyer.

"My old and dear friend Mrs. Proudfitt," began Mr. Pruyn quietly, "gave me this envelope on the day of her death, with certain very simple instructions. They were that I would bear witness to her being of sound mind at the time, of which there is no shadow of doubt; and that I would give my word of honor her will as here set forth would be carried out, as she phrased it, to the letter. I am certain that none of us would have the slightest hesitation in pledging ourselves, as I did, to both. She worded the will herself, and I am bound to say that however faulty from a lawyer's standpoint the phraseology may be—I have not opened the envelope, as you see—I have no doubt she expressed her wishes with her usual plain speech; and as the intention of the testator, these instructions, however worded, will hold in a court of law."

There was a little rustle of appreciation of this preamble among the maidservants as Mr. Pruyn put on his glasses and broke open the packet. Stephen Vane sat with his eyes fixed on the window, watching that snow for which the children had prayed falling at last to make a white Christmas. Anne sat looking rather wistfully at the fire.

"This is the last will of me, Fanny Proudfitt, widow of James Proudfitt, written on December twenty-first ——"

The preliminaries went more or less their usual course. Stephen was thinking of the laborious job his Penny's little hand must have made of these words. Why had the old lady selected that child to write them?

"To each of my four maidservants, Mary Finnegan, Delia Finnegan her sister, Mary Rawley and Esther Frye, I give two hundred and fifty dollars, making one thousand dollars in all.

"To the half brother of my husband, one Ernest Wheeler, once of Santa Barbara, California, or to his heirs if he be dead, I give one thousand dollars, no more, no less. If he or his heirs or his creditors"—Mr. Pruyn gave an odd little cough and Stephen shot an amused look at him. Mr. Wheeler had been described in one word—"or creditors attempt to get more than this from my estate, the bequest of even one thousand dollars shall not be given him or them.

"The wording is most irregular," interpolated Mr. Pruyn; "but, as I expected, the testator's meaning is perfectly unmistakable.

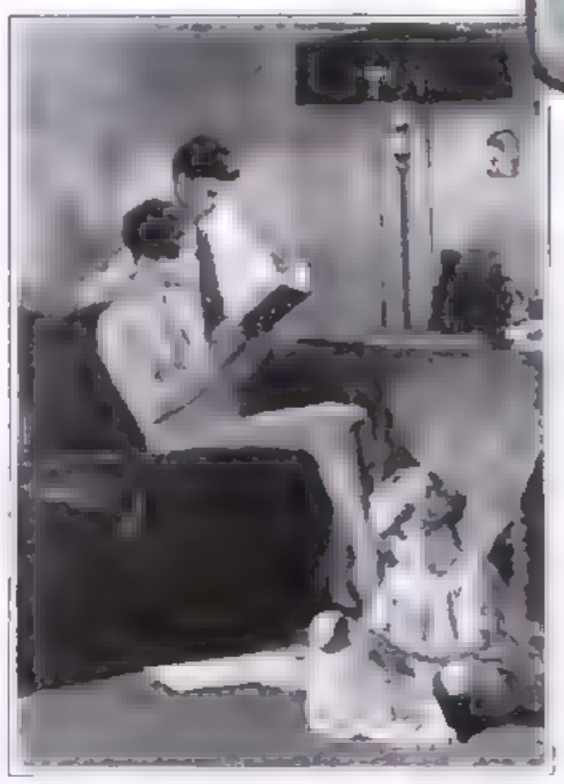
"To the best of my belief, I have no debts, but any debts and expenses are to be paid.

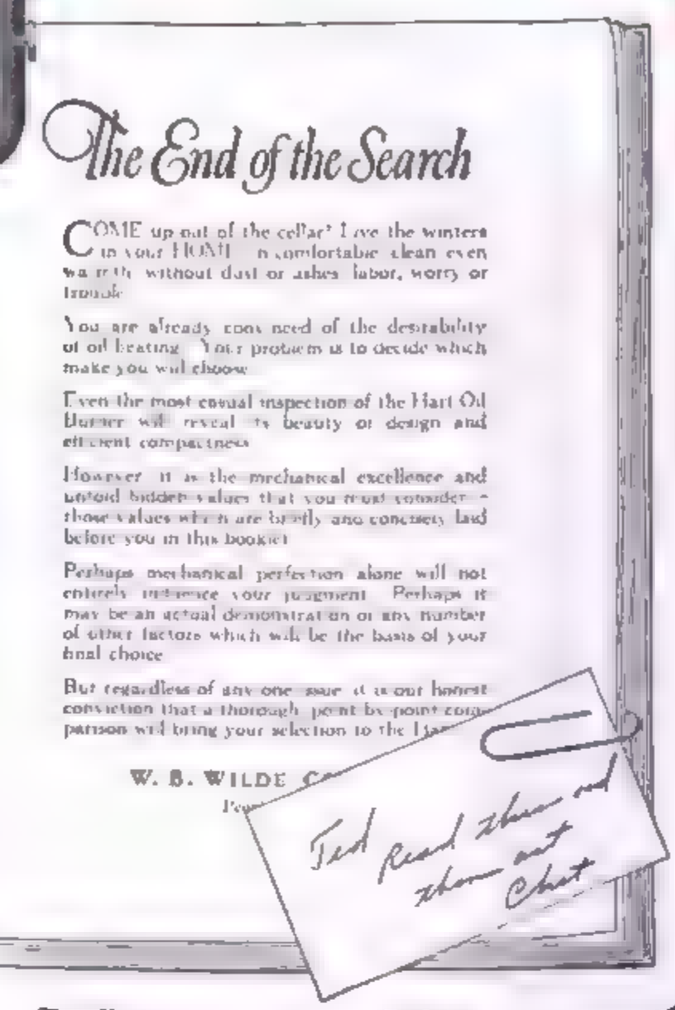
"The entire rest of my property, real and personal, without further deduction, I leave to my grandniece, Anne Margaret Proudfitt ——"

Mr. Pruyn paused and caught his breath. Could he but have seen little Penny toiling at that script, and innocently incorporating

(Continued on Page 119

HOME IS WHERE THE HART IS

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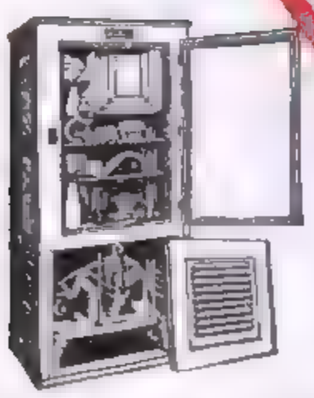

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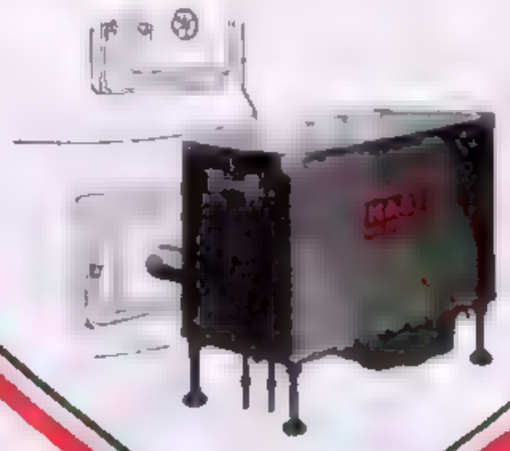

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(Continued from Page 116)

the musing words of old Mrs. Prophet communing with herself as she gazed out at the cold blue sky! He read them as Penny had written them, in one sentence.

"——to my grandniece, Anne Margaret Proudfitt, if she marries Stephen Vane."

It came on them like a bolt of lightning from an unclouded sky. Anne simply stared at Mr. Pruyn as if she had lost consciousness with her eyes open. Stephen Vane found himself on his feet, whirled to face these incredible words. Mr. Pruyn, whose starting eyes had read on a line farther, merely waved an impotent hand for silence. There was a further astoundment to befall them.

"If Stephen Vane does not ask Anne Margaret Proudfitt to marry him, I leave my entire property, real and personal, to Stephen Vane."

"What?" cried Anne, starting suddenly to life. "Read that again!"

Mr. Pruyn did so, if feebly.

"You're mad!" said Stephen. "It's incredible!"

"It's as plain as print," was all Mr. Pruyn could utter.

A short space of the silence of complete stupefaction held them. Then it was Anne who, womanlike, first realized the unnecessary goggling listeners by the door. This was somewhat too personal a matter to be further discussed in their presence.

"Is that all?" she asked.

And "All!" barked Stephen Vane, as who should say, "Great jumping Christopher, isn't that enough?"

"I mean," said Anne, whose color was rising with every breath, "is there any more to the will?"

"Not another word," said Mr. Pruyn. "Just her signature and those of the two witnesses."

"Then I think we can excuse you," said the mistress of the house, turning with a smile toward the servants. "You have heard that my aunt remembered you all, and I will see that you each get your check by Saturday."

The women got themselves awkwardly from the room, and Anne closed the door, to remain leaning against it. She did not look at present like the same Anne, as Fair Meadows loved to call her. Her eyes were bright, not to say brimming, with mischievous amusement, and her lips the redder for her biting back a smile.

"Let me see that document," quoth Stephen Vane, striding over to the man who fully intended one day to call him governor. Mr. Pruyn gave it up, physically as well as mentally.

"You had no idea of this, Pruyn?"

"I? Good Lord, no! Had any of us any such idea?"

"I'm afraid I'm not quite clear about it," remarked Anne demurely. "What's Stephen so angry about?"

Stephen Vane almost slapped the page into her hand. "Read it," he counseled.

Miss Proudfitt obeyed him. "Well, I get the money if I marry you. You get it if you won't ask me. You wouldn't be so mean as that, I should hope?"

Stephen, manners or no manners, dropped into a chair. "Well, Anne, of course, if you think it's funny ——"

"I do, rather," she said softly.

"Pruyn, this will is water-tight, is it?"

"It's the—you'll pardon me, Anne—it's the damnedest testament I ever saw, but it is perfectly sound. Mrs. Proudfitt was never saner in her life and she never made anything plainer than her intentions."

"But suppose Stephen asks me and I won't have him?"

Mr. Pruyn pursed his lips. "The contingency is certainly not provided for. Don't think me impertinent if I say that Mrs. Proudfitt evidently thought further instructions unnecessary."

Mrs. Proudfitt! As if it were not Penny Vane who knew that Anne was only waiting to be asked, who was sure that Stephen Vane would ask her if he had some money!

Anne did laugh a little at that. "Well, Stephen," she said—he rose again as she came near him—"this is a very easy way to get a few million dollars."

"It's the most outrageous whipsaw ——"

"You have only to continue not asking me to marry you. It will make you rich."

"But why on earth," asked Mr. Pruyn, "don't you want to marry Anne?"

For this Stephen Vane could only stare at him in blank astonishment. But Anne felt that he should look at her. She put her hand up to his face and instantly his eyes met hers.

"You repeatedly have said you wanted me to have this money," she reminded him softly. "If you don't propose to me, I won't have a nickel. Is that fair?"

Her eyes were laughing now, not just her lips. Stephen Vane drew a deep breath and caught at the hand against his cheek.

"You'll always remember I was trapped into it?" he demanded, looking down into her lovely upturned face.

"Of course, Stephen darling. Poor Stephen!"

His mouth twitched to a smile. "I want no mistake made about this, so it's best that Pruyn should be a witness. Anne Proudfitt, will you marry me—beloved?"

"Yes," said Anne, without a moment's hesitation.

Stephen Vane looked over her head at his political mentor. "I think you've heard enough now, Pruyn," he suggested delicately. He waited while the witness obligingly took himself off. "Now, Anne," said he, "let's do this thing properly." Anne's idea of that was to go straight into his arms.

Mr. Pruyn found Penelope waiting in the drawing-room, standing between the bright chintz curtains. She was singing in a half voice to herself: "The shepherds wash their socks by night ——"

For one moment Mr. Pruyn struggled with a very natural appreciation of this version of Tate's famous lines. Then he ambled in for a word with her.

"Well, Miss Vane, what do you think? Anne's going to marry your father."

She took it very calmly. "Of course, because he asked her. One day he wouldn't ask her because he was poor, and Anne cried, she did."

"Oh!" said Mr. Pruyn. "And did you tell Mrs. Proudfitt that?"

"I did," nodded Penelope.

"And what did she say?"

"She snored," said Miss Vane, "just a little."

"Was that while you were writing for her?"

"Yes."

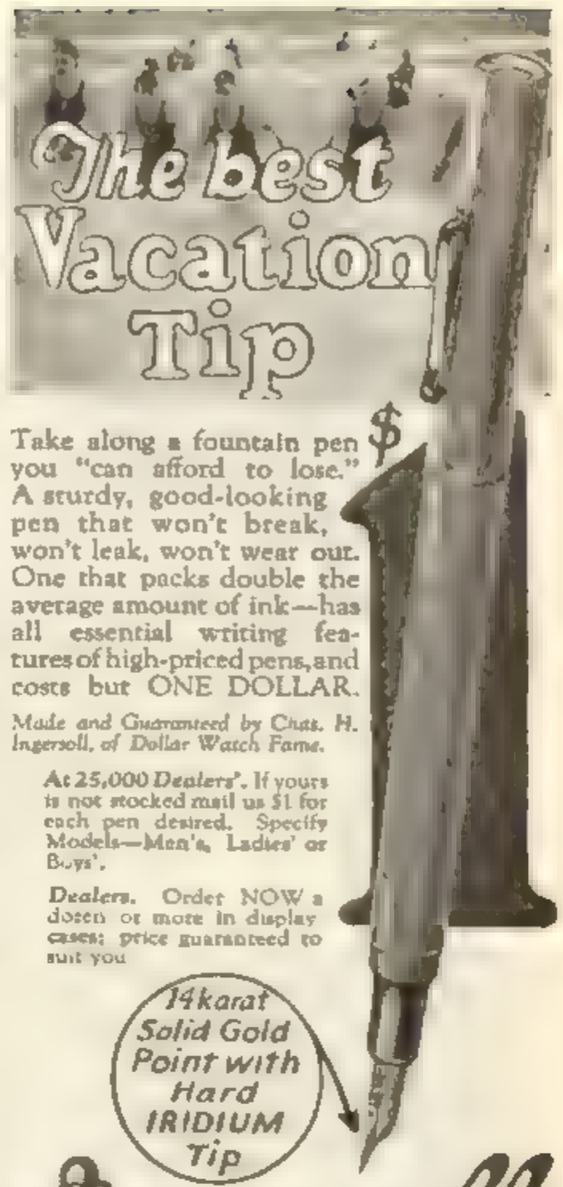
Mr. Pruyn looked very thoughtful. "I think," he said presently, rather slowly, "it would be highly indiscreet of me to ask any further questions. I feel quite confident that at this moment my better part is to let well enough alone."

"Mrs. Prophet's gone away," said Penelope largely.

"Yes. Yes, I see your point." Mr. Pruyn gave away suddenly to an overpowering desire to have a little laugh. "It's a very complete case. Anne's rich and happy, and Stephen Vane needn't sing small either."

"Sing what small?" she wondered.

"His fortune," chuckled Mr. Pruyn. "He has got a Penny to share with her, when all is said and done."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CALIFORNIA CHANGE

(Continued from Page 17)

in the eighth grade of the Highland Avenue Grammar School, in small towns in Oklahoma, Vermont, Georgia or Michigan to decide that they will set out for California with their life savings of $982.60 pinned into the watch pocket of their trousers, purchase one acre of land in Askawiska Acres, raise coffee on it, and be as independent as a hog on ice for the remainder of their days.

There are, unfortunately, several drawbacks to this program; and the drawbacks have not, at this writing, been explained in any noticeable detail by the semiofficial organizations that blazon the glories of California to a receptive public.

For example, there are thousands of valleys in California, from the great Sacramento and San Joaquin valleys down to little intimate valleys or valleyettes not much larger than the interior of the Harvard stadium. For purely residential purposes each one of these valleys is both beautiful and desirable. But for agricultural purposes they are as spotty as the little egg-eating leopard of Tasmania, which has spots not only on its skin but on the inside of its stomach as well.

One may start from one valley at noon with his coat off and his forehead bedewed with a light and pleasing perspiration, but as he crosses the range of hills that separates him from the next valley, he is more than likely to strike a chill in the air that causes him to reach for his overcoat and wish earnestly that his underthings were eight or ten times heavier. In other words, there are some California valleys in which dates can be raised, and others in which apples can be raised, but dates cannot be raised in the apple valleys, and apples aren't raised in the date valleys.

A very large part of the soil in California must be irrigated before it will produce crops of any sort; and the most arid desert, after it has been introduced to a moderate amount of water, will produce crops that cause an Aroostook County farmer to prod himself with a pin in order to make sure that he isn't dreaming.

Not all of the soil of the state will produce crops, however; and the best farmer in the world, if confronted with the necessity of raising a crop on alkali land or hardpan, is apt to have as much luck trying to raise garden truck as he would in trying to raise rifle cartridges from BB shot.

While on the subject of alkali land it should be remarked that an astute dealer in small farms came to California a few years ago and proceeded to dispose of small farming tracts to Middle Westerners for about $250 an acre. Some of his land was alkali land, as white as the newly shaved neck of a black-haired debutante, and slightly less valuable from an agricultural standpoint than a discarded typewriter ribbon.

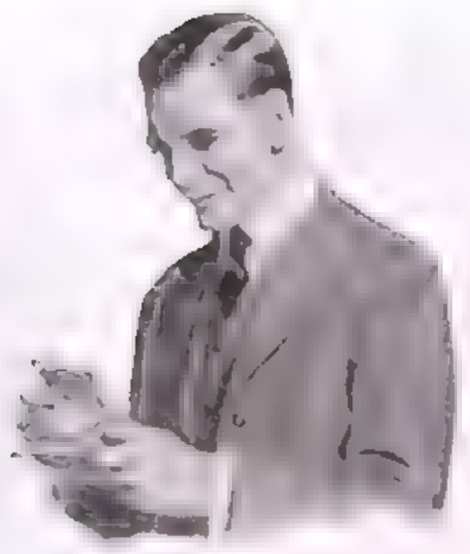
On the blue prints of his farm land the alkali land was not plotted, since it had no value. The blank space on the blue prints interested the canny Middle Westerners, and they inquired as to its meaning.

"Oh," said the dealer, "that's our silvertop. That's fifty dollars an acre higher than the rest of our land."

Like most people who are willing to purchase farm land from a land promoter—who has never yet been known to conduct his business for the sole purpose of benefiting his health—the sagacious Middle Westerners hurried to take the valuable silvertop land away from the dealer. If they have been unable to give it away they probably still have it.

The promoter of more modern farm projects that preach independence on an acre is ostensibly more refined in his methods than the inventor of silvertop land, but only ostensibly. He specializes in small farms not because small farms have proved to be the best sort of farms for would-be farmers to cultivate, but because he has long been familiar with the elementary axiom that the smaller the unit the larger the price an acre it will bring.

It is comparatively easy to get $1000 for one acre of land, even though the land isn't worth it. It is not so easy to get $40,000 for forty acres of the same land. Conversely, a promoter seldom pays more than



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$10,000 for an eighty-acre tract that he proposes to split into acre lots and sell for $1000 an acre.

This system approximates perfection when real-estate operators chop their land into fifty-foot building lots and sell them for $2000 or $3000 or $5000 apiece. Fifty-foot lots are excused by real-estate men on many grounds; but they generally have been, and probably will always continue to be, offenses against beauty, privacy and good taste.

California farm promoters find it particularly easy to get high prices for acreage that has been planted to certain crops, with the understanding that the crops shall be cultivated and nurtured and brought to full fruition by the promoter, and then delivered to the proud owner as a source of income that will ever after keep the wolf from his door and gladden his declining years.

There are several flies in this particular brand of ointment, and the more modern Californians are not at all averse to pointing rudely at them.

They point out, for example, that when farm promoters wish to hand a cluster of small farms to eager and unsuspecting persons who have rolled up a small surplus by a lifetime of drudgery in drab and unromantic sections of the United States, they first purchase a large tract of land at the lowest possible price. They then delve into the records and select the crop that paid the greatest return during the preceding year. They investigate further, and discover the smallest farm that produced this particular crop to the best advantage.

They might discover, for example, that a three-acre farm in a certain favored locality, by some peculiarly fortuitous combination of rainfall, sun, fertilizing, cultivation and ordinary bull luck, raised a crop of Mongolian peanuts or Himalayan oodleberries that netted the surprised owner the unusual sum of $4000.

Immediately they send their salesmen to all points of the compass to announce that three acres of land, planted to Himalayan oodleberries, will result in a yearly income of $4000, and that they are prepared to dispense three-acre tracts in the beautiful San Bolonio Valley, plant them to oodleberry bushes, and cherish the bushes for three years, at the end of which time they will begin to bear oodleberries in great quantities. All this, they explain, they will do for the insignificant sum of $900 an acre.

No proposition could sound fairer than this; for even persons with soft-shelled heads can understand that a return of $4000 a year from a total investment of $2700 is infinitely to be preferred to a poke in the eye with a pointed stick.

Buying a Risk

The promoter, however, has dealt in maximums and superlatives all along the line. He has considered the largest crop obtained under the most favorable conditions, and has paid no attention whatever to the average crops that were obtained under average conditions. He has failed to take into consideration the supply of oodleberries on the particular year in question, and the demand that existed for them. By the time that the oodleberries on these three-acre tracts have begun to bear there may be an oversupply of oodleberries on the market, so that the price of oodleberries may be about one-third of what it was during the sensational year.

As a result of all this, the trusting Eastern school-teacher or invalid or salesman who has sunk his entire capital into a three-acre oodleberry ranch is apt to wake up some fine morning and discover that his oodleberry crop, instead of netting him $4000 a year as advertised, has left him owing himself $177.82, which is not so good, no matter how one looks at it.

It is worthy of note that a number of ready-planted small-farm schemes have been inspected by farm experts in various sections of California, and that though many of them have proved highly satisfactory and profitable to the promoters who put them on the market, they do not seem to have resulted so satisfactorily to the districts in which they are located, or to the buyers who expected to achieve independence when they invested in them.

This is possibly due to the fact that when a farm promoter has pocketed the price of his land—which invariably includes an obese profit—he loses interest in the agricultural end of the venture and feels an overpowering urge to move on and work the same game somewhere else.

One thing is certain. The promoter who subdivides large acreage into small farms is as free of risk as a robin's egg is free of hair. The only person who takes any risk is the amateur farmer who buys one of the farms as an income-producing venture. He takes all the risk in sight, which is a great plenty; and he pays the promoter a large profit for the privilege of taking it.

Protecting the Purchaser

The agricultural department of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, headed by Dr. George P. Clements, has developed a marked aversion to this form of real-estate endeavor. Like many other residents of California, Doctor Clements came to the state on a stretcher, with what is known on the Pacific Coast as a Chinaman's chance of recovery. His energy is now such that he can run his healthiest friends ragged; and his gratitude to the state is not the sort of gratitude that would cause him to loll back in an easy-chair with a pleasant smile on his face, if his attention is caught by real-estate dealers whose activities are restricted to fattening their own pocketbooks and providing California with discouraged and discontented residents.

Doctor Clements' department investigated a small-farm, ready-planted proposition that was engineered by a former oil-lands promoter. The original cost of the land was seventy-five dollars an acre. The cost of putting water on it was fifty dollars an acre. Breaking and leveling costs were $2.50 an acre. The land was planted with cuttings that cost $17.50 a thousand, and each acre took 500 cuttings, representing an expense of $8.75 an acre. The work of planting the cuttings amounted to five dollars an acre; and the care of each acre for three years came to sixty dollars. Consequently, the total cost of the land to the promoter was $201.25.

The land was retailed in the form of small farms at $900 an acre, or a profit of about $700 an acre, which is more of a profit than is considered ethical in even the antique business.

The experts of the University of California, that imposing and gigantic institution looking across to San Francisco from the Berkeley hill slopes, have also prodded the Acre and Independence idol and the small-farm manikin with inquisitive forefingers, and have discovered that their value to the community is somewhat similar to the value of a large green-apple dinner to a race horse immediately preceding a race. They have consequently compiled a table showing the amount of land that is considered essential to an independent existence by experts who are concerned with the welfare of humanity rather than with real-estate profits.

Their findings should be prefaced by one or two preliminary remarks. The agricultural state of Iowa is generally considered to be the garden spot of the temperate zone. Before the war a family consisting of a man, his wife and two children was supposed to need some forty-three acres of Iowa land in order to obtain a living from the soil; and the living that could be obtained from the forty-three acres was not the sort that permitted the family to recline in hammocks and devour the most recent fiction, or to blow itself to a new high-powered automobile each year. If the family grubbed hard, it got by, and that was about all

Farming conditions in California are so different from farming conditions in Iowa—conditions such as a twelve months' labor period in California as against a six months' labor period in Iowa and the greater earning power of California land and crops—that fairly conservative farm specialists figure that five acres of California land, provided the climate is right, the land is right, the water on the land is right and the person who farms has the proper knowledge and ability, is equivalent in earning power to the forty-three acres of Iowa land. A family that has everything in its favor, that is to say, can barely get by on five acres of California land, provided that it makes no effort to keep its finger nails unblemished and has no objections to an eighteen-hour working day.

The thoughts that pass through the minds of good Californians are consequently sufficiently virulent to make a stevedore blush, when they encounter, as they did recently, a subdivision of small so-called farms at a high altitude in the Mohave Desert, in which two-and-a-half-acre farms were offered with what the developers termed the "privilege" of pumping water for irrigation.

The Mohave Desert is about the largest expanse of concentrated dryness in the world's largest country. The person who pumps water in the section under discussion must lift it ninety feet, so that anyone who has the privilege of pumping it is almost as greatly favored as a man who enjoys the privilege of walking up the stairs of Bunker Hill Monument several times a day. But if water could be pumped on a two-and-one-half-acre farm in that part of the Mohave Desert without cost, and if any desired crop could be raised on it without any expense, there would still be no known crop by means of which it could be induced or forced to support a family.

The University of California experts coldly ignore the Acre and Independence signboards to which the farm promoters are addicted, and become painfully specific in their statements. They start with the assumption that a gross income of $3600 a year is the lowest gross return that can be considered satisfactory to a California farmer. They even go so far as to state that a college-bred farmer should not be content with a gross return of less than $5000 a year.

Many Acres for Independence

At any rate, the farmer who wishes a gross return of $3600 a year over a period of five years must make sure that the soil and the climate are reasonably adapted to the crop that he wishes to produce, and that he himself is qualified to produce it. Having done so, he can raise celery, lemons, lettuce, strawberries or—near the cities—mixed vegetables on a ten-acre farm and get a gross return of $360 an acre.

On a twenty-acre farm he can get a gross return of $180 an acre by raising asparagus, apricots, apples, cabbages, cantaloupes, cherries, peaches for canning, hops, oranges, onions, pears, prunes, sweet potatoes, table grapes or walnuts.

He can go in for Delta potatoes, Lima beans, olives, dried peaches, plums or tomatoes for canning and get a gross return of $120 an acre on a thirty-acre farm.

Almonds, black-eyed beans, cotton, raisin grapes, Mission figs or sugar beets will yield a gross return of ninety dollars an acre, so that he will need a forty-acre farm in order to get his $3600.

He will need eighty acres if he raises alfalfa, pink beans, rice or potatoes other than Delta potatoes; for these things will bring him a gross return of forty-five dollars an acre.

And if he wishes to raise barley, corn, field peas, grain hay, milo maize, oats or wheat, which will give him a gross return of $22.50 an acre or less, he will need a farm of 160 or more acres in order to get a total gross return of $3600.

The real-estate salesman or professional optimist who is able to reconcile these estimates with the Acre and Independence motif would probably be willing to risk himself in a lifeboat made out of uncovered chicken wire.

(Continued on Page 123)

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(Continued from Page 120)

One of the peculiarities of the enormous numbers of people who rush to California each year with the intention of basking in the sunshine and wrenching a succulent living from a little plot of ground with a modicum of work is their frantic eagerness to snatch any piece of farm land without investigation. Their haste is such as to lead an uninformed person to think that the last few pieces of California real estate are being sold from under their feet. A vague idea of their numbers may be gained from the fact that the population of the city of Los Angeles grew from 11,000 in 1880 to approximately 1,250,000 in 1926.

The new order of Californian is making a valiant effort to save these excitable folk from the frequently unhappy results of their own ignorance—for few of them have any agricultural foundation or training—coupled with the optimism of real-estate promoters and salesmen. The Californian of the old days wanted more residents, but the thoughtful Californian of the present time wants newcomers who will get their money's worth, and be happy and productive citizens.

Consequently the University of California maintains farm advisers in every county of the state—several advisers to a county, in many instances. These advisers will go out with any prospective investor without charge, and without fear of any sour looks that may be cast in their direction by real-estate men, and tell the investor whether a given piece of land is good or bad, what sort of crops can be raised on it to best advantage, and the return that may be expected from any given crop. It makes the agricultural experts of the University of California rather weary to have to admit that most of their consultants do their farm buying first and their consulting afterward; but Californians as a whole are an optimistic lot, and they live in constant hopes that the nature of their consultants will some day change for the better.

A Native Son Discourses

The same sort of service is maintained by the agricultural department of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce. Officials of this department suffer from slow shooting pains at the great number of people who rush to California with a fixed determination to raise a definite product—bananas, let us say—in a definite section of the state, even though they are completely ignorant of the climate and soil in that particular section, and are furthermore a total blank as to whether bananas can be raised there.

So they are urged to wait; to be calm; to keep their shirts on, in a manner of speaking. They are told to put their money in the bank and look around; that there is plenty of land in California for everyone, and that there will be plenty of it for many years to come; that the most beautiful building sites in the world will still be available at moderate prices a year from now, and ten years from now, and fifty years from now; that when they have looked around and found some pleasing land, the agricultural department will send out an expert with them at no expense and give them a complete and accurate agricultural appraisal of it.

As soon as the thoughtful Californian has blown off steam on the subject of An Acre and Independence and too-small farms in general, he takes a firm clutch on the arms of his chair, transfixes his listener with a glittering eye, and delivers himself of a few well-chosen words on the subject of California life, lands and farming in general.

They are the same general sort of words that were expressed in pure Castilian when the early Spanish settlers of California wrote home to their somewhat incredulous friends and relatives, and that have been emitted ever since by all temporary and permanent residents of the state to each other and to outsiders. It is probable that Californians once said these things in order to attract additional residents to the state; but nowadays they seem to say them for the same reason that leads a native of Vermont or Massachusetts to step out on the street on a sunny, brilliant autumn morning and remark garrulously to his acquaintances that it's a nice day.

The warmth and the sunshine and the so-called winelike air fill them with satisfaction and delight, and they feel the urge to talk about the advantages of California. The mere fact that the person to whom they are speaking is in perfect accord with their sentiments won't stop them. As for persons who don't believe them, they are at perfect liberty to disbelieve anything at all. The talkers don't care. They merely wish to talk about a few obvious facts.

"The man who comes to any of the agricultural regions of California," says the Californian, "and selects a good piece of land, and has the necessary funds to carry him along until his land reaches a state of production, can attain a degree of independence that cannot be exceeded in any other rural section in the world; and along with his independence he can get joys of living that, according to our way of thinking, are beyond compare."

"I believe every word of it," says his hearer. "Don't bother to go on. What are the prospects of a real-estate boom in San Diego?"

"Within four hours of almost any farming section of the state, at any time of year," continues the Californian, "there is a sample of every brand of scenery and climate in the Western Hemisphere, easily reached over the finest roads in the world. Close at hand we have the sea, the warm silver beaches, the hills, the snow-capped mountains, the valleys and the desert. The things that are available to the wealthy in other parts of the world for a month or two out of the year can be reached by every Californian at any time."

"Ain't it the truth!" agrees his audience. "Tell me how you account for the enormous number of beautiful young-lady ushers in the Los Angeles motion picture theaters."

"While it is true that independence cannot be achieved on an acre of land," says the Californian, "there is nothing in the world so delightful as the joys to be obtained from an acre of California land, provided the owner has an income on the side, and provided he will forget that his land is not an investment, but a means to a happy life. Even if he has as little as six hundred dollars a year on the side, he can feed himself and his family from his acre. Wherever he buys in California, he's as safe as wheat. Provided he buys outright, his purchase is bound to increase in value. He can have fruit and vegetables and poultry and rabbits. He can have riotous masses of flowers. In forty-five minutes he can travel over California's perfect roads to lectures, churches and theaters. The countryside is beautiful; the air is warm; the hearts of old men grow young and the hearts of young men grow valiant. Where else in the world can such joys be found? Where else do the mountains and the sea and the sun and the desert combine to ——"

A Lesson in Geography

If shaken violently, the Californian may snap out of it, and he may not. He may struggle on in spite of all the finger-snappings and back-slappings that are employed to divert his attention. "Have you seen the Sacramento Valley? Until you have seen it, you have missed a wonderful spectacle! Have you seen the San Joaquin Valley? If you have not, you haven't been nowhere and you haven't seen nothing! Have you seen the Santa Clara Valley? Have you seen the Salinas Valley? What about the Yosemite? Have you been over the Cuesta Pass? Imperial Valley and the scent of the orange blossoms. . . . Have you seen the Santa Maria Valley? Have you seen the San Fernando Valley? Then you will have to admit that no Californian ever said enough about his state, because no man has the vocabulary to do it justice; and will realize that here in the West there is growing up a new race, a new civilization; a new start for the human race that will make the old seem as futile and insignificant as a horsefly compared to a horse."

In time he gets it off his chest, and can again take up the more humdrum affairs of life; and it is probable that his little disquisition on California leaves him with a virtuous and unrepressed feeling that is seldom, if ever, felt by the ordinary citizens of Northern and Eastern states, who are not in the habit of getting excited over the joys of living—owing, possibly, to the fact that they seldom come in contact with anything to get excited about.

One can, then, obtain a sketchy idea of what a newcomer ought to have in order to acquire a California farm. Raw land with water on it, in a good California valley, is worth from $150 to $300 an acre. Fully developed vineyard or orchard land in the same sections is worth from $500 to $1000 an acre—though during the war it sold as high as $2000 an acre.

Conservative real-estate men and farm experts hold the opinion that a man can safely start farming forty acres of land with a capital of $5000. If the land costs $200 an acre, he would pay 10 per cent of the purchase price down, or $800, and would need to make no further payment for two years. Sometimes a farmer is permitted to go on the land without an initial payment except what he spends on improving the land. For $2500 he can get enough of a house to allow him to get under way; and he will then have sufficient money left over to take care of necessary expenses, and to hire a laborer at about sixty dollars a month and board. He will need all the surplus he can get, as farm laborers during harvest time receive four dollars a day in addition to their board.

Florida Salesmen Invade the West

Early in 1926, California was visited by a number of persons who had viewed some of the more intense real-estate activity in Florida at close range. Some of them had even assisted in dispensing Florida property to the eager populace that clamored for it in 1924 and 1925. They had moved on to California in 1926, when the populace became less starry-eyed and grabby, and apparently began to exercise more judgment in their Florida real-estate investments.

It had come to the notice of these persons that when the Florida excitement was at its crest the developers of all Florida real-estate projects that made any pretensions at all—that, in other words, adjoined large cities or embellished themselves with $1,000,000 hotels and bathing casinos and highly manicured golf links—had been in the habit of chopping their developments into very small building lots and charging a very high price for them. The common custom in Florida was to make five building lots out of every acre of land; and, if the development amounted to much, a small fifty or seventy-five foot lot in it was seldom offered for sale at less than $3000 or $4000. In many instances developers asked—and received—$5000 and $6000 for fifty-foot lots.

The persons who migrated from Florida to California in early 1926, promptly began to investigate the prices of California real estate. A great many of them, for one reason or another, landed in San Diego, southernmost of California's cities; and the prices of San Diego real estate seemed to them, fresh from Florida prices, to be what Floridians of the old school like to speak of as "steals."

Real-estate values in San Diego, which lies comfortably between the hills and the ocean in one of the mellowest climates known to man, had practically remained in one spot for fifteen or twenty years. Various booms had started there, but had died out. So when the visitors from Florida arrived they found excellent acreage in close proximity to the city waiting sleepily to be purchased for prices ranging from $500 an acre to $2000 an acre. They consequently got aboard, as the saying goes,

SW

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"STATESMAN" Traveling Bag

Free Trial

The "STATESMAN" Travel Bag—remarkable "6-in-1" combination—nothing like it! Combines traveling bag, week-end case, hat or cane suitcase, sample or catalogue case. 5 uses—5 bags, practically for the price of one

Exclusive features found in the "STATESMAN" only—

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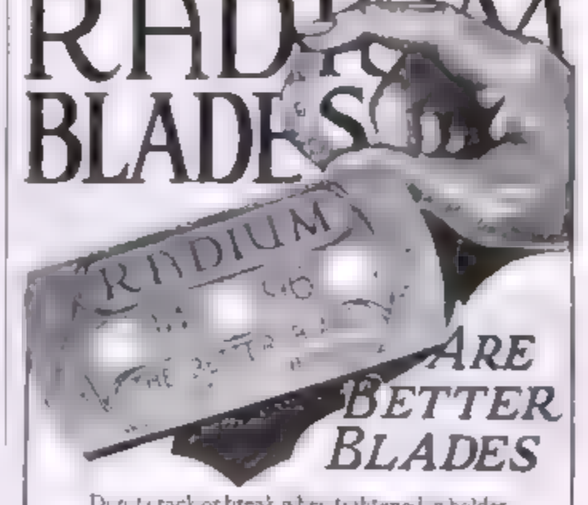

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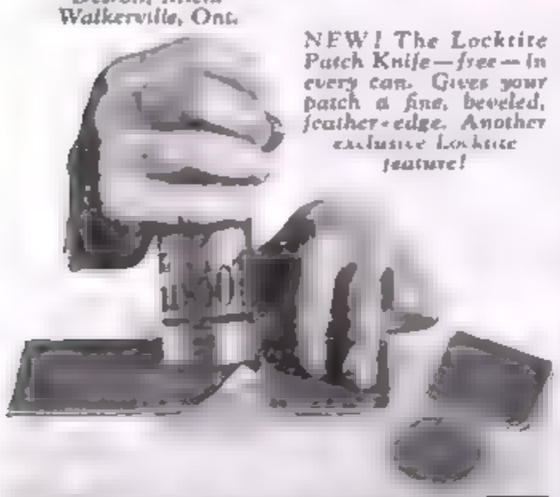

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and sent word back to the boys in Florida and up to the boys in Los Angeles that things were ripe for a killing in San Diego. More of the Florida boys promptly moved out to California, and various members of the Los Angeles moving-picture crowd, who rather fancy themselves as real-estate operators because of their apparent inability to lose money in Los Angeles real estate, hastened down to San Diego and threw their hats in the ring.

According to one ex-Florida operator, there was only one trouble with San Diego real estate. It looked so cheap, he complained mournfully, that you wanted to buy all of it.

The latter operator purchased some lots in one section of San Diego that in fourteen years' time had increased only $100 in value. He purchased them, performed certain Florida incantations over them, and sold them in one week's time at an increase of $1000 a lot—not to San Diegoans, but to other real-estate operators. Another group of operators paid $250,000 for 102 acres of land, divided the acreage into 472 lots, and sold them at an average price of $2250 a lot.

And so it went. An ex-Florida operator bought 109 stagnant San Diego acres for $600 an acre. Members of the same craft from Los Angeles offered him $1500 an acre a short time afterward, but were spurned. Others stepped forward a little later and offered $2500 an acre, and again were indignantly repulsed. A block of 157 acres was purchased in December of 1925, for $200 an acre. Competing real-estate men from the outlands tried to get it for $500 an acre within a month, and for $750 an acre within two months, but the owner stubbornly held out for $1000.

The Antiboom Spirit

As a result of these and similar exchanges, the news spread far and wide that a boom was under way in San Diego. Native San Diegoans, who had observed the lack of spectacular rises in their property for two decades, stated with hoarse laughter that the increase in prices was caused by the feverish activity with which the real-estate operators were selling their land to each other, and that there was no more boom in San Diego than there had ever been.

In this the San Diegoans were eminently correct; but real-estate booms can be started in this manner as well as in any other. Furthermore, San Diego has been regularly increasing in population at the rate of 10 per cent a year for more than a decade; and this increase, it was aptly pointed out, is not going to stop suddenly. It is also stated by persons of considerable perspicacity that the completion of the Boulder Dam project will act as a gland operation on San Diego, and is bound to result in a greatly increased population for the city. The business men of San Diego promptly argued that if these things should prove to be so, a firm boom foundation might, indeed, be in process of construction.

In this situation one finds a sample of the peculiar change that has come to California. As soon as the Realty Board of San Diego awakened to the fact that a genuine boom might be on the way, it hastened to the newspapers with an advertisement to the effect that it was taking every possible step to curb the realty boom that was coming to the city.

The same antiboom spirit is heavily in evidence in all sections of the state. The genial and conservative residents of San Francisco shiver with disgust at any suggestion of a boom. The hustling business men of Los Angeles groan dismally at the mere mention of such a thing. The builders of the new and beautiful Santa Barbara regard booms with as much enthusiasm as that with which a mouse would view an Amur River tiger. One and all they set up a ringing chorus of "We want no booms."

The reason for this attitude—which has not always been in evidence in California—may be found in Cleland's account of the great California boom of 1886 and 1887 in his History of California—an account that could be studied to good advantage by promoters of and participants in booms in all parts of the country, from the shore resorts of Maine to the palm-fringed highways of Florida.

"The movement at first was orderly enough, but soon began to take on the worst features of an unsound and inflated boom," says Cleland. "Before a year had passed the boom had become a financial debauch. Most of those who took part in the speculative craze were newly arrived from the East; but many of the older residents at last caught the fever and either sold their real-estate holdings at exorbitant figures or, having lost their heads in the contagion, competed with the so-called greenhorn purchasers from the East for an opportunity to lose their money as well.

"Those responsible for the worst features of the boom, however, were outlanders from the Middle West—'professional boomers,' as they were afterward called, who, learning of the increasing interest in California real estate, flocked into Los Angeles by the score and resorted to every conceivable device to inflate prices and stimulate sales. Highly colored literature, supposedly descriptive of the climate and resources of Southern California, was scattered broadcast all over the United States, and even over Europe."

Booms and Boomerangs

"Of the means employed locally to attract prospective buyers, J. M. Guinn, who lived through the boom period and saw in person the spectacular features of the craze, thus wrote:

"'The methods of advertising the attractions of the various tracts, subdivisions and town sites thrown on the market, and the devices utilized to inveigle purchasers into investing were various, often ingenious, and sometimes infamous. Brass bands, street processions, free excursions and free lunches; columns of advertisements, rich in description and profuse in promises that were never intended to be fulfilled; pictures of massive hotels in the course of erection; lithographs of colleges about to materialize; lotteries, the prizes in which were handsome residences or family hotels; railroads that began and ended in the imaginations of the projectors—such were a few of the many devices resorted to to attract purchasers and induce them to invest their coin.'

"Under the stimulus of such advertising, Los Angeles lots rose from $500 in 1886 to $5000 the next year, and near-by ranch lands increased 1400 and 1500 per cent during the same period. Vast tracts formerly used for grain fields or sheep pastures were subdivided into town lots and sold at an unheard-of profit. Along the line of the Santa Fe Railroad from Los Angeles to the San Bernardino County line, a distance of thirty-six miles, twenty-five of these boom towns were started before the close of 1887.

"Most of these particular towns, after years of struggle to live down their sinister origin, have since become flourishing communities, but many of their contemporaries suffered a cruel fate. Some even died a-borning. And no wonder! They were laid out on mountainsides, in the sandy washes of the San Gabriel River, on rocky, sterile brush lands, without water or any other requisite of habitation, and even on the dry wastes of the Mohave Desert! Wherever, indeed, the imagination of an ingenious and unscrupulous agent could conceive a town, there one was established—at least on paper—and lots literally sold by the thousands.

"Of the fate of these phantom towns, the following paragraph of J. M. Guinn gives an apt account:

"'From a report compiled for the Los Angeles County Board of Equalization in July, 1889, I find the area included in sixty towns, all of which were laid out since January 1, 1887, estimated at 79,350 acres. The total population of these sixty towns at that time—1889—was placed at 3350. Some of the largest of these, on paper, were without inhabitants. Carlton, containing 4060 lots, was an unpeopled waste; Nadeau, 4470 lots, had no inhabitants; Manchester, 2304 lots, no inhabitants; Santiago, 2110 lots, was a deserted village. Others still contained a small remnant of their former population. Chicago Park, containing 2289 lots, had one inhabitant—the watchman who took care of its leading hotel; Sunset, 2014 lots, one inhabitant—the watchman of an expensive hotel which was in the course of construction when the boom burst. . . . The sites of a majority of the boom cities of twenty years ago have been returned to acreage, the plowshare has passed over their ruins, and barley grows in the deserted streets.'

"The early part of 1888 marked the beginning of the end of the great boom. Prices fell even more rapidly than they had risen. The bands, barbecues, free excursions, glib auctioneers, and crowds of dupes and speculators disappeared, leaving Southern California, after a somewhat painful readjustment of its affairs, to settle down into a less spectacular but much sounder period of development."

High Spots of the Eighties

There are sections some miles out of Los Angeles where real-estate prices, in 1926, have only recently climbed back to the high spots that they struck in 1886. Land in St. Francis' Wood, one of the finest and most rigidly restricted residential suburbs of San Francisco, can be bought around $100 a front foot. Lots in Pebble Beach, generally regarded as one of the most beautiful and exclusive resorts in America, can be purchased around $4000 an acre. Land in the hills above Santa Barbara—hills as lovely as any of the lovely spots along the Mediterranean—can be bought for prices ranging from $4000 to $7000 an acre. These prices, compared with some of the prices quoted on Florida land in the past year or two, are cheap. Yet the people who own the land and the real-estate men who have the selling of it are content with prices as they are. No boom for them.

Thus the observer notes, in a manner of speaking, that California is acquiring a dignity that accentuates her beauty and her charm.

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1921 Nash sales — 20,874 cars

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Sedan	1215
Four-Door Sedan	1315

f. o. b. Milwaukee

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Touring	$1340
Roadster (4-Pass.)	1475
Sedan	1425
Four-Door Sedan	1525

ADVANCED SIX SERIES
Extra Long Wheelbase

Touring (7-Pass.)	$1490
Victoria (4-Pass.)	1790
Four-Door Coupe	1990
Sedan (7-Pass.)	2090

f. o. b. Kenosha

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The American's natural playground.
hill and glen, forest, lake and stream . . scenes of enchanting beauty and infinite variety;
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Hickory-Smoked Home-Cured
Perfection Guaranteed or Money Refunded
VIRGINIA HAM FARMS, Clarksville, Va.

LETTERS OF A SELF-MADE DIPLOMAT TO HIS PRESIDENT

(Continued from Page 11)

for. The Miners can't be wrong all the time. In fact their wages don't prove that they are a lot of Plutocrats. So let's find the mine owner in both countries and see just what type of man he is, and who he is. Nobody should be allowed to employ labor that can't deal with them Personally. So kindly take this up at the next Cabinet meeting and see what we can do about it.

I believe there are thousands of people over home and perhaps in England that would be just like me. I would like to know who these mythical people are, the Mine Owners.

I bet Charley Schwab or dozens of other men they have either in America or England could take their Coal Business, the whole thing, and in six months have the men working the mines and offering to Caddie for him for nothing. Maybe they would be getting only a dollar a day, but they would feel that they were getting every cent the Coal Business could afford to pay them. We have spent twenty years blaming the Miners, so let's find out who these Owners are and look them over and see if they are all Connonized.

Well, I must close. Here comes the Postman. I want to see his Cap. Hope I hear from you on what is doing on your end. I only hope you have done as well there as I have been able to do here. If I do say it myself, I have handled Lloyd George admirably during this trouble over here. Can you say as much for Borah? Well good-by for the present.

Your devoted manservant.
W. R.

WHITE HOUSE, WASHINGTON, D. C.
May 8, '26.

WILLROGER, Savoy Hotel, London.
[secret code name for Will Rogers]
My Dear Will —— —— —— ——

—— —— —— —— ——

Yours truly,
The PRESIDEN.
[code name for President]

LONDON, May 18, '26.

My Dear President: Yours received and contents noted. You don't know how glad I was to receive your newsy letter. It certainly did feel good to have all the news of the Old Country again. Your letter made me feel like I was right there and hearing you say all those things, and it really made me homesick. You don't know how I appreciate you taking the time off from all your many busy chats you have with everybody over there to tell me all these little trifling details like you did.

After meeting Mrs. Astor, as I told you about in a previous communication, and playing the show for the Sailors with her, why, she wanted me to give my idea of the way the strike should be settled to a lot of her friends and fellow M.P.'s. That is not meant for Mounted Policemen, as you would naturally interpret it, but it's for Member of Parliament. To be a Mounted Policeman you have to stand a very rigid examination both mentally and Physically, and serve a very rigid aprenticeship for the position; while with the other M.P.'s there is no requirement nessasary. Well, she gave a Dinner in the House of Parliament and was good enough to have me come and meet several of the Leaders. She said, "Your plan of settlement will cheer them up. We are in the midst of this horrible strike and everybody feels depressed."

Well, personally, I could see no more depression on their faces than had ever been there in any of my other visits to England. She was, generous soul that she is, trying to lay this depression—or suppression rather—on the strike, while I knew that it was the breeding. It was the outcome of generations. It wasent the strike was doing it; it was Nature.

Well, we had an awful nice Dinner; and when I tell you, Mr. President, that there was several glasses to every plate, and not a speck of water nerer than the Thames, it suggests what is being done right under the very housetop of that great Law-making Body. Why, you would have thought a bunch of Senators were in a private room of a Washington hotel instead of right out in the open in the House of Parliament. And here was men like these in charge of the destinies of a great Nation, including Ireland and Scotland.

But I am tickled to tell all our Dry friends over home that Mrs. Astor personally is an ardent Prohibitionist; and when she saw me refuse a drink that was so strong that the waiter had to wrap it up in a towel to keep it from blowing up, why, it seemed to please her very much. Then I pulled the thing that is an unforgivable sin in England or Europe—I asked for water. Well, that is just like asking for Prewar Beer over home. They have everything else, but nothing dissrupts a well-organized Dinner outside America as much as to have some Bonehead ask for a glass of water. It is just used for raining purposes every day in England.

Well, Mrs. Astor thinks that Prohibition has been a big thing toward American present-day prosperity, and I met no one in England who I value their opinion any more on any subject than this same American woman. But she is broad-minded enough to not try to remedy the country single-handed.

Well, now these M. P. fellows there in the room at the dinner, they were just about like a bunch of old Nesters elected to congregate at Oklahoma City, or Austin, or Bismarck, every two years. They were just about like those old Birds over home. They were just spending this term trying to get back the next. The welfare of the country generally fell a little heavier around there November fourth. But I liked them and I like those oyer home. We cuss 'em and we joke about 'em, but they are all good fellows at heart; and if they wasent in that, why, they would be doing something else against us that might be worse.

There was another outsider at the Dinner besides me that Mrs. Astor told me she wanted especially for me to meet, and she sit him right by me, and what a wonderful little man he is, and meeting him will always remain one of the high spots in my memory. So get busy Americans to be envious of me. It was Sir James Barrie. I think he is a Syndicate writer, or Strip Cartoonist, or Paragrapher, or something like that. I think he had a Cartoon running called Peter Pan, and a little Comedy Character called the Little Minister. They were afterwards made into Books.

Well, we had a great time. Now can you imagine me sitting down beside Sir James Barrie? Stop here and laugh at the idea of it. I did when I saw it, so you have nothing on me

He said, "Are you a Writer?"

Well, that did bring the big Guffaw. I had to bust right out at that. He was such a nice and pleasant little man that I wanted to be honest with him and tell him no. Then I happened to think of the three typewriters I had worn out, and I wasent going to give up without a struggle. The strikers might give in, but not me.

So I held my hand over my mouth to keep from laughing in his face and said, "Yes, Sir, are You?"

He said, "No."

I said, "Well, I am, if you ain't, because we are certainly opposite."

He said, "What did you write?"

I said, "Tobacco Ads."

Then I asked him what he wrote and he said Peter Pan.

And then he said, "I should like to read your ad book." Well, come to find out, Mrs. Astor had of course tipped him off to me, and the Rascal was kidding me all this time. But, anyway, we broke about even, for neither one of us had read anything the other had written.

Well, we got along pretty well, both of us, with all these Politicians. In fact I couldent have had a better setting to get acquainted with him. We both took Politicians and their business about equally serious. When the Dinner was over and Mrs. Astor was taking us home—by the way, in a little American touring car—he said he lived near my hotel and would I like to drop by his Apartment?

Well, Lady Astor whispered to me, "You go. He don't invite many up there, and don't you miss this."

I said, "Lady, your persuasion is entirely unnessesary. I am there now if he don't change his mind."

Well, I don't mind telling you I went and had the most wonderful evening. For once in my life, I knew enough to keep my mouth shut and just listen, and in one of my other letters I want to tell you all he said. He told me all about his discovery of Maude Adams, and the wonderful association between him and Frohman and Miss Adams for all those years. It's a whole letter, Mr. President, in itself, and as the Boat sails Wednesday, I want this to reach you.

Then I think too it's a good idea to split up any of the data that I am gathering for you, and not send too much in one letter, in case the letter is intercepted by Spies or someone that wants to find out something of great importance. So I will do that often. I will send half what I want you to know by one boat and half by the other. It's not probable that one party would capture two of these in succession, not if he knew it. So I will close.

Don't overlook this Mrs. Astor when we are drafting talent from this Country. We havent a single big woman in our Country, politically. We have lots of them that think they are big, but they only reach as far as the County or State line. But she could take those women over there and get their minds on something besides reducing. Her and Baldwin are the best bets in England so far politically.

Your devoted adherant.
W. R.

LONDON, May 18, '26.

My Dear Mr. President: England has the best Statesmen and the Rottenest coffee of any Country in the World. I just hate to see morning come, because I have to get up and drink this Coffee. Is there nothing can be done about this? What does Kellogg say? He was over here and had to drink it. Or did Mrs. Kellogg build his for him every morning? I tell you it's the thing that is keeping these Countries apart more than anything I know of. Personally, I will be perfectly willing to sign over my share in the debt settlement for just one good cup of Coffee. Dam it, we give 'em good tea, and all we demand is reciprocity. Look into this, will you? Next to Farmers' relief, it's one of the big problems that is confronting us today. For every Fool American is coming over this summer, and it's the fool vote that we have got to watch for. I would even drink New Orleans Coffee if I had it now.

Best wishes from your Coffee Hound Servant. W. R.

P. S. How is Pinchot and Pepper making out? I just toured that State and told them that they better look out for this fellow Vare. They all said to me, "Oh, no, Will! The better element are all against him." Well, I knew that, but I also knew Pennsylvania. There is very few of the better element in Pennsylvania. I don't know

(Continued on Page 129)

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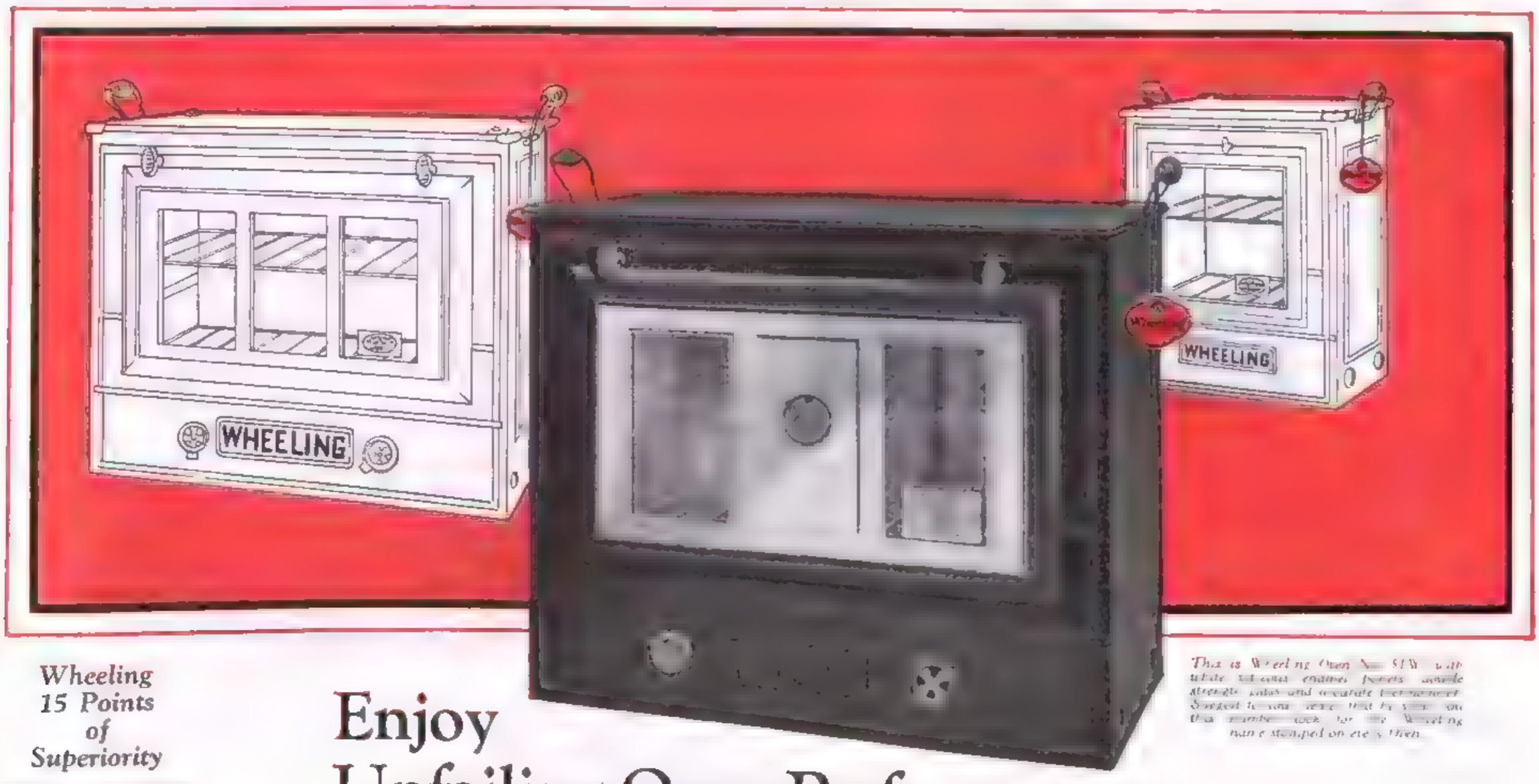

This is Wheeling Oven No. 515W with table of oven cooking points, suitable for gas and oil burners. Secured from your dealer or by writing us. Look for the Wheeling name stamped on every Oven

Wheeling 15 Points of Superiority

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2—Asbestos lining on sides and top confines heat preventing loss by radiation

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7—Correct heat circulation provided by properly placed vents

8—Two removable racks of electrically welded wire, easily pulled forward to remove baking without tilting

9—Heat evenly distributed by double deflector plate asbestos lined.

10—Larger size, wider door—room for full size double heater

11—Heat confined by tight fitting steel top lining and crimped on back lining

12—Adjustable peep holes and air mixers insure correct heat circulation, permitting view of flame without opening oven.

13—Alaska case handled door keys and side hangers

14—Greater variety of styles and sizes meeting all requirements

15—Several styles with Broad Blue or White Enameled Ivory panels

Enjoy Unfailing Oven Performance

There are new and better possibilities awaiting you in Wheeling Ovens—better baking, better roasting. And with these you can have much greater economy as well.

Heated over oil burners, a two burner Wheeling Oven requires only six minutes to heat to 570 degrees from an average kitchen temperature of 80 degrees; flame extinguished, the same Oven requires *eighteen minutes to cool to* 200 degrees.

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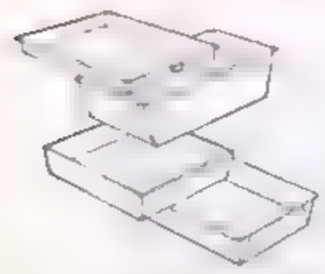

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Over 60,000 tests on the Wasson Motor Check have demonstrated to car owners the power quality in Havoline. From 10% to 30% increase in horse-power is a common experience

Oil is more than oil — it is power

(Continued from Page 126)

offhand of a State, according to its population, that has fewer better element. Of course I hope that nothing disastrous turns out, but I warned them three months ago to procure more Better Element.

W. R.

LONDON, May 19, '26.

My Dear Mr. President: At first I was a little discouraged on account of picking Europe to come to this summer. On account of being so many coming here I thought it will not be exclusive enough for me. But you don't know how glad I am now, because almost everybody I know has visited the North Pole this spring. Have you been there yet? The Natives will be offering you a summer White House there, if they haven't already done so. Go if they offer it to you, because I am not refusing anything myself.

The American Club in London, on Piccadilly, wanted to give me a Dinner, and you know what I think of these Dinners. You remember the one you and I attended at the Gridiron Club in Washington. I remember we were both equally bored. It took us till almost one o'clock to eat what little they had, and the speeches outside of yours and mine was terrible; if I remember right, even yours wasent so good. Well, I went here. They are a lot of Americans over here belong to it and they are awful nice fellows, and as soon as the Emigration law is extended, they can come to America.

Pick Cross is the head of the thing, and what America failed to get from England in the way of the debt, why, Pick is takihg from them with a Vacuum Cleaner. Lord Ashfield was to be there and be one of the speakers to welcome me to England, but he had charge of the Transportation during the strike and couldent keep enough transportation going to get him there. But there was another Lord there that spoke—Lord Dewar. All he is is the man that makes that famous Dewar Whisky, and he was at one time Lord Mayor of London. He is given up to be the greatest after-dinner speaker in England.

He gave me a rotten welcome. I couldent tell whether he wanted me to come in or get out. He is great though. I wish we could get him over there. I guess a lot of you wish we could get everything he has over there. But he is a very unique speaker and can conduct himself in almost any company, even if he is a Lord. We had a lot of Sirs there and they let them eat at the first table.

It was a very democratic gathering. Mr. George Grossmith introduced me. He is an English Actor who has been in America long enough to be civilized. He was very good, but I would have ate, or eat, or eaten, whether he had introduced me or not. Say, Joe Coyne was there. You all remember Joe, the American Actor that has been playing in England in Musical Comedies for years. Joe spoke American with a dialect, but I could understand him when he was drinking. Jimmy Gleason, the Author of Is Zat So, was hungry enough to come; and Tom Webster, the greatest Cartoonist in all England. He is the Ding and Ireland of our British Cousins. Mr. Lester Allen, George White's Ace for many years, and Mr. Paul Whiteman and a Gang of his Boys, who are at present playing all over London—they were there. So we made a real American night of it.

They had asked the Prince of Wales to come, but owing to the strike and all its difficulties he was not going out much. I felt kinder bad the Prince wasent there. But my goodness, look who we did have! Sitting next to me was Mr. Selfridge, the man that owns that big Department store in London. And, say, he is as American as Woolworth. If any American ever goes to London and has a kick about some purchase in Selfridge's Store, why, hunt him up and you will feel like you have met a long lost Uncle. I asked him if he had had any trouble with the strike among his help.

"Oh, no, my people don't strike," he said. "I have never had any trouble at all."

Now that is what I was getting at, Mr. President, in a previous letter about these coal men. Why don't they know and understand their men that work for them? Selfridge could make those Englaish mines pay and have the men having Tea with him. Well, it's getting late, so I must close. It's been a late night for an old Country Boy that ain't used to stepping out. You know how it is up in New England when you go home and they keep you up till around 10:30.

Let me know about Pennsylvania and the Farm relief.

Yours devotedly,
W. R.

P. S. Everybody over here knows Borah. I don't know whether that is an asset or a liability to him. They have never heard of our Senate, but they know Borah.

LONDON, May 19, '26.

My Dear Mr. President: There will be a Song hitting you now if it hasent already hit you. Do what you can to keep people from going entirely cuckoo over it. It is in exchange for Yes, We Have No Bananas, and is called Valencia. It was written for Mistinguette, a singer in a Review in Paris. It ain't the Piece—it's all right—it's the amount of times they will play it. Have Ear muffs ready.

Yours devotedly,
W. R.

LONDON, May 20, '26.

My Dear Mr. President: I was setting around the Hotel this afternoon after the Dinner at the American Club, and there comes a ring at the Phone and my Boy Bill Jr., who is with me, answered the Phone, and he says, "Dad, there is somebody wants to talk to you."

I says, "Find out who it is."

He says, "It is General Trotter, the Equerry to the Prince of Wales."

I thought, well, I better talk to him. He is an awful nice fellow. He was over in America with the Prince and everybody liked him, and he only had one arm. So I says, "What do you want?"

He replied, "The Prince would like to see you. Can you come on over?" I told him I thought it could be arranged. I wouldent promise for sure until I had looked at my schedule. Where does he live? He says, "York House. Come on over."

Well, though the strike had ended, all the Taxicabs hadent gone back to work yet. But I found me one and I said, "Boy, drive me to York House and I will pay all fines." Well, he looked at me and then he thought of York House, and said to himself, "The Prince has an American Chef coming or a low menial of some description."

Say, listen I got there, drove in a kind of a Court Yard. A Soldier was marching around. But, Lord, in England one Soldier marching in front of a place don't mean anything. Why, in the House of Parliament, with absolutely nothing in the future depending on it, there must have been a thousand I had to pass before I could get in even to their Gallery. While here was the absolute Kid himself with just one old Limy prowling around out there in the yard.

I said, "Where does the Prince live?" He nodded to a door. I went there and rung a bell and along came a Butler, or what I had come to know as a Butler—no livery or uniform. Now here is what I want you to get—he was the only Servant I saw in this whole layout. He called General Trotter, and we went through a kind of a room and then on upstairs and through one more room. They were big but nothing particularly great to them. It looked about like an Oil Millionaire's home in Oklahoma, only more simple and in better taste. And Long Island Homes? His whole place would have got lost in their what they humorously call Main Saloon.

We were approaching a closed door, when suddenly it opened and here was our old Friend the Prince. He shook hands like a Rotary Club President that has been coached in the best way to make immediate friendship.

Now before we go any further, "How was he dressed?" asks half-naked America. I know the Boys all want to know, and the Girls are just crazy to hear. He had on a very plain brown checked suit. The only distinguishing feature I could see between this and most other brown-suit wearers who try to imitate him was that his suit fitted. He is rather small and slender, but very well built. Had on tan shoes and a soft collar and four-in-hand tie, and it was about 3:30 in the afternoon. So now Young America will know what to wear at 3:30 in the afternoon. Come to think about it, it was the same suit I had seen him wear over at the House of Commons every day during the sessions. So it gave me and my one suit real encouragement.

He looked a lot better than when over in America; that is, more rested and fit. You know we like to run him ragged. I have always doubted if Dempsey could have stood that trip the Prince made over there.

He says, "I hear you are a Journalist now. This is no interview, remember; just renewing old acquaintanceship."

Well, that was about the first compliment I had had, that being a Journalist part, and I told him that I was mighty glad he had remembered me; that I dident know but what he might be looking on his tour to America in the nature of a slumming Expedition, or, in other words, a Night Out, and like anyone you meet on a night out, you don't want to see them in the morning. But he said he certainly dident want it to be that way with him, and he had already proved it by asking me over.

I told him this would not be any interview; that I would not ask him the usual questions: "How did you like America?" and "When are you to be married, and to whom?" I told him anything you say to me is just ad lib, and nobody will ever know it but President Coolidge and America.

One thing that I want you to know that will establish his Character better than anything else and show you that he has a real sense of humor is when I first come in I said, "Hello, old-timer! How are you falling these days?" and he replied as quick as a flash, "All over the place. I got my shoulder broke since I saw you last."

I said, "We will have to get you better Jumping horses that don't fall."

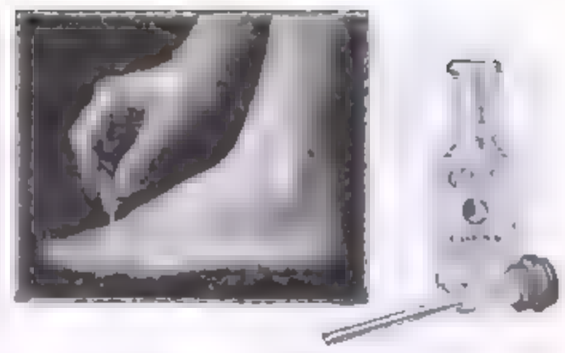
He started in right away defending the horses he had ridden: "Oh, they were very splendid Horses; they were just unfortunate in falling, that's all."

He right away asked about you, Mr. Coolidge, and how you were, and remembered with very much satisfaction his visit to you in Washington. I complimented him on the way his Country had handled the great strike which had just ended and told him that I wouldent have missed it for anything, for I thought it had been a great boost for the British Empire in remaining so cool; that had it happened in America everybody would have thought they were having a Retake on the late war. I spoke of how quick the Empire had mobilized their forces.

He said, "Well, it was not unexpected, you know. We were all prepared."

I told him I thought the Government papers had rather overemphasized the calling of it as a Revolution, because that is what they had spoken of it as. He said no, he dident think so; that had it been a success, there was no doubt Leaders among them that would have tried to have gone much further than just a raise in wages.

Now that shows he had a pretty good line on just what was going on. Anybody that thinks that he don't know about anything but when does the next dance start is crazy. He is right up to now on everything. I just switched around to find out. I asked him if he had his Ranch in Canada yet, and he says, "You bet your life I have it! Canada is a great Country." I then told him that I had just played in Toronto a couple of weeks before and that they were having quite a time there over the tariff on Automobiles from America. He knew all about it, how much it was, and said he hoped that they would do nothing that would kill off



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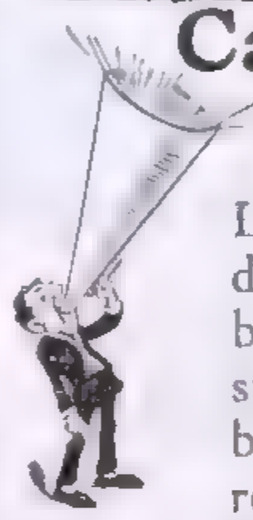

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No wonder youth laughs and smiles so!

Your teeth are white and shining, your mouth and breath are wholesome all day long, if you use Pebeco. "I use Pebeco," says a well-known horsewoman, "I like its sharp, clean tang, like galloping with the Autumn winds against your face."

Renew each day the vigor of the mouth glands *to protect the teeth*

YOU can restore the Mouth of Youth with its healthful beauty—you can keep it always if it is already yours. Only wake to action the six little glands of the mouth!

Unless these mouth glands stay young and active—decay begins. Lack of exercise will slow them up. Too little chewing—soft, modern foods—will cause them to age.

But you can restore the natural vigor of the mouth glands. Pebeco was perfected not only for brushing the teeth, but to keep the mouth glands active as in youth.

You can taste the important salt in Pebeco which stimulates the mouth glands and keeps for you the Mouth of Youth.

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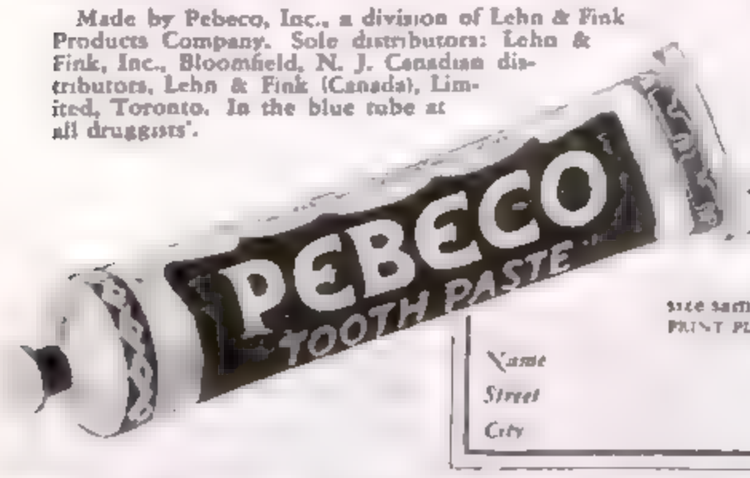
Unless exercised, mouth glands begin to age!

Even before our teens, the mouth glands start to slow up from lack of exercise. They are 20 times more active when we chew. Yet our soft food is so easily swallowed, hard chewing is almost unnecessary



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PEBECO *keeps the Mouth of Youth*

their own Industry, as they were just getting a good start.

We then talked about old ranchers out adjoining him. Old Man Lane had died. He paid him a beautiful tribute and spoke about what a fine old fellow he was, and we exchanged jokes about the old fellow, for I had known him for years, and he was a unique Character. I asked him about my friend Guy Weadick, who ranches near him. He said Guy had put him on a fine Wild West Show when up there last. We just talked like a couple of old Hill Billies about neighbors and friends, and I don't think that he will consider this any breach of confidence by me reporting it to you. I told him that I was surprised to find him at this York House; that I thought he lived at some other place.

He said, "No, I have lived here now for several years."

I asked him, "But dident some of your folks that died leave you some other place?"

He laughed and said, "Yes, Marlborough House; but it's not ready yet."

I said, "Ready? What's the idea? Haven't they moved a bed in there yet, or are you waiting for a cookstove? A Canadian Rancher ought not to kick on being shy a few luxuries, like a bed or Grub, or matches or something like that." I said, "This ain't a bad Joint you have here."

"No, we have plenty of room," he admitted.

All this time I was looking around the room. It was just a very ordinary living room, with a fireplace burning, and a table with a lot of books on it and a mantelpiece with Pictures that looked like he and his Brothers and Princess Mary at different ages of their lives, and a big Picture of his Mother in just an ordinary little frame in the Center of the mantel. None of these were paintings or great big things; they were just ordinary Photographs. Some of them looked like they had been enlargements from snapshots. The Table had books. One of them that I noticed was The life of Queen Victoria.

It seemed to be some new one and had a wrapper on it. There was a Statue of a Horse with a saddle on it. I went over to ask about it. He said it was not a Polo Pony, but a tired Hunter.

The whole room just gave you the feeling of some boy's room off to school, or some boy that was fortunate enough to have his own room at home and fixed it the way he wanted.

I never felt any more at home in a place in my life. Although I dident have any room just exactly like this in my house, I did have a fireplace, and a mantel with Pictures; just as good pictures as he had. Not royalty perhaps, but to me they were, just as much as his were to him. Of course we had to talk some Polo. He said Lacy and the Miles were there in England from the Argentine.

We talked of Captain Melville and Lord Weatherford, who were in Florida last winter. He then asked me of some fellow I dident know who he had heard had just had a bad fall in a hunt near Baltimore; said he had just sent him a cable. Shows you he don't overlook much friendship stuff, to think of some fellow who got a fall away over in Baltimore. I would have figured it served him right for being in Baltimore.

He even told me who's horse fell with him. It was yours, Mrs. Pad Rumsey's, that's who's it was.

I asked him if he was staying long in England. He said yes, he had even taken quarters here. I told him I was getting out of here to go down and see Mussolini. That led to talk about Mussolini. He said he had never met him. I told him neither had I. He said he must be a very remarkable man. I told him if all I hear is true about him you havent said the half of it, Prince. He must be a bear. Said he would like to see him.

He liked the Argentine and all South America. Was surprised when I told him I had been there, because from the looks of me I hadent been anywhere outside of Rogers County, Oklahoma. He even got out his maps and showed me where he had gone there. Told me and showed me how he got snowbound for I think it was a week, trying to get over to Ghili. We talked about the good horses they have there. Then about Africa. He said he was sorry he couldent get up to the American Club last night, but he hadent been getting around much since the strike.

Then he had to pull it of course. He asked about how was Prohibition getting along over home. Well, I told him he saw how it was getting along when he was over there. He asked me about the Pony I had bought of his, for Mr. Ziegfeld's little Girl—with Ziegfeld's money. He tried even to remember its name, I couldent help him out any. I could remember the price, $2100, but from then on I couldent remember anything. He said he was looking forward to another visit with us some time.

I told him, "Well, boy, the old latchstring will sho be hanging out for you anywhere you want to light in America. If at any time you feel that you are not appreciated over here, why, come on over." I told him you, Mr. President, would give him a room in one end of the White House. He could be a kind of a Social accomplice to you. Just think of the things you could get out of by sending him. So I hope I dident take in too much ground by offering the old spare room, because he is a great Kid, not because he remembered me. He would be pretty good size even if he had forgotten me. But I felt that in remembering me he had remembered ordinary America.

Well, I had been there for over an hour. I don't know how long I was supposed to stay, and I don't care. This is not an interview, and it's not supposed to be one. I dident ask him any questions. I just visited with him. He had a good word for everybody and everything. When he spoke seriously of the strike he spoke of how square the men that struck had been and the gentlemanly way they had handled themselves, and he was proud that even I would think that the whole thing had acted to the credit of Great Britain.

Now that just gives you a little slant on why those people are cuckoo about him. Those pictures all around there of his own folks sorter made a hit with me. No, I dident see a single Girl's Picture outside of Princess Mary's. So there will be no wedding this year. Now, Prince, if I have betrayed any confidences in relating this little small-table talk, I am sorry. I dident ask to come there and I dident ask you any questions. You wasent on your guard what to say, and I certainly wasent nervous in any way. For, to be honest, the whole thing, including the place, seemed to be very ordinary to me. When you talked about anything, you did it as though you were really interested and not doing it for any effect.

Just before I left I told him about seeing him a few days before and how I sat not far behind him in the House of Parliament, and that I wanted to climb over and say hello, but that I was afraid they might revive the old chopping block out at the Tower of London if anyone annoyed a Prince.

He laughed and said, "I should like to see you under that block and hear what you had to say then."

There's a fine friend to have, somebody that wants your head to be severed just to see what you would say. So I better be thinking up something pretty good, for when that Guy gets to be King he is liable to get a laugh at the expense of my neck. But just between you and I, Calvin, he don't care any more about being King than you would going back to Vice President again. But he would be a great old King.

Well, I must stop. That's all I have to report tonight. He is about all I saw today. Well, he is enough for one day.

Yours devotedly,

W. R.

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of articles by Mr. Rogers. The fourth will appear in an early issue.

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LUPTON *Casement Windows of Copper-Steel*

The double window units shown here retail at $20.80
(Slightly higher in the South and West)

AS LONG as you want light and air in your home, windows will be a prominent feature of every room. So, when you're building, don't meekly accept ordinary old-fashioned windows.

Fortunately, you can have modern windows *with no added expense.* You can have Lupton Casements of Copper-Steel—permanent windows that open easily and close snugly in all weathers.

Lupton Standard Casements come complete—frame and all—ready to set in your walls. They swing out like doors, leaving the whole window space open for full ventilation. When closed, they are perfectly weather-tight. These beautiful and practical windows will improve the appearance of your home and increase its value.

You can afford Lupton Casements. Resolve now to have them, and thus make certain that your windows will be as reliable as your walls.

Other Lupton steel products

Lupton Pivoted Sash is the standard steel window for all business buildings. 25 stock sizes

Lupton Projected Sash are very moderately priced windows suitable for schools and office buildings.

Lupton Steel Shelving, in 76 standard styles, meets the storage needs of every business

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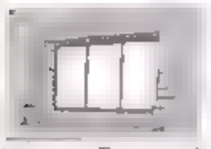

Lupton Basement Windows give more light and air to your basement. Five well-graded standard sizes fill every need.

Conductor pipe, eaves trough and conductor pipe elbows

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All Lupton products have Investment Value
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Seeger

ONLY in the New Seeger Refrigerator built exclusively for Electrical Refrigeration will you find these novel conveniences: A Vegetable Storage Compartment that keeps vegetables fresh and full flavored; a porcelain defrosting pan, that eliminates the old style drainage; a removable porcelain baffle wall, for cleaning back of the cooling unit.

The Representatives of Electrical Refrigeration will be pleased to show and demonstrate the new Seeger.

The Seeger for use with ice will continue to be shown by usual representatives.

SEEGER REFRIGERATOR COMPANY

SAINT PAUL—NEW YORK—BOSTON—CHICAGO—LOS ANGELES—ATLANTA

Seeger REFRIGERATOR

Standard of the American Home

THE COMEBACK

(Continued from Page 13

cents a barrel, so of course all the oil stocks is breakin' in the market."

I didn't know what he was talkin' about, but I could tell it was somethin' sour, so I said, "How much do I lose this time?"

"Well," he says, "Independent stock has been down as low as 26, but it is up again now to 26½, and if I was you I would get out on this rally. When things like this happens I would advise you not to be stubborn."

You can imagine how that put me in the air. "Look, Duffus," I told him, "the way I am now ain't stubborn or nothin' else as polite as that. Them crude Pennsylvania people ain't half as crude as what I would like to say to you."

"You got to be reasonable, Sam," he says. "How could I of known about that oil cut? Why, even the Standard Oil didn't know it was comin', 'cause they are intimate friends of mine and they would of tipped me off like they always do. Besides, the Durant people just telephoned me they was as surprised as me, and they got caught bad. We was all double-crossed, and it is liable to happen to anybody once in a while. The thing to do now is sell the Independent Oil stock, and we will wait for that sure one that will come off in a day or two. It will be a whale and we will hit it hard. You can depend, Sam, I ain't goin' to let you lose no money as long as you trade with me. My customers always comes out ahead, and you can ask any of them."

Somehow I didn't feel so bad after that, only it turned out that while we was talkin' Independent Oil stock done another tail spin and Duffus sold out the two hundred shares for me for 25½. That was the lowest it went to that day or any day for a long time.

Of course I was sore, but Emma was worse than me when I told her what happened and how we was down now about fifteen hundred. First off, she got the idea maybe Duffus, or this Elphick & Meyer, or somebody, was just snitchin' the money off us, and when a woman gets to thinkin' that way you can't do much. She seemed to think I could get Elphick & Meyer to take the stocks back and credit them. Then she jumped onto numberology again and said she had it all figured out how both of us would have to change our names before we could have any luck at all. It seems when you play numberology you add up letters some way like figures, and if your own name don't come out right you are sunk unless you change it. Emma said even the number of the house we lived in was all wrong, too, and she would of thought of movin' out before this, only we had just bought all new window curtains and they wasn't a chance of them fittin' anywheres else.

But I told her what Frank said about sittin' still now and waitin' for the good one that would be sure money, and finally she calmed down. "Anyway," she said, "me and Pauline Duffus was to lunch and to Richard Barthelmess today, and I let her pay for them both. All I paid was one taxi that was only thirty cents, so I got that much satisfaction."

Then she told me we had a date to go down to the Duffus flat that night and play cards.

I said we better not go, 'cause I might forget and be a gentleman, but Emma said we certainly was goin' and I could be myself as much as I wanted to.

When we went down, Pauline let us in and said Frank would be there in a minute, only please not to talk about business that night 'cause he seemed down-hearted. She said she was afraid somethin' must of gone wrong in the stock market and she didn't want Frank's evenin' spoiled by remindin' him of it.

"What could of possibly gone wrong with him," asks Emma, "when he knows everythin' that will happen there in Wall Street before it happens? Besides, I see you still got your emerald ring, so what would you care?"

"Maybe it was some of his customers that has been unfortunate," Pauline says. "Frank's heart is always touched if any of his customers loses."

"He is lucky," I told her, "if it ain't some place else that is touched, like his nose or his jaw. He must pick out all good-natured customers like me."

When Frank come in he pulled me over to the side and said they wasn't any use talkin' about me havin' a little hard luck while the women was there, 'cause it might worry them. But I told him Emma knew all about him losin' money for me, and then he said that made everythin' different.

"Why wouldn't I tell her?" I asked him. "I had to give some excuse for not buyin' them pearls off of the Czar of Russia yet."

"You shouldn't never tell them," says Frank. "Women is subject to cold feet in the stock market, and they usually want a man to pull out just before his luck turns and he is about ready to get goin' good. But I will try and fix it for you." So he says to Emma, "Well, Mrs. Burke, so far I ain't exactly made them pearls for you and Pauline; but I heard a certain thing from a couple of important bankers in a big trust company late this afternoon, and when I heard it I called up my friend, the big jeweler that I am intimate with, and I got him to lay some good necklaces aside for you girls to select from when the time comes."

Right away Pauline jumped up and give him a kiss and said, "Oh, you darlin' boy, I know you so like a book that if you have gone that far I know you are almost ready to get the money out of the market, and Emma and me will soon get our pearls."

"Why, darlin' girl," says Frank, "if me and Sam spends all the money we will make in the next few weeks on jewelry for our wives, you will both look like Gloria Swanson playin' the part of a rajah's delight before the fall of Babylon."

"Well, darlin' kid," I says to Emma, "with me, the first fifteen hundred goes back on the bank roll, so remember your string of beads don't start till after that."

"Well, darlin' old dear," Emma comes back, "all I seen anybody start so far is losin' money, and all the pearls I will get that way will be the kind the five-and-ten sells to put on Christmas trees."

Then Frank and Pauline both started talkin' at once, and before long they had both of us seein' things again. Finally Emma says, "Anyway, I will object to you buyin' any more stocks for Sam except on a day that is a good number for him. Besides, I do not want you to call him Sam no more, as I have found a new name for him accordin' to numberology that will make him lucky, and I am goin' to call him by it all the time he is makin' money in the stock market. The name I have made up for him is Rolf, and all the letters in it is good for a three-six-niner."

"Oh," says Pauline, "then I certainly will call him Rolf, 'cause I believe in them things and it is a noble soundin' name."

"It sounds like a Scotch name," says Frank, "and that reminds me. I will crack some ice."

So me and Emma felt a good deal better by the time we went home, only she kept up callin' me Rolf and tried to make me promise I would get other people to call me it too.

It must of been nearly a week before I heard any more from Duffus, but then he come through strong. "Listen, Sam," he says to me over the phone, "my people has just give me the sign on that stock, and it is a hot one. I want you to get into it quick, only you need some more money in your account down here, so how are you fixed?"

I told him I was fixed just right and I was goin' to stay that way, 'cause I wasn't

(Continued on Page 134)

When *Hay* gave way to *Gasoline*

THE horse looked out across his pasture fence twenty years ago and watched a grotesque vehicle called the automobile cough its uncertain way along the road. As the years went by that glorious old hay-burner saw the gasoline tank replace the oat-bin, the barn shrink to the garage, and a tiny engine produce the power of many of his kind.

The brilliant progress of the automotive industry is littered with the names of manufacturers who have flowered and died. One name has not only survived the test of time, but, what is more important, the exacting demands of an industry that accepts only the best. That name is Prest-O-Lite.

Today Prest-O-Lite Storage Batteries —for motor-car and radio—are perfected in the world's largest electro-chemical research laboratories. In engineering, materials and workmanship, no battery offers more. An ever increasing list of America's finest cars have adopted it as standard equipment. Whether you are buying a battery for your car or one for your radio set—look for the Prest-O-Lite sign. It marks "The Oldest Service to Motorists" and a capable dealer.

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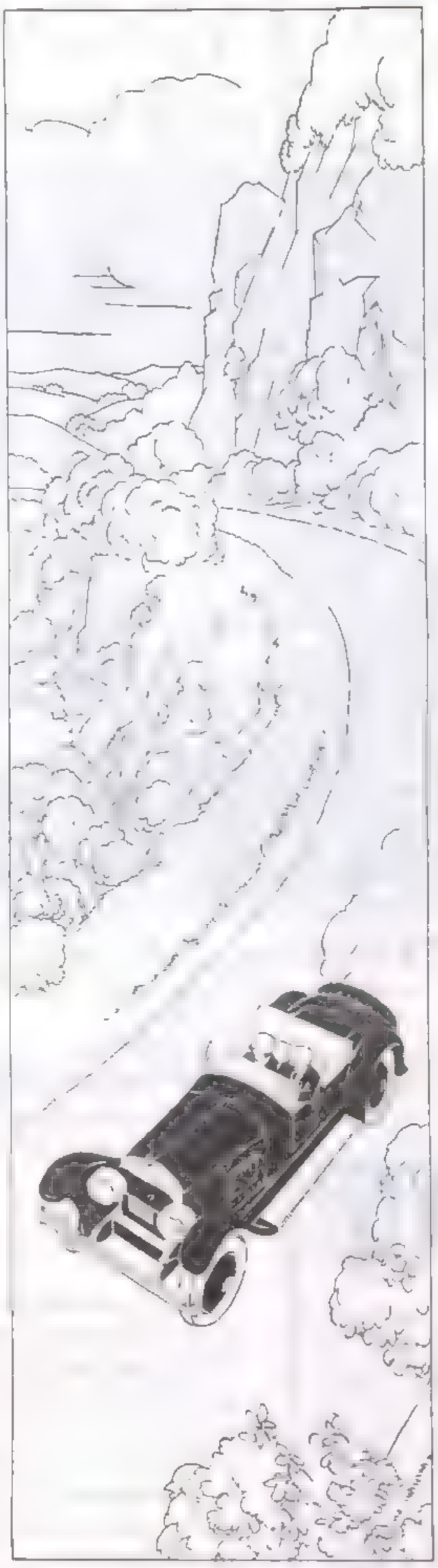

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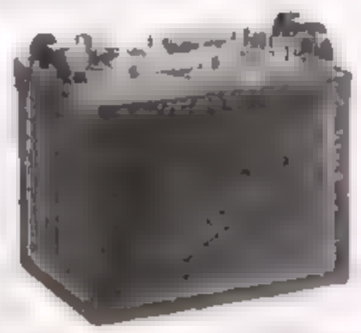

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Fenestra homes and apartments
schools and institutions
commercial buildings
all industrial structures

(Continued from Page 132

goin' to shoot no more money in the stock market. But that only started him talkin' fast. The stock the important bankers had dropped the flag on was a stock they call Suds, only its right name is Sorden Soap Company. It was sellin' then for 105 and it seemed Elphick & Meyer has a strict rule that they had to get at least fifteen dollars a share for margin on a stock like that. So, as I only had about a thousand left out of the twenty-five hundred I give them, Frank said he couldn't buy as much as a measly hundred shares of the Suds for me unless I give him some more money. He said what I ought to do was give him six or seven thousand more and then he would buy five hundred shares of the Sorden Soap for me and I would clean up at least ten thousand profit in the next week or two.

And this didn't sound so bad, neither, 'cause I had been readin' in the paper about what a good stock the Sorden Soap was and how what they called a strong bull pool was behind it on the Stock Exchange. But at that, givin' Frank Duffus six or seven thousand berries to shoot in the market would of been somethin' to see a doctor about, and I asked him had I been actin' queer lately to make him think I had lost my mind.

"Besides," I told him, "maybe somebody will cut the price of crude soap or somethin' without lettin' you know first, or them important bankers might get a notion to drop this Suds stock down the cellar so as to pick up the pieces cheap. I learned both them tricks last week, so now I think I will wait and see."

But Frank said the big fellows that was runnin' the deal had just slammed Sorden Soap stock down from 110 to less than 100 to grab off the cheap stock, and now they had started in to put it up to 125 in a hurry. "These big friends of mine ain't never give me a wrong one yet," he says, "and you will be a fool to stay out. Call up your wife and see what she will tell you. I got an ides today might be one of your lucky numbers anyway."

Well, I could see a chance for an alibi in that no matter what happened, so I called Emma up and told her about it. She said it looked like a shame for us to pass up gettin' our money back, even if we wouldn't win anythin' over, so maybe we better try it. She said it was the third of the month and that was one of the best days for me to do things, and another thing was the Sorden Soap stock was 105 and that looked lucky too, 'cause 105 added up to six. But Emma said I would be a fool to pay Duffus anything like he was askin', and I better see what he would do for about twenty-five hundred.

So I called up Frank again and finally we fixed it that I would put up twenty-five hundred more, and he would buy three hundred shares of the Sorden Soap stock for me. He said the money wouldn't really be enough, but he would square that with Elphick & Meyer by puttin' in a stop order on the three hundred shares. I asked him what a stop order meant, and he said it didn't mean much of anythin', only it was a form they used in Wall Street when a customer did not put up as much margin as a firm would like them to put up. I said I didn't care how many forms he used, only twenty-five hundred was all the money he would get out of me. And I said they would have to make the price on the Suds stock just exactly 105, 'cause I knew Emma would bark if it didn't add up right.

And here's what happened. In about ten minutes after that I heard from Frank how he bought the stock for me all right for 105. Believe it or not, it went up that same day to 110. It was there at 110 when the stock market ended.

Of course me and Emma felt pretty good that night, and Frank and Pauline come up to our flat after dinner.

"What do you think of my information now?" says Frank as soon as he come in. "Do I know things, or do I? You can see how it only took me a couple of hours to get back all the money you had dropped, and if you had come in for five hundred shares like I said, you already would of had some of the coin for them pearls. You can't beat information like that."

"It works good with numberology," Emma says. "You was smart to pick out one of Rolf's good days."

"Oh, all days looks alike to Frank," shoves in Pauline. "He don't get his information off of a calendar, do you, darlin'?"

Frank said, "If you watch me you will see I don't. Now I got Sam's account in such good shape I am goin' to pyramid on that Suds for him. Tomorrow I will buy some more of it for him."

"Rolf," says Emma to me like she does when she is gettin' mad, "I do not want you to buy no stocks tomorrow or not till the sixth of the month, 'cause that is your next number."

"That is all bologny when you are tradin' in the market," says Frank. "You can't do speculation in stocks by the clock or on gigs out of a dream book. You got to have inside information and experience like I got; and besides, the sixth is Sunday and the market ain't open Sundays."

"Then you will have to wait till the ninth," Emma told him, "'cause I will not let Rolf do anythin' except on one of his lucky days."

So we had quite an argument, with Frank sayin' he couldn't make no money for a customer if his good information, and the things he knew about how to play the stock market, would be interfered with by arithmetic and spellin' like kids learned in the kindergarten. Pauline talked on his side, of course, and I backed up Emma; only she didn't need much backin' up, as the numberology bug had a pretty good hold on her. Anyway, we left it that Frank mustn't buy no more Sorden Soap the next day. I got numberology to thank for that much, 'cause the next day was the one they blew up the bridge on me.

Duffus give me a ring in the mornin' and said the Suds stock opened up to 112 and I was a goof not to let him buy some more of it for me and not let Emma know. But I had a hunch that might be bad business for me, so I turned him down. I didn't hear nothin' more about the stock market till I got back to my office after lunch. Then I called up Elphick & Meyer to see how things was goin' and they said Duffus wasn't there just then. So I asked somebody else how Sorden Soap stock was, and he said it was 96. I told him he must be a liar, and he said no, but it had had a bad break and somethin' must of happened to it.

You might know I didn't need to use no stationery to count up that this Suds bein' down to 96 meant I was losin' all I made the day before and nearly three thousand more on that three hundred shares Duffus had made me pay 105 for. I seen too how pretty near all the money I had give Elphick & Meyer must be in the sewer by now, and my stomach didn't feel so good at all. So I dropped everythin' and beat it downtown in the Subway, hopin' all the time that the important bankers might of told Duffus what was comin' off, and he might of acted quick for me so as to sell out. But when I got to Elphick & Meyer's, Frank wasn't at his desk and I asked another man if he knew where he was.

"I heard several people tell him where to go to," says the man, "but I do not believe he went there. I think maybe he went down to Battery Park to the Aquarium instead."

"Why would Frank go to the Aquarium?" I asked him, and he said, "So as to get some new fish stories, 'cause that one he has been usin' about Suds ain't goin' to be so popular no more."

I asked him how much Suds was then, and he said, "The last sale was for 94, and it looks as if the next one will be for the same figures, only reversed."

"Well," I said, "I have got to see somebody who knows about it, 'cause Frank Duffus got me to buy three hundred shares

(Continued on Page 136)

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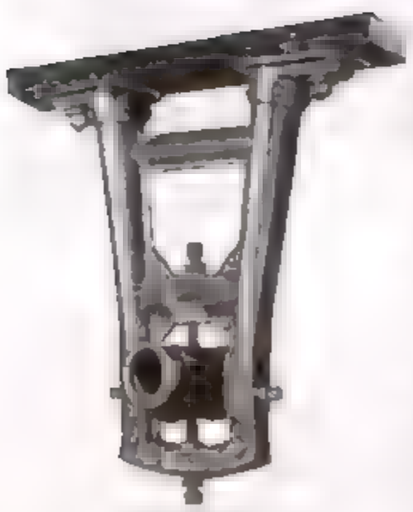

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AMERICAN
PRESSED STEEL HANGERS | STEEL SPLIT PULLEYS
PATENTED PATENTED

(Continued from Page 134

and he charged me 105 for them, and now I don't know what to do."

"That depends on whether you are fond of losin' money," says the man. "If you are, just stand still and wait for Duffus and you will get what you are fond of. But if you ain't, you better go over to that little window and tell the boy inside to sell three hundred Suds. Then you will soon know the worst that can happen to you, and you can find out how much you owe the house."

"I won't owe nothin'," I told him, "'cause I have put up all the money I am goin' to put up, and Duffus knows it."

"You are playin' a joke on yourself," says the man. "If you hold onto your Suds and keep listenin' to the bull that Duffus throws around, you will soon owe more than the French Government don't want to pay in sixty-two years."

Just then somebody calls out that Suds is 93 and the man says, "Don't let me influence you, my friend; but you are losin' time, which is the same as money anywheres south of Maiden Lane." Then a boy yelled, "Suds, 92½," and I hot-footed it over to the little window and told them to sell the three hundred shares before it went down any more. They made me write it out and sign it, and they wanted me to prove I was who I said I was, but the man I had talked to said, "Don't hold him up, 'cause he is a poor fish that Duffus has been hypnotizin'."

In a little while they give me a ticket that said they sold the three hundred shares of Sorden Soap stock for 92, and the man says, "Now you are out and you have had enough fun for one afternoon. If you hang around here any longer they will ask you for a check, so why don't you save up that pleasure for another day?" I told him I would like to wait, as I had somethin' particular to see Frank Duffus about; but he said they was a long waitin' list ahead of me, and probably Frank might of gone to the ball game anyway. I must of been pretty thick that day, 'cause it wasn't till I was in the Subway that I remembered it was February and they wasn't no ball game.

At first I only felt kind of sick about losin' all that money, but I got to tellin' myself how my own ivory nut business was fine just then, and how five thousand wouldn't cripple me none, and after a while I begin to get mad.

By the time I got home I was makin' up speeches to say to Duffus, and it only needed what Emma said to start me kickin' things around.

"I might of known you would do it," says Emma, "and it's all your fault, and not mine. I told you today wasn't your number, but still you had to go and do it."

"You are off on the wrong foot," I told her. "I didn't buy no more stocks. All I done was sell out what I had so as not to keep on losin' money."

"There's no difference," she says. "By numberology, you shouldn't of done nothin' at all, only wait for a day that is one of your numbers."

"And how could I wait?" I asked her. "Elphick & Meyer would of been yellin' for another check every thirty minutes, and what would I do then?"

"You probably would yell back at them," says Emma. "That's what you do to me, and from what I know, it is one of the best things you do."

That made me mad enough to go down and tell Duffus the things I had made up. But the Duffus pair wouldn't answer the doorbell, and they had the elevator boy fixed to say Frank had come home sick and they wasn't at home to no callers that night. So I went upstairs again and got in another row with Emma over her callin' me Rolf. Then I went to worryin' whether Elphick & Meyer would claim I owed them any more money, and finally I got to sleep wonderin' if it would be all right to take the five thousand I had lost off of my income tax. They was other things I might of thought about, too, only I didn't know about them then.

What come in the mail from Elphick & Meyer the next mornin' put me right up in the air again. They was one slip that said they had sold three hundred shares of Sorden Soap for me for 92, and of course that one was all right. But what made me suspicious was another slip of the same kind that said they sold three hundred shares for me for 94, and they was a letter askin' me please to send them immediately at least three thousand dollars additional margin to put my account in proper condition.

First I thought it was a mistake; but then I got to thinkin' Duffus might of done somethin' I didn't know about, so I called them up, only I didn't ask for Duffus. Whoever it was I talked to said it wasn't no mistake at all, and would I shoot them down the three thousand right away, 'cause my account needed it bad. I went back at him, sayin' I didn't owe them no three thousand or nothin' at all, and we got all balled up over the wire. So finally I said I would come down to their office and tell them where they got off. But I was busy that mornin' and I didn't get there till after lunch. Then I seen Duffus sittin' at his desk as usual, but I didn't pay no attention to him and said I wanted to see somebody in the firm.

After a while they took me into a room to see Mr. Meyer. He was a soft-lookin' bird and I thought I could rush him, only I was wrong about that.

"Mr. Meyer," I says, "I would like to know what kind of a place you are runnin' here anyway."

He looked at me steady for a minute and then he says, "I will tell you what kind of a place we are runnin'. It is the kind of a place where we show people the door when they are roughnecks, but when they act civilized we try to tell them what they want to know."

That made me feel better, so I said, "Mr. Meyer, I see I have begun wrong, so I will act civilized and get you to tell me why you think I owe you three thousand dollars."

Meyer said maybe he could find out, and he called up somebody to bring him in my account. When it come he looked it over and said the reason why they wanted the three thousand was they had to get that much margin on the three hundred shares of Sorden Soap stock I was short of.

I told him the only thing I was short of was the money Frank Duffus had pried me loose from, and I was goin' to make a try to get that back, 'cause I had read once where it wasn't accordin' to the ethical culture of the Stock Exchange to let innocent investors get stung the way I was. And I said it was all bunk about the three hundred shares of Sorden Soap stock, 'cause I had papers to show they sold it for 92 the day before. I let him see the slips I got in the mail, and then he said he would go out and look it up.

In about five minutes he come back and said, "Have you rubbed a humpback lately, or do you carry a rabbit's foot, or what?"

"Where do you get that idea?" I asked him. "A member of my family has got a case of numberology, and what I got is the evil eye."

"Listen," he says. "When you had three hundred shares of Sorden Soap stock, didn't you know Duffus had put in a stop order for you at 95?"

"I heard the name," I told him; "but whatever it is, I claim he didn't have no right to do it."

"Oh, yes he had," says Meyer. "You signed a paper to give him discretion to do what he pleased in your account."

"What I signed," I said, "was a discretionary-account paper for him to be discreet in takin' chances with my money, and you see how he done it."

"Anyway," Meyer says, "Duffus put in a stop order to sell your three hundred Sorden Soap stock any time the price in the market might get down to 95. That was because your money would be nearly

(Continued on Page 138)

SPARTON RADIO

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The Sparton is a perfectly balanced five tube Tuned Radio Frequency circuit of remarkable and proven performance. Cabinets are in rich two-toned walnut at prices of $63 and upward.

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Valve grinding on a flat rate basis has proven the following method to be one of the quickest and best:

Reface valves in VALVE REFACER, restoring original angle. (Fig. 1)

Clean valve guides to prevent sticking valves with VALVE GUIDE BRUSH and ¼" ELECTRIC DRILL. (Fig. 2)

Remove scale from valve seats with ROUGHING CUTTER and ream lightly with FINISHING CUTTER. (Fig. 3)

Grind valve seat to gas tight fit with VALVE SEAT GRINDING STONE and ¼" ELECTRIC DRILL. (Fig. 4)

Two of these four operations are done with a "Van Dorn" ¼" Electric Drill. You can't afford to be without one. Ask your nearest jobber for a demonstration. Insist on "Van Dorn" Drills and Van Norman Valve Refacers, Valve Reseating Cutters, and Valve Seat Grinding Stones. If not available, write us.

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Makers of Portable Electric Drilling, Reaming and Grinding Machines

Cleveland, Ohio

Fig. 1. Van Norman Valve Refacer.

Fig. 2. "Van Dorn" ¼" Electric Drill and Van Norman Valve Guide Brush.

Fig. 3. Van Norman Double-ended Roughing and Finishing Cutter.

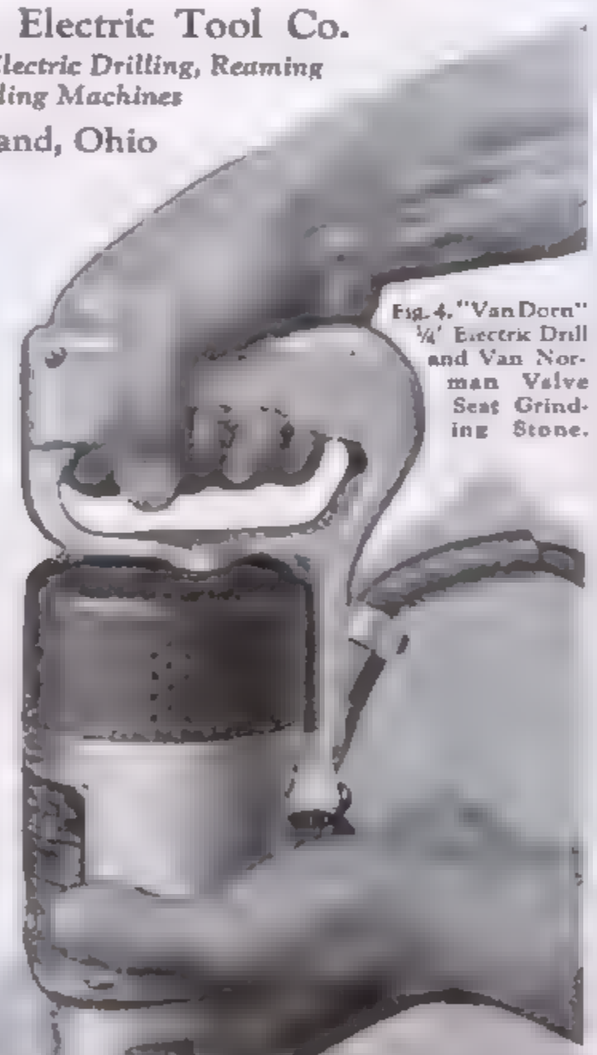

Fig. 4. "Van Dorn" ¼" Electric Drill and Van Norman Valve Seat Grinding Stone.

Sales and Service Branches

"Van Dorn" ELECTRIC DRILLS

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(Continued from Page 136)

used up if the stock got that low, and it would be time to sell the stock out so as to stop you from losin' any more money than you had put up with us. Well, yesterday Sorden Soap did break down to 95, and so we sold out your three hundred shares for the best we could get for them, and that was 94. Then you was all out of Sorden, and except for a little money that was left, your account was cleaned up."

"And so was I cleaned up," I says, "but Duffus wasn't around, and how was I to know?"

"You could of asked," Meyer said, "but you didn't. Instead you come in and give us another order to sell three hundred shares of Sorden Soap, and it was sold for 92, as you know. So that was sellin' three hundred Sorden you didn't have, and that's what I mean when I say you are now short of three hundred shares."

"You might as well be talkin' Yiddish," I says; "but whatever I done, do I go to jail for it, or do you just try to charge me somethin'?"

"Don't you know what has happened to Sorden Soap stock today?" he asks.

"No," I said; "but I suppose now it is up to 125 like the important bankers that Duffus is intimate with told him it would go to."

"Instead of that," says Meyer, "a certain plunger has gone broke in it, and we have had another panic in it, and the last price I seen on the ticker for it was 76."

"Well, that's your hard luck," I said, "'cause you won't get no more money out of me till the supreme court says I got to pay it."

"Money out of you?" Meyer yelled at me. "Why, you lunatic, you have made nearly five thousand on that three hundred Suds you sold yesterday at 92!"

Then I was sure he was stringin' me like Duffus would, so I said, "I will just call that. If I have made five thousand, hand it out to me."

"All right," says Meyer, and he grabs a telephone and says to somebody, "Buy three hundred Sorden Soap at the market for Samuel P. Burke."

"That was just what Duffus done to me before," I told him, "and if you think I will stand for you doin' it too, you are crazier than you think I am."

"I couldn't be," he says; "but can't you understand that I have told them to buy back the three hundred shares you sold yesterday when you didn't have them? You sold for 92, and now you will buy back cheaper and make the difference."

"I never could do puzzles," I said, "but I will think this is a good trick when I get the five thousand."

"Wait!" says Meyer; and in a minute or two the phone rung again, and when he had hung up he says to me, "If I had your luck I would jump off of the Woolworth Buildin' every day for a pastime. We have bought in the three hundred Suds stock for you for 74½. That is the same three hundred as you sold for 92 like a fool yesterday. You make the difference of over seventeen points on it, which is more than fifty-one hundred dollars in money. The bookkeeper will make up your account and we will send you a check for it. Now go home and get a guardian appointed for yourself, and don't never come down in Wall Street again, or at least not for a week."

I got Meyer to show it to me all over again, and I never felt like kissin' a man before. When I went out I didn't see Duffus around, but the man I talked to the day before was there, and I told him what good advice it was he give me about the Sorden Soap stock. Then I explained what happened and how lucky I was, and he said:

"Then you are the guy Duffus has been usin' for an alibi today. He has been sayin' an important intimate friend of his that always gets the inside dope on Suds come in here unexpected yesterday and sold it short, knowin' it was goin' to break wide open. That means you. Duffus says if he hadn't had hard luck and caught a headache and had to go home early, he would of had the information off of you, and then he would of made all his other customers follow it. Can you beat that for bull to give the poor boobs that was caught bad in Suds 'cause he got them to buy it? And he has made some of them believe it too."

I said I guessed Duffus would stop sayin' things like that when he made up the firm of his own, and the man said: "You are another proof that New York is inhabited by hicks. Any time Duffus makes up a firm of his own you will find Liberty Bonds bein' sold for five cents a pound off of pushcarts out in front of the City Bank."

Of course, I was all set to jolt Emma with the good news and rag her about it not happenin' on a day that was my number. But when I got home, there was the Duffus woman, and she had told about it. She said Frank had phoned her how relieved he felt to find out that, even with him away sick, I had acted just right so as to make money instead of losin' it. She said it was wonderful how I didn't know nothin' about stocks, but still I done exactly what Frank would of done, only he had to come home with a neuralgia headache.

"It is always that way about Frank," she says. "No matter what happens to him personal, his customers always seem to come out right. Why, it is really lucky just to be a customer of Frank's, and now you have found that out."

"Listen," I said. "I have found out it is about as lucky to be a customer of Frank's as it is to be a three-six-niner by the name of Rolf, and so far as I am concerned neither of them won't help the Czar of Russia sell his pearl necklaces."

"Oh," says Pauline, "you will soon realize how valuable Frank's information can be down there in the stock market. Don't you think so, Emma?"

"In my opinion," Emma says, "I think that is what they call apple sauce."

"I might of expected you to say that," says Pauline. "You do not want Rolf to pay attention to nothin' but them foolish numbers."

Emma give me one of her smiles and said, "I have cut out thinkin' about numbers, and now I have gone back to callin' him Sam."

"Listen," I told them. "What I am goin' to pay attention to from now on is the ivory nut business, where the men don't know no important bankers and a bird with a name like Rolf wouldn't be let in. That's my regular business, and it is run accordin' to human nature, so as you lose out when things goes wrong instead of findin' you made a comeback 'cause you was a dumbbell. I am off green emeralds and numberology and big husks they call customers' men, and I am off this Wall Street. I am now goin' to stick to games where you don't make money backwards, and you don't lose it 'cause you ain't cuckoo."

Pauline give a giggle and asked Emma, "My dear, did you ever hear anythin' so absurd?"

"Mrs. Duffus," says Emma, "you ought to know that since I have lived in this house I have heard a great deal worse and a lot of it." Then she says to me: "Sam, I have been thinkin' it over and I have been lookin' in the windows, and I can get an emerald ring for twenty dollars that is exactly the same as them that is made out of the stock market. And for less than that I can get a string of Czar of Russia pearls ——"

But Pauline jumped up and bounced herself home, and we never did take her and Frank out to dinner and a show.

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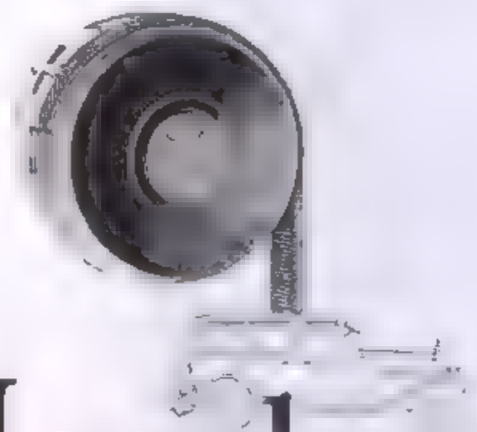

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PEGASUS IN THE PANTRY

(Continued from Page 7

our big elm, of an afternoon, darning his socks as neatly and as composedly as Bliss Carman writing a sonnet. And when he saw that the customary Sunday off of the below-stairs forces was giving me more than my share of troubles, he would take temporary command of the kitchen and wheel out hot biscuits and lumber-camp johnnycake that no graduate in a domestic-science course need be ashamed of. But he greatly preferred broiling minute steaks and frying fish—which he had caught himself—on an open-air stone oven he had built on the beach. And many a hot summer night I devoutly thanked God and Nature for Willie. The only fly in the ointment was that he married, poor dear, and acquired an indulged and asperous wife who confined his culinary exercises to the home circle.

And the thought of indulged wives carries my mind on to Professor Speedwell, who came out to Gray Gables to help Adam put over a certain public dedication service which I mustn't here describe too minutely. That was the summer when Tiddler was an infant in arms, when our newfangled water system kept breaking down, and when we were having so much trouble with our help, and our garage-loft guests were so transient that Adam threatened to put a sign up on the east driveway gate, Incoming Couples Keep to the Right!

I was so decidedly below par that when Carmen Terrill asked me down to Spring Lake for a couple of weeks' rest, Adam was glad enough to pack me off and get shut of my uncertain temper and shrewish tongue. Now I'd spoiled Adam as a free and independent and self-sustaining householder. I'd petted and pampered him into that mollusklike sort of helplessness where a man comes to believe that a well-ordered meal falls like manna from heaven and a decent variability in diet is in some mysterious way connected with either sun spots or lunar alterations high above our sphere of sorrow.

At any rate, Adam's semaphoric eyebrow was apt to lift a trifle if the garden radishes weren't shingle-bobbed into imitation rosebuds, and one usually detected a wounded-gazelle look in his eyes if he had to rustle his own pantry luncheon when he came in two hours late. He had a model wife—and I wanted him to remember it, to rediscover it.

A Severe Test for Adam

But I had scarcely expected the Speedwells to arrive during my absence, and at a time when the unmanorial Adam was proclaiming it would seem a good deal like dying and going to heaven to sit under a roof without servants. But arrive they did. And it was Adam who aired the Blue Room in what we so magnificently called the guest wing, and carried up the bags and showed the professor the trick of turning the tap backward so it wouldn't leak our pressure tank dry, and relighted the cellar range so the extremely pretty Mrs. Speedwell could have hot water for her bath, and scooted to the village for an emergency loin of spring lamb, which he later and none too successfully dissected into chops, and secretly picked and shelled enough garden peas to go with the same, and humbly washed up the dinner dishes after the extremely pretty lady and her lord and master were safely in bed.

But the worst was yet to come. For when the absent-minded professor came down in the morning, he casually explained that Mrs. Speedwell always breakfasted in bed. That wasn't exactly Adam's preconceived idea of academic life; but while the professor was airily looking over the garden, my poor old darling of a husband was in a bungalow apron in the kitchen, fluting a grapefruit and digging the seeds out of its core and frying bacon and eggs and buttering toast and gallantly filling a mustard jar with my best quince marmalade and my hand-painted chocolate pot with coffee that declined to drown its own grounds—all of which he carefully arranged on a Sheffield-plate tray covered with a spotless napkin and pantingly carried upstairs to the closed door of the Blue Room, where a tremendous mental conflict took place; and having knocked twice and been commanded to enter, his better nature happily prevailed and he hastily deposited the loaded tray on the floor, and speeding down the hallway, let the back stairs swallow up his confusion.

As I have said, she was a very pretty lady. But she now has a higher claim to distinction. She made my proud and haughty Adam pass under the yoke and carry a breakfast tray up to a bedroom door. And that's something my Adam had never done for his own wife, even in the devastating days of her most devastating negligees. But the triumphs of pulchritude, I've noticed, usually come at a price. When, the following summer, my overworked Adam had a chance to go to a camp in Maine for a couple of weeks, and found that Professor Speedwell's better half was to be there at the same time, he declined the invitation. He never went into his reasons for doing so. But I imagine he'd lost a little of his admiration for that one particularly pretty face and shunned the threat of turning into a second steward amid the tent pegs of the Pine Tree State.

Household Hints

Adam had, of course, faced a situation common enough to every housewife; for if necessity is the mother of invention, the open door is also the grandfather of enterprise.

More than once, when unexpected guests were washing the railway cinders out of their eyes, I've had to sneak out and capture the first fat hen trusting enough to let me get my hands on her, put her under an inverted washtub with only her indignant head protruding, and thus fortified against both her protesting body and her dying struggles, decapitate her with the family ax. In two hours' time we have sat about the festive board, decorously dining off that feathered Mary Queen of Scots.

The scene was not so decorous, however, on that lachrymose day when an emergency of the too-inviting latchstring drove Damon and Pythias, our two pet ducks, to an untimely end in the oven. My three small sons, unfortunately, were witnesses of that tragic end, and all dinnertime they basted their little jumpers with briny tears as assiduously as I had basted Damon and Pythias in the pan.

But the provider must provide, even though the consumption of family pets sometimes feels uncomfortably like cannibalism. And murder may be condoned, but discourtesy never. I could tell, indeed, of an honored wife and an otherwise honest woman who at the last frantic moment found a baby mouse swimming porpoise-like through her waiting mutton stock, yet grimly lifted the pelagic intruder out with the tea strainer, and not only abandonedly served mouse soup to her waiting guests but after two secret drinks of pear brandy was able to down three spoonfuls of the same without making a Lady Macbeth scene at her own board.

It's in the country, of course, that these intrusive little animals of the wild are forever complicating human destiny. The red squirrels that romped in our attic finally ate a hole up through our roof shingles, and when it looked like thunder on the left, Adam had to put on a pair of overalls, work his way along a ridgepole and nail on a bright new red-cedar patch that looked like a beauty spot on a faded old face. While so engaged, a sharp-nosed old native in tawny whiskers drove slowly up our entrance drive, circled the dahlia beds and came to a

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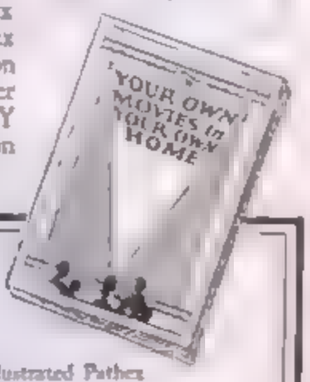

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standstill in front of the house. There, after looking interrogatively around, he espied Adam up on the ridgepole, eyed him critically, and finally demanded, "Be you the poet?"

And Adam, already resentful over a wasted afternoon, none too graciously hollered down, "Well, what about it?"

Our bland-eyed old visitor leisurely took up his reins again. "Oh, nothin', nothin'," he impersonally observed. "I've seen ye, and now I'm satisfied."

Whereupon he drove slowly and placidly away. He went without further comment or criticism. But it left Adam irritable and intractable for the rest of the week. And at any time now I can make him see red merely by murmuring "Be you the poet?"

On another occasion, when a certain movie queen had motored out to Gray Gables in a maroon-tinted landaulet adorned with a coat of arms that looked suspiciously like the heraldic device of the ancient and honorable house of Lancaster, and when we were all in our best bibs and tuckers and doing our darnedest to live up to royalty in its newerfangled form, Adam's efforts to have that visit go smoothly—and at the same time interest the lady from Hollywood in a new novel that her sagacious and long-suffering manager was afraid to espouse in person—were utterly ruined by nothing more than a spider.

We'd assembled our best and brightest friends for dinner that night; we'd uncorked the last of our sparkling Burgundy and unbottled the best of my brandied peaches; we'd hung the Japanese lanterns all through the gardens, and Adam had even given Peter, his new pseudo-chauffeur, a two-dollar bill to keep our three noisy roosters shut tightly up under a shoe box the next morning, to the end that the matutinal slumbers of her highness from Hollywood might not be disturbed by their crowing.

Beauty and the Beast

All seemed to go well, with a specially ordered full moon shining down through the wistaria vines on white shoulders and white shirt fronts and drifting cigarette smoke, while a background orchestra of tree toads and katydids accompanied our lazy-paced midsummer-night buzz of talk punctuated with the occasional clink of ice in green glasses. The last car crunched off along the gravel drive and the last lantern burned out and we went upstairs to our well-earned rest—only to be wakened, half an hour later, by the sound of piercing scream after scream ringing through the house. When this was followed by a series of dull thuds, obviously from the Blue Room, where our movie queen was installed, I not unnaturally assumed that one of those grand crimes of passion so peculiar to the silver sheet was being unexpectedly enacted under our humble roof. So we moved in an awed group toward the source of the renewed screams.

Adam went first, with his revolver in one hand and a flashlight in the other. He swung open the door of the Blue Room, and there, flattened against the wall between the dresser and the chifforobe, stood the peignoir-clad survivor of a hundred celluloid perils, shaking with horror.

"What is it?" demanded Adam, with his heels really farther apart than they needed to be. But superlatively good-looking women in peril always seem to get a man's heels apart.

The movie queen merely pointed to where she had flung three or four perfume bottles and several of my silver toilet articles, to say nothing of a pair of slippers and a Russian candlestick.

"It's a spider!" said Adam in that oddly flatted voice which I'd grown to recognize as his nethermost note of disgust. "So I guess we'd better squash him."

And it was, indeed, a spider, one of those ordinary black-bodied spiders that get into the best regulated of rural homes. And as Adam unceremoniously squashed it with his bare heel, the movie queen covered her face with her hands and went through movements that made me, as she groaned aloud, think of Gilda Gray. We had to get some clothes on and sit up and talk with her for two hours before she was sufficiently quieted down to think of sleep.

"I'd like to put a blacksnake in her bed," muttered my poor tired Adam as he testily turned his pillow and tried to get asleep again. And I remembered how, not so many weeks before, when we were breaking the speed laws to get home before a thunderstorm, and a June bug had got down my neck, Adam both refused to stop the car and declined to go after the invader, which I was pinioning between two pinched-up folds of my waist.

"Why in heaven's name can't you hold him there until we get under cover?" he brusquely demanded. *Tempora mutantur.* For I couldn't help remembering another June day, before we were married, before we were prosaic husband and wife to each other, when a caterpillar got down between my shoulder blades, and Adam —— But men are all that way, according to my thrice-married Aunt Cristina.

Making Farm Life Comfortable

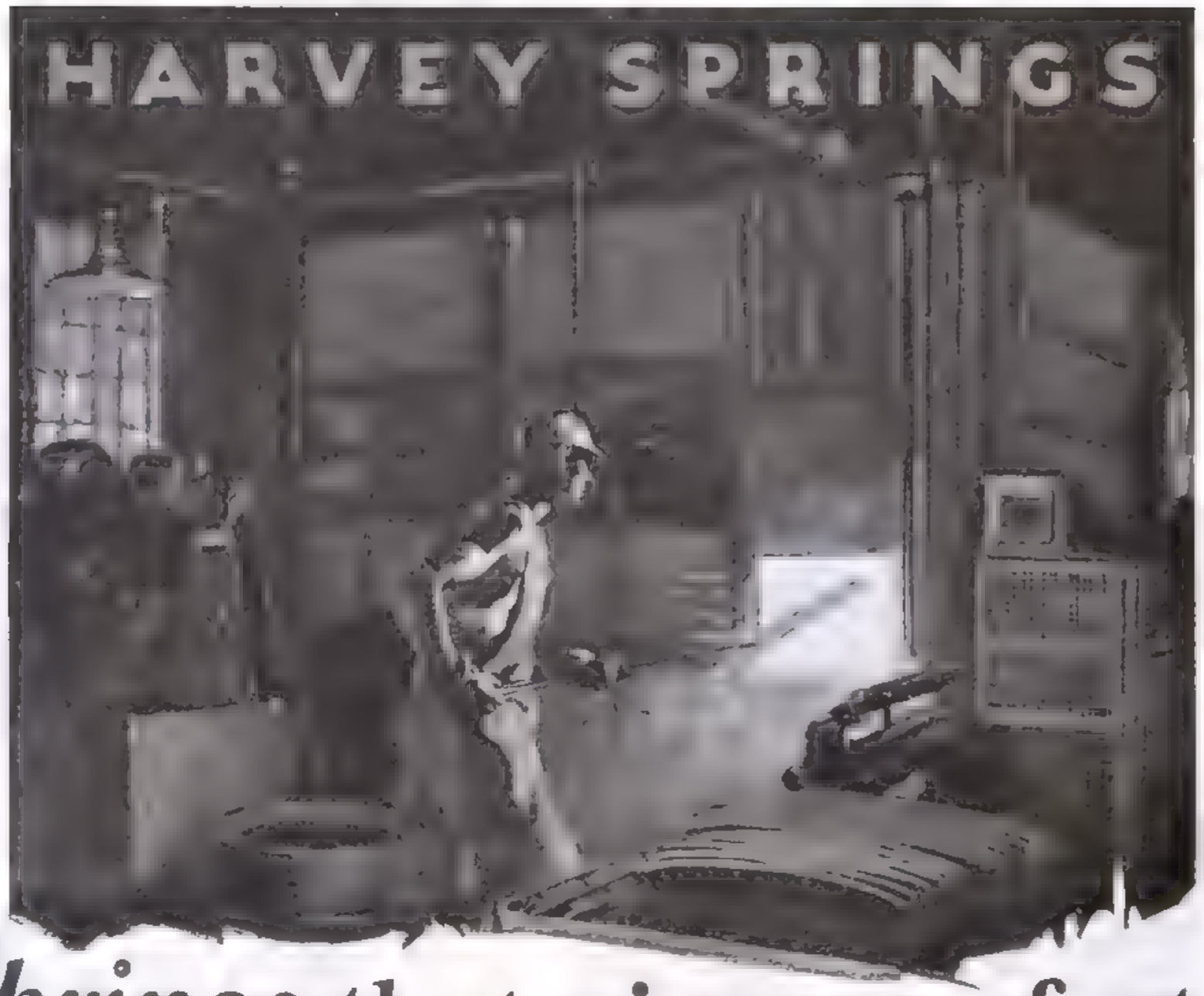
All urban ladies, however, are not enemies of the animal kingdom. Many of them, I've found, have an ancestral hunger to creep a little closer about old Mother Nature's benignant knees and learn a few of the biological secrets that aren't spelled out in stone and steel and cement. They have a hankering to find out how eggs are hatched and cows are milked and calves are fed and turnips and potatoes are miraculously obtained from the good black earth under our feet instead of the greengrocer's shelves.

So far as I can remember, no one who ever came out to Gray Gables showed a more active interest in our livestock than did winsome Gracie Broome, who even lost her heart to a pink and pious baby pig which she carried about in her arms and wanted to take back to her city studio apartment. Gracie, who was the wife of a New York illustrator, firmly believed that horses ate horse-radish, and that pole beans in some mysterious manner propagated their own poles, and that succotash was a garden product of the same humble bean successfully cross-fertilized with Indian corn, and that milk visibly extracted from a cow was in some way not quite fit for human consumption.

Broomie, as we affectionately called him, also was so much a son of the city that he and his Gracie, when they first came to rest under our wings, spent most of the day in the pasture field, with alder branches in their hands, indignantly and determinedly brushing the flies off our two browsing Guernseys. It seemed all wrong to them that flies should thus cluster about inarticulate and inoffensive animals. So much did Gracie worry about the injustice of this affliction that with her own adroit hands she fashioned two very artistic smocks of cheesecloth, which, with Broomie's guarded help, she later adjusted about the bodies of Sappho and Helen—for such our two kine of the day were called, Adam contending that a classical name gave even a ruminant something to live up to.

But Sappho and Helen preferred roaming their ancestral acres without extraneous drapery about their limbs, and a busy hour or two in a sumac thicket saw the objectionable smocks pretty well abraded. So Gracie, thus crossed, transferred her affectionate attentions to the fowl run—as Banning called it—which she proceeded to reorganize along more æsthetic lines. She remade the nests, interlining them with cotton wool obtained from a discarded tea cozy, and I believe she would have put Valenciennes on the pullets and hung batik decorations along the coop wall, had her interest not switched to an outlaw plymouth rock, a peripatetic old fly-by-night laying hen with a stolen nest, a maverick of the farm which day by day cackled triumphantly in the raspberry canes beyond the drying-green hedge.

(Continued on Page 145)



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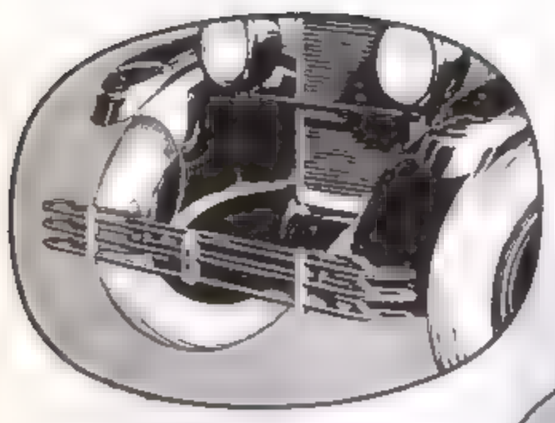

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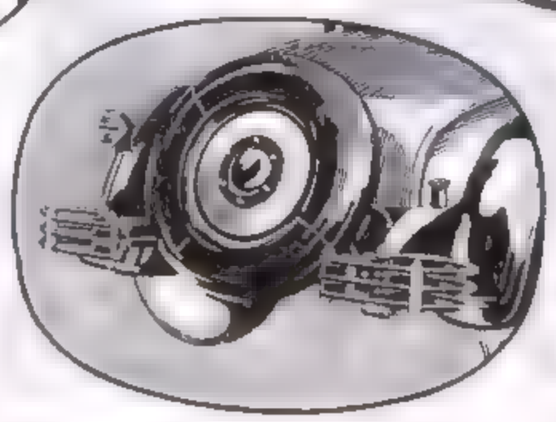

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"A YALE BATTERY FOR EVERY BATTERY NEED"

YALE
MONO-CELLS *for your flashlight*

(Continued from Page 142)

Day by day Gracie watched and listened and sleuthed about after this dissembling old outlaw, convinced that a nest of eggs lay somewhere in the shrubbery and itching, as every daughter of Eve does, to have some consoling share in partaking of the bounty of Nature. That unfound nest worried Gracie. It became an obsession with her. It crowded more important things from her consciousness, and something had to be done about it.

So Adam and Broomie, conspiring together, decided to throw open the Freudian cave. They did so by bringing enough straw from the stables to build a plump nest at one end of our raspberry patch. Then, from pantry and kitchen and coop, they commandeered every loose egg they could lay their hands on—four dozen and four over, to be exact. These they quietly carried out and placed in the handmade nest, and after luncheon that day, as we idled two smokes on the south sun porch, the customary cackle of the outlaw brought up the matter of the stolen nest.

"There's a million eggs waiting out there for somebody," proclaimed the wistful-eyed Adam.

"Then why don't you find 'em?" challenged Broomie.

"How can I," countered Adam, "if Gracie can't?"

Gracie rose to the bait. "I can!" she averred in much the same tone that the noble Roman must have used when he went forth to defend his city. "And I'm going to!"

Adam and Broomie pretended to be only incidentally interested. But they lured her along the path they wanted her to take. Step by step they decoyed her toward the waiting nest, which, of course, they utterly failed to see. But when I heard a scream louder even than that elicited by our spider from the Hollywood lady, I knew that Gracie had discovered her gold mine. Adam came running in for a basket and Broomie came panting after him for a milk pan, and I was even bullied into following them back with an empty coal scuttle, in which were duly placed fifty-two duly counted and recounted eggs.

Unsmoking Polly

But Gracie, by this time, was crying, crying actual tears of excitement and triumph. So I called a council of war in the scullery—as Banning terms it—and made Adam and Broomie take scout's oath never, never to tell how those fifty-two eggs got there—though I might add, as a matter of record, that three days later Gracie stumbled across the actual stolen nest, holding fourteen eggs, several of them of dubious age and most uncertain savor. But this discovery utterly failed to excite her. Art, after all, is so much more compactly impressive than Nature.

Eggs and cream—those seemed the two things our city visitors most marveled over. And I think they saved a life or two. One, at least, that I'm pretty sure of was little Polly Lorriston, whose scatter-brained parents put aside their paint tubes to be married in Paris and returned to the Village with a three-month-old daughter to rear as a good American.

But Polly came perilously close to never being reared at all, for those two paint-soaked Bohemians, when they once more took up life in an attic studio on Ninth Street, conceived the brilliant idea of putting Polly in a pulleyed cradle and hoisting her, of an evening, safely up into the skylight bay, like a topgallant sail at a masthead. This, of course, cleared the lower deck, so to speak, for the ceaseless smoke and talk about pure art and impressionism that seems so necessary to studio existence. But while they were talking pure art, poor little Polly wasn't breathing pure air. She was, in fact, being slowly nicotinized to death with the ever-rising cigarette fumes from those forensic idiots below.

When Adam and I dropped in on the Lorristons after the flower show, where we'd entered some of our dahlias, I saw that poor little wizened monkey face and heard the hard little cough that should have struck terror into any intelligent mother's heart. Instead of crooning over the cleverness of the skylight cradle, accordingly, I blew up like a trench bomb. I told those amateurs in parenthood a plain truth or two and took Polly and her mother out to the farm, where the paint lady grew bilious green from my forced feeding of eggs and Guernsey cream, and where for some three solid months Polly slumbered in Junior's old crib in the sleeping porch and slowly lost her cough, and before autumn ended, even showed a dimple or two in her wistful little monkey face. Adam calls me a fresh-air fiend. But I've lived long enough on this man-polluted globe of ours to learn that carbon dioxide never greatly added to the longevity of the race. And Polly, thank God, is alive and learning her three R's today.

A Guest From the Slums

Then there's the case of Corey Calley, whose sojourn at Gray Gables began so inauspiciously and ended so regretfully. Corey was a lovable, indolent, gifted, inefficient, brilliantly unstable Jack-of-all-arts and master of none. He'd come to the big city to be an artist, and he'd tried his volatile hand at china painting and illustrating and interior decorating and wall-paper designing and art photography, and had even descended to making beaded hand bags and illuminating beach parasols with Japanese garden scenes in waterproof tints. Adam found him, hollow-cheeked and blithely despondent, in a fifteen-cent flop joint, where, after being dispossessed by his long-suffering studio landlord, he slept with genial unconcern in the midst of Bowery loafers and coffee-stall mendicants and panhandlers off the mid-town park benches, emerging of a morning to earn a meal by doing sidewalk drawings for a Second Avenue clothes merchant in the final throes of a fire sale.

I had always liked Corey. But when Adam came home and announced we were going to put him up at Gray Gables for a month or two, I couldn't show much enthusiasm for that unexpected summer guest. I felt, in the first place, that he would be verminous. I suspected, too, that he might be tubercular. I knew that he was erratic and indolent. And I even affirmed that I wasn't running a rest cure for indigent artists arriving under my roof by way of the slums.

But Adam contended that the poor chap was ill, that he'd lost his grip because of a quarrel with his best girl, a young snip of a poster artist who'd achieved sudden prosperity by doing rabbit-faced female heads for periodical covers, and that once he was on his feet again he'd show the world he was made of the real stuff.

So, being usually putty in Adam's hands, I weakened. And Corey came out to the regenerative great open spaces where men may be always men, but quite often turn out to be tyrants and intruders.

Corey came, unfortunately, on an afternoon when Adam and I and the children had motored to New Haven to dine rather uncomfortably with a certain under professor of history who wanted to collaborate with my lord and master on a romance of the earlier Norse era. He came unannounced, and except for a pipe in his mouth and a pack over his shoulder, without authenticating luggage. To be quite frank, he traveled all the way from the station to Gray Gables on foot. And when that tired and dusty and disreputable-looking figure presented himself at our door he was regarded with open suspicion by Banning.

Banning, as I may already have indicated, was our stately and thoroughly inadequate English butler, whom Adam hired because of his accent, which was Oxford and irreproachable. But a stage accent polishes no silver, and Banning, who came in a blaze of glory, went out in an ebb tide of bootlegger's gin. Before he went, however, he rather pointedly proved that Montreal

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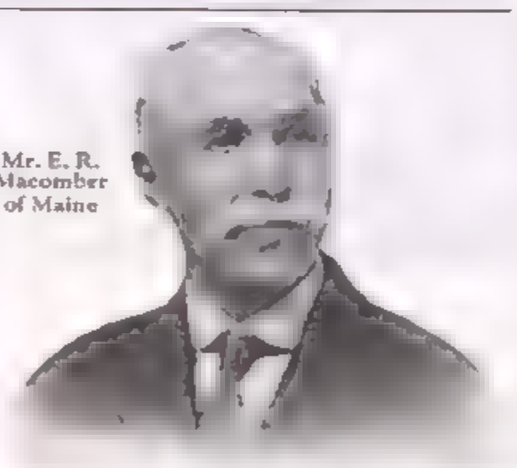

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melons were seldom served and consumed in the higher circles of the old country at 'ome, convincing us of the same by carefully emptying the mushy seed pulp of six of Adam's glass-coddled, bottle-raised, proudly pedigreed prize specimens into my sterling salad bowl, consigning what he called the husks to the garbage barrel, and solemnly carrying in to our assembled guests that bowl of gelatinous goo garnished with a circle of parsley sprigs.

It was the blow that almost killed father. For it was one of the times, the extremely rare times, when Adam so far forgot himself as to swear in public.

But to go back to Corey. Painful as it is to record, I must admit that he was denied admission to our home. He was told by the indignant Banning that he had best be on his way. Something was even said, I believe, about the dogs being turned loose on him.

So poor Corey retreated. His retreat, however, was neither a protracted nor an unqualified one. He merely retired to the haymow over the stable, where, after helping himself to three raw eggs from the neighboring hencoop, he slept the sleep of the weary. In the morning he washed in the lily pond, breakfasted on carrots and green peas from the garden rows, and when I came out at half-past seven to see what the peacocks were screaming at, I found Corey philosophically sunning himself on the grape arbor and admiring the scenery.

His smile was the same hungrily blithe smile of yore, and in his cap, so to speak, was the same old feather of audacity. I could see, as I studied him, the same old heroism with a laugh up its sleeve and the same old courage that manages to get by the graveyard of calamity with a whistle on its lips. But the poor man was a scarecrow. He was hollow-eyed and emaciated and only too plainly suffering from malnutrition. He was, in fact, a princely subject for an ardent young housewife to practice her arts on.

A Handy Man About the House

And if Corey somewhat intimidated me at first by the way in which he could emulate the Strasburg goose in his disregard of gastronomic restraint, he later consoled me with the discovery that he could be a creator as well as a destroyer. For there was an unexpected silver lining to that cloud of summer hospitality. Whatever Gray Gables may have done for Corey, Corey, in the end, did even more for Gray Gables. He could sack an ice box as the Jutes and Angles could sack a sea town; he walked in his sleep, and on several occasions frightened us half to death; he drew pencil designs on my best linen tablecloths before we could stop him; he tamed field mice for the boys, and he burned holes in my sheets from smoking in bed.

But all this I freely forgave him. For Corey, even in sylvan exile, was a creative genius. He went at my humble old home as a mud bee goes at a bluebottle. He coiled us up in paint. He shellacked my floors and repainted my woodwork; he did over my dining-room furniture and mended my banjo clock; he enameled our peacock chairs in apple-green and orange, and turned our sun-parlor settees into burnished thrones of coral-red and black; he put new upholstery on my rosewood sociable, and gayly calcimined the walls of the third floor, and adorned what was meant to be a second maid's room with hand-painted rosebuds, and in a spirit of blithe-hearted revenge stenciled six extremely sleepy-eyed owls on Banning's outraged door panels; and even established for all time his complete mastery of the brush by lacquering Adam's old walking sticks and redecorating the smoking-room Japanese screen on which the children had inconsiderately painted a bow-and-arrow target in red ink after seeing Douglas Fairbanks in Robin Hood.

Nor were Corey's activities confined only to the brush. Heaven knows how and where he had mastered the art, but he proved to be as adept a canner of vegetables and preserver of fruits as ever sterilized a mason jar. He simply loved making jam. And I saw that nothing interfered with his happiness that hot and harassing summer—not even Banning. I supplied the sugar and jars, the old farm supplied the material, and Corey did the rest.

He put up berries and peaches and pears. He canned string beans and sweet corn and baby beets and made enough tomato sauce to float an Italian battleship loaded mast high with macaroni. He made damson jam and quince marmalade and red-currant jelly that looked like pigeon-blood rubies when held up to the light. He made apple butter and fruit cordials and champagnized our snow-apple cider by putting chopped beef and raisins in the bottles and wiring down the corks.

Colorful Reminders of Corey

He even grew enthusiastic over a plan to rig up a still in the farther end of the cellar. Adam, however, was afraid the house might blow up some night. The only failure in all Corey's long and savory list was the button mushrooms. He did twenty-four pint sealers of them, neatly labeled and dated. But each and all of them, for some unknown reason, either blew up on the shelf or forced indescribable odors through their ruptured rubber rings—odors not unlike the emanations from a sulphur spring, odors that could verily make the baddest of bad eggs seem as suave as a June rose.

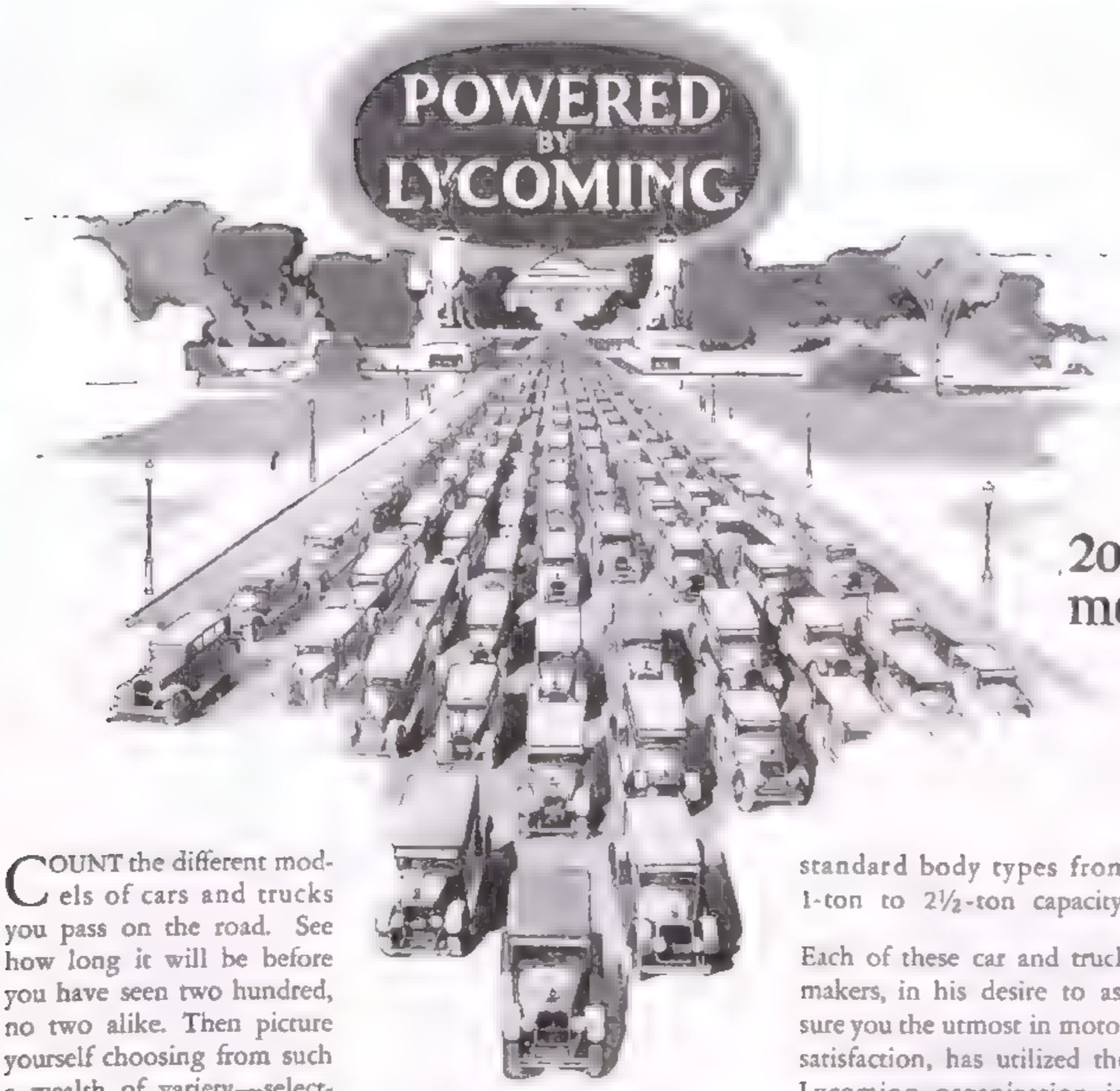
Corey had a plan of lining our road wall with blue-and-white trelliswork, and I was just computing the running feet of pine slats required, when almost out of a clear sky he betrayed and deserted us. He went scuttling back to the city.

I wept when he went. He departed so determinedly and so unceremoniously, in fact, that I was unable to oppose Adam's theory that there was somewhere a woman in the case. And sure enough, we eventually found out that it was the little snip of a poster artist who had lured our Michelangelo in denim away from us. The wayward lady of his heart, it seems, had agreed to take him back.

I think I disliked her more than ever when Corey sent us his marriage announcement the following October. But now they have a rural home of their own in New Jersey, on the far side of Sheep Hill, above Boonton, so I suppose while the pastel snip is doing her atrabilious covers, my blithe-spirited New Jersey Gauguin is stirring the raspberry jam with one hand while he does a pen-and-ink illustration for a pirate book with the other.

I hope he is happy, as happy as such a valorous heart deserves to be. I hope, too, he hasn't entirely forgotten his summer at Gray Gables, and the mustard plasters I put on his bony young chest when he had bronchitis, and the dinner gown he helped me make out of my old rose silk, and how we once spent a whole Sunday morning with my console mirror out on the lawn confronting a mystified but jealous peacock with a rival as rhythmically bellicose and retreating as his own feather-ruffling self, and how we fortified the birch beer and conscienceless mellowed the heart of a rural dean who even to this day has never forgiven me.

But whatever Corey's fate, and whatever may some day be his fame, there is one spot in the world where he has left an indelible impression, and that is Gray Gables. Our home here is full of him, though I find my heart a little heavy when I stare at his sleepy-eyed owls or sit in one of his green-and-orange peacock chairs. May the skin of a gooseberry cover his enemies! Even Adam, when he takes up one of the old lacquered canes, shakes his head and says, "Poor old Corey!" And when visitors casually ask where my boys got their gallant clipper-rigged toy ship, with its royal-blue decks and its Nile-green hull and its brilliant crome-yellow bulwarks, Junior still has to acknowledge, with the diffidently loyal yet cruelly brief allegiance of the young: "Oh, Uncle Corey made that for us!"



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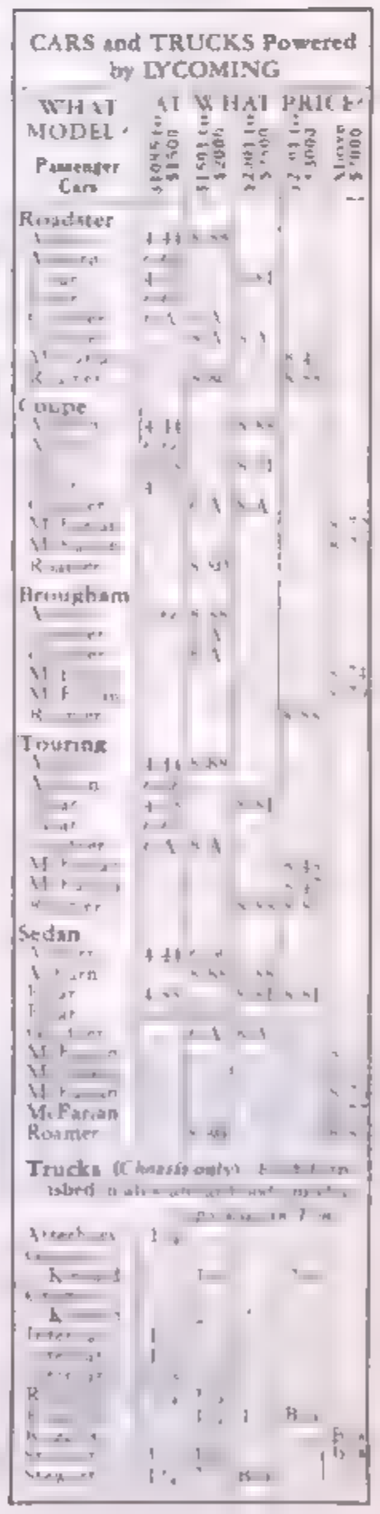
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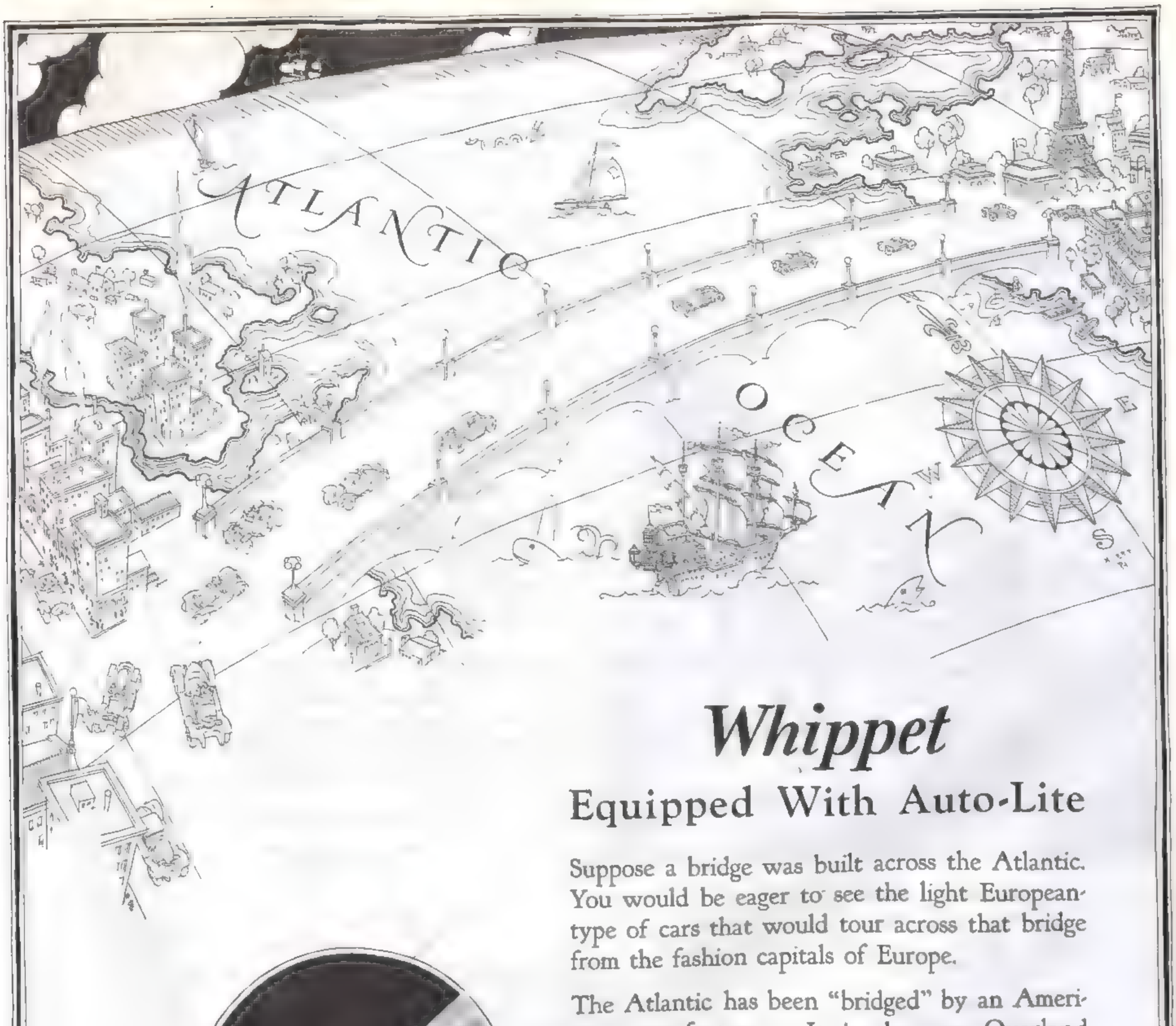

Whippet

Equipped With Auto-Lite

Suppose a bridge was built across the Atlantic. You would be eager to see the light European-type of cars that would tour across that bridge from the fashion capitals of Europe.

The Atlantic has been "bridged" by an American manufacturer. It is the new Overland Whippet.

Style is not its only appeal. Quality construction is its major value. That is why Auto-Lite Starting, Lighting and Ignition is used.

THE ELECTRIC AUTO-LITE COMPANY -- OFFICE AND WORKS: TOLEDO, OHIO

Also Makers of DéJon

Auto-Lite

Starting, Lighting & Ignition

WURLITZER

Studio Grand

$625 *Payments extended over a period of 2½ years.*

This exquisite little studio grand is only four feet nine inches long, and fits in almost anywhere. Yet it possesses the striking beauty and unexcelled tone that for more than 200 years have made Wurlitzer the outstanding name in the musical field.

WURLITZER GRAND PIANO CO. • *DeKalb, Ill.*
Wurlitzer Dealers Everywhere

SEND FOR FREE PORTFOLIO

It contains 10 beautiful photos of Wurlitzer Studio Grands showing how wonderfully these instruments fit into small rooms. You should have it.

Studio Uprights $295 and up. With player action $445 and up. Wurlitzer Grands up to $5000.
All prices f. o. b. factory

The Poets' Corner

There is No Dream

THERE is no dream so small you cannot make it
A lovely thing of vivid blue and white;
There is no hope so tiny but its glowing
May touch the dark of centuries with light.

There is no flower so faded but its petals
May hold a hint of fragrance that will last;
There is no memory so lost and broken
That it can fail to glorify the past.

There is no vision in this world of striving
That does not help the tired soul to peace;
There is no suffering, however bitter,
That does not end at last in glad release.

There is no dream so small but its slim fingers
May point the path to all that life holds best:
There is no road, no matter how it falters,
That does not lead the heart, at last, to rest.

—*Margaret E. Sangster.*

The Frying Pan

I'M HERE again and round about
The little ponds of Maine,
Among the fighting square-tail trout
Of purest mountain strain.
My guide is Sinbajejus Tom,
A sober, kindly man,
But full of indigestion from
The Deadly Frying Pan.

From camp to camp the woodsmen go
With stomachs sorely tried;
They eat twelve kinds of bread or so
(And half of them are fried),
With tea or coffee, thick or thin,
Tomatoes from a can,
And other victuals frizzled in
The Deadly Frying Pan.

They fry the eggs in bacon drip,
They fry the trout in meal,
They fry the Maine potato chip
With unremitting zeal.
And if I doomed a deer to die
Or shot a ptarmigan,
Its meat would shortly occupy
The Deadly Frying Pan.

Our settlers had no time to cook—
That hardy, reckless throng—
So everywhere they went they took
The Frying Pan along;
They feared no catamount at bay
Nor wild, marauding clan,
Who faced undaunted day by day
The Deadly Frying Pan.

Oh, rugged men from coast to coast,
Brave offspring of the soil,
Equip yourselves to bake or roast,
To stew or even boil;
Adopt, as cautious eaters do,
Some dietary plan,
And be no longer martyrs to
The Deadly Frying Pan.

—*Arthur Guiterman.*

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Six Hundred Thousand Weekly)

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A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least thirty days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. With your new address be sure also to send us the old one, inclosing if possible your address label from a recent copy.

"What's the longest distance you've ever gotten with this set?"
"I got 3000 miles once."
"That's nothing; I've gotten six times that already with my set of Kelly-Springfield balloon tires."

Johnston's

CHOCOLATES *for Town & Country*

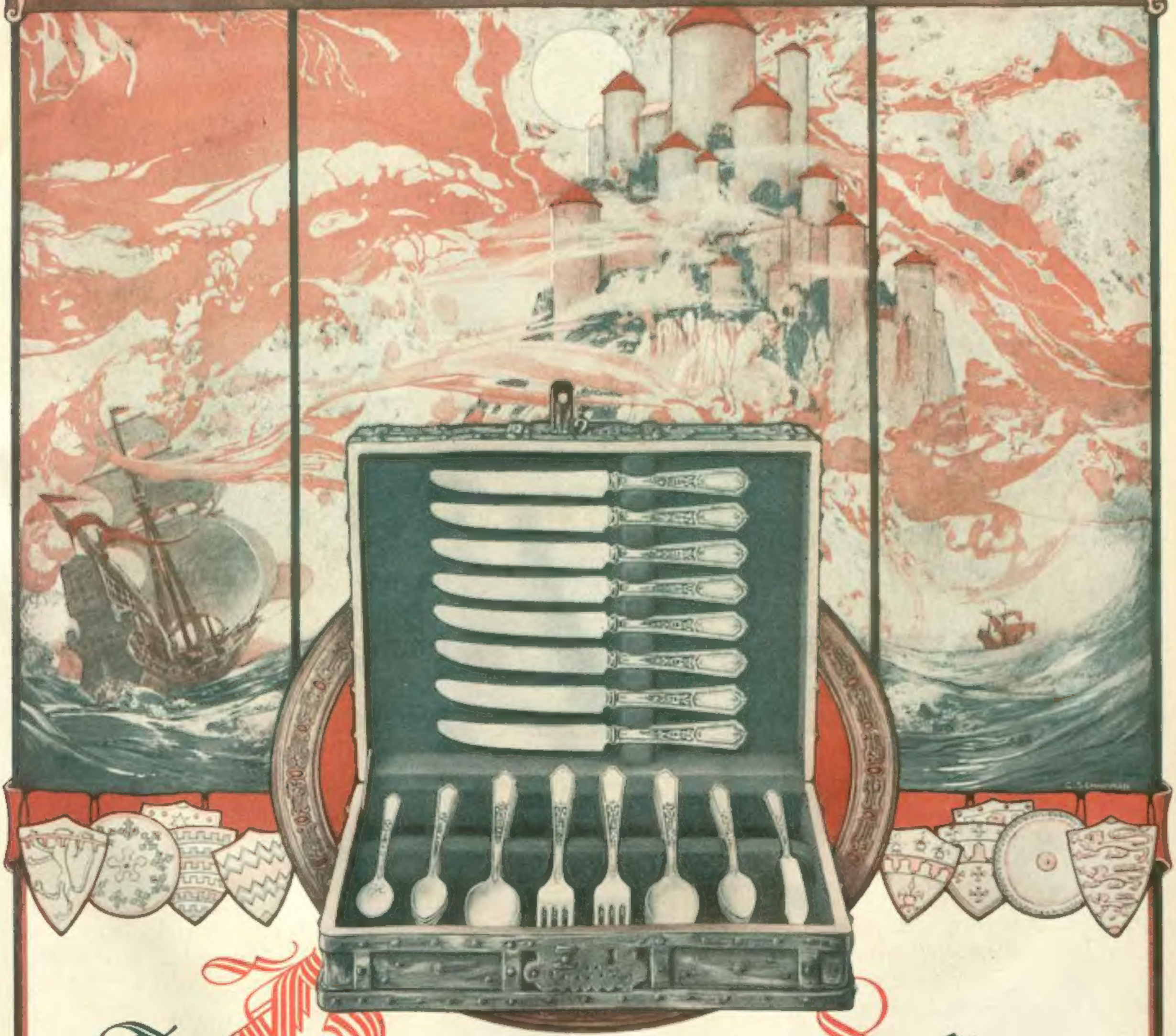
Johnston's for Town & Country *beautifully packaged, at one dollar the pound . . . Among others, the Choice Box, 20-Odd, Quintette, Peacock, etc., at $1.50 a pound—Chocolate Bazar and Treasure Box at $2 a pound.*

For glorious summer days with a carefree companion, take Johnston's for Town & Country. An enticing array of delightful summer candies to pass vacation hours . . . Whether it's tennis or golf, dancing or riding or driving . . . whether you swim or only like to watch . . . you'll like Johnston's for Town & Country . . . As a week-end gift, or with your thank-you note . . . worthy of the sweetest lady in all the world.

ROBERT A. JOHNSTON COMPANY · NEW YORK · CHICAGO · MILWAUKEE · MINNEAPOLIS · OAKLAND

You will find a special agency for Johnston's Chocolates in one of the better class stores in your neighbourhood

FOR YOUR CASTLE IN SPAIN



The "Pieces of 8" Chest

Dreams, fair lady, sometimes do come true. You'll realize this the instant you feast your eyes upon the "Pieces of 8" Chest.

A new idea in sets of fine silverplate—*"Eight of each"* instead of the traditional sets of "sixes" and "twelves."

"Eight of each" is just right for the average dinner party. "Twelve" is sometimes too many; "six" not enough.

"Eight of each"—Knives with stainless steel blades, forks, teaspoons and dessert spoons, with a butter-knife and a sugar shell—34 pieces—enough to glorify your table when you entertain. And the price, too, is fascinating . . . . only $49.50 in a gorgeous Spanish Treasure Chest. (Price slightly higher in Canada.)

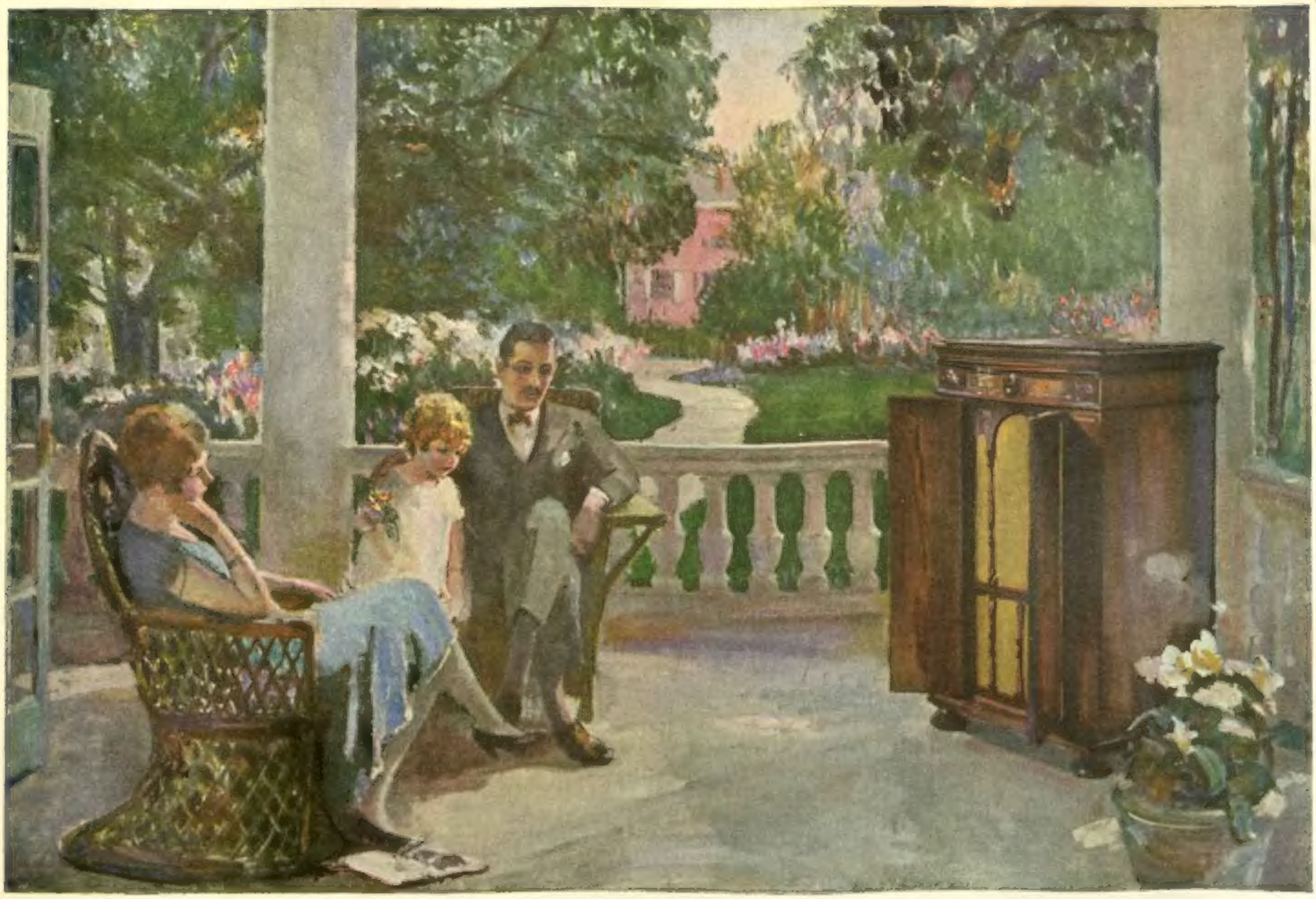
The "Pieces of 8" set may be secured from leading dealers in any of the 1847 ROGERS BROS. patterns.

Also on display . . Tea Service and Dinner Ware to match each pattern of 1847 ROGERS BROS. *spoons, forks and knives.*
INTERNATIONAL SILVER COMPANY, Meriden, Conn.

SALESROOMS:
NEW YORK
CHICAGO
SAN FRANCISCO

·1847 ROGERS BROS·
SILVERPLATE
INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO

CANADA: INTERNATIONAL SILVER COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED, HAMILTON, ONTARIO



In the evening

At the close of day, when you seek a chair in a spot where breezes blow ... let there be *music!* Glorious music, reproduced as you have never heard it before. Restful music, furnished by that incomparable instrument—the new Orthophonic Victrola. A soothing symphony, a dreamy waltz, a peaceful ballad—as you wish.

The Orthophonic Victrola is waiting to play for you always. Without effort on your part. The record stops automatically. One Tungstone needle plays for hours. Equipped with the new, concealed electric motor ($35 extra), there is nothing to wind. A pleasure to play it. A delight to hear it.

In no other way *can* you hear all the music of all the world, reproduced with such marvelous realism. For the new Orthophonic Victrola is based upon the new, scientific, Victor-controlled principle of "matched impedance," which guarantees a smooth, uninterrupted flow of sound. Flawless reproduction!

Don't be without this great entertainer in your home ... this congenial companion which gives so much and asks so little. Hear it today. Judge it, in your most critical mood. There are many beautiful models, from $300 to $85. See the Victor dealer ... *now!*

The New Orthophonic **Victrola**

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